THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Volume 198, Number 14

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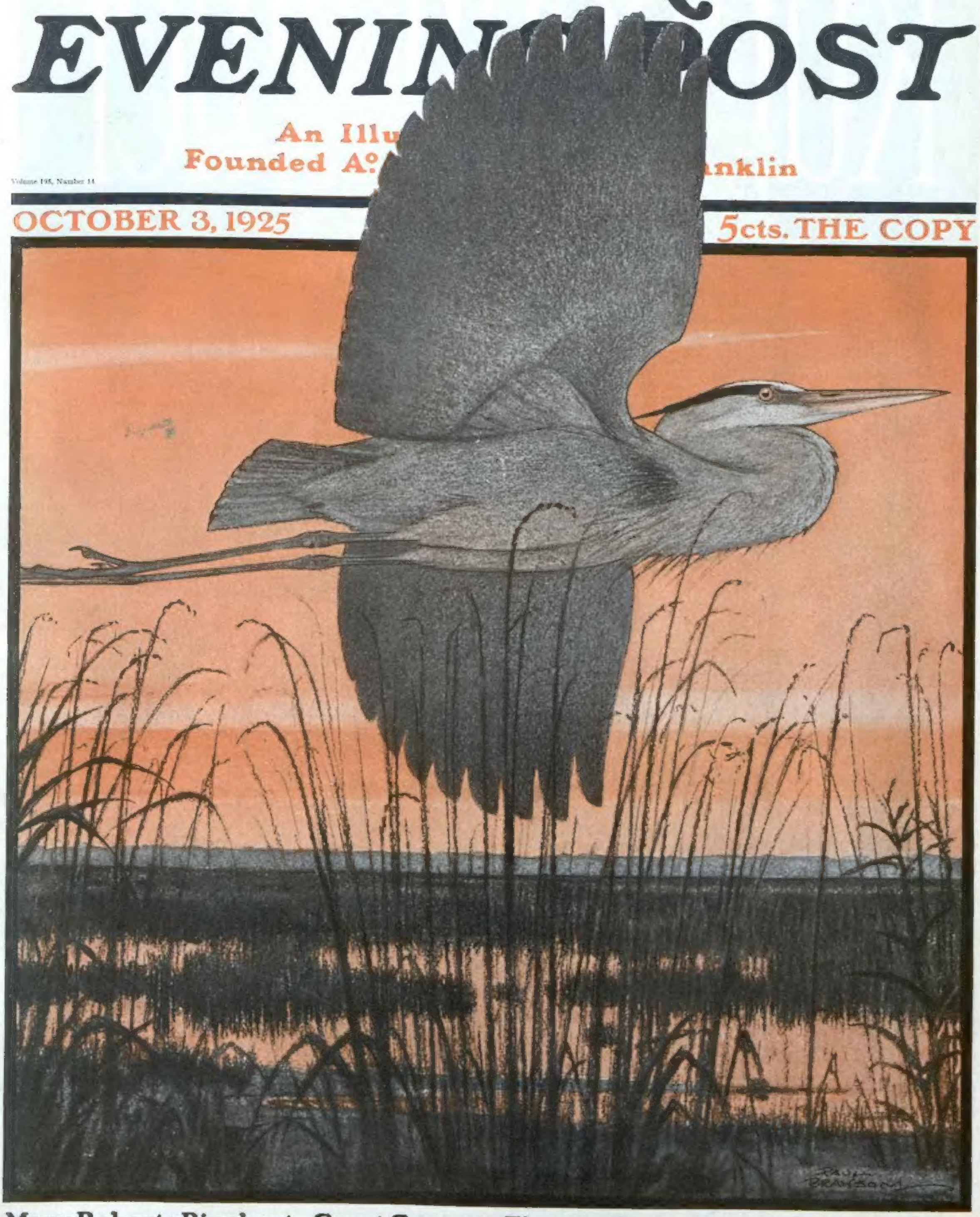

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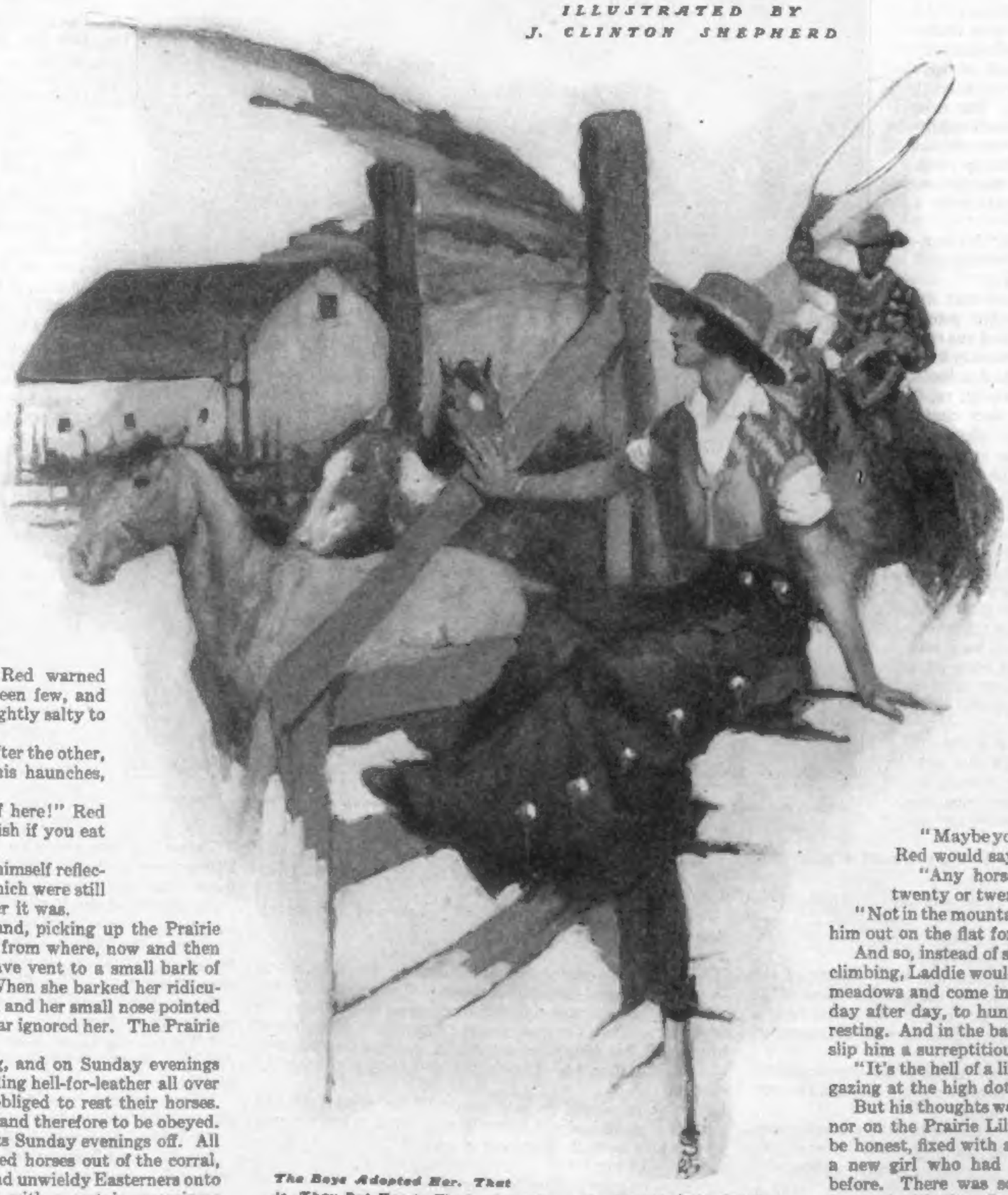
LITTLE GOLDILOCKS

By Mary Roberts Rinehart

ILLUSTRATED BY
J. CLINTON SHEPHERD



The Boys Adopted Her. That is, They Put Her to Work. Sometimes She Operated the Cut-Out Gate, Sitting High Up in the Air and Operating It With Her Foot

RED sat on the bank of Thunder Creek, fishing for trout. The Prairie Lily sat beside him. Mostly she simply sat, staring with one bright eye alternately at the water where it rushed over the dam, and again at Red's tin tobacco box. Sometimes she nibbled a blade of grass, but with a divided interest. It was the tobacco box which really engrossed her.

Living as she mostly did in Red's pocket, the Prairie Lily was familiar with such boxes, and just now she was doggedly endeavoring to remove the lid of the tin. As Red alternately cast and reeled in she worked industriously, and when Red next looked about the lid was off and all his angleworms were disappearing in the grass.

"Suffering cats, Lil!" he yelled. And Bill the Bear, who had been patiently waiting on the bank to get any trout below the legal limit of six inches, lumbered over to see what was the trouble.

"Lay off there, Bill!" Red warned him. But the trout had been few, and the worms were juicy and slightly salty to the taste.

Bill licked them up one after the other, and then sitting down on his haunches, eyed Red expectantly.

"You get the hell out of here!" Red roared. "You can't have fish if you eat the bait, you darned fool!"

But Bill only scratched himself reflectively and licked his lips, which were still pleasantly salty, or whatever it was.

Red took down his rod and, picking up the Prairie Lily, put her in his pocket, from where, now and then sticking her head up, she gave vent to a small bark of defiance at Bill the Bear. When she barked her ridiculous tail jerked up and down and her small nose pointed to the sky. But Bill the Bear ignored her. The Prairie Lily was only a prairie dog.

It was a Sunday evening, and on Sunday evenings the dudes, who had been riding hell-for-leather all over the country all week, were obliged to rest their horses. It was the Old Man's order, and therefore to be obeyed. The corral outfit, too, had its Sunday evenings off. All the week long they had roped horses out of the corral, saddled them, lifted heavy and unwieldy Easterners onto them, and then had waited with a certain uneasiness until they had turned the corner by the ranch store. For nobody knew just when a dude would scratch a touchy animal with his spurs and then and there give an exhibition of unpremeditated pitching and bucking to the assembled crowd. Or when the boys at the woodpile would start the gasoline motor and the circular saw would begin to scream, with resulting disaster to the novices.

And so Red was having his evening off, and the tired horses were spread through the great upper meadow, grazing and resting their saddle-worn backs. Blacks, whites, bays, chestnuts, roans, buckskins, sorrels and pintos, and even the Old Man's Palamina—they were hardly more than varicolored dots on the side of the steep pasture below the mountains. Red viewed them with a certain satisfaction. The Old Man had been improving his stock lately.

"Pretty good bunch of horses," he thought absently, while he fastened Bill's collar and chain. "Pretty good grass still too."

His mind wandered on to those later days when the pastures would be dried and brown in the August sun; when the horses of the cavvy, driven out for the night, would go with drooping heads and heavy stumbling feet to their futile search for grass; when the hay tossed into the corral at noon would last only an hour or two, and the cans of gall cure for cinch sores would be in constant requisition. By that time the dudes would be hardened to the saddle, and as the grass failed and the horses wearied would be taking long all-day trips in the mountains.

"I don't know what's the matter with Laddie. He hasn't any life in him at all any more."

"Maybe you been ridin' him too hard," Red would say in his soft Texas voice.

"Any horse ought to be able to go twenty or twenty-five miles a day."

"Not in the mountains," Red would say. "Try him out on the flat for a day or two."

And so, instead of slow and tortuous mountain climbing, Laddie would be cantered hard over the meadows and come in covered with white lather day after day, to hunt grass all night instead of resting. And in the barn now and then Red would slip him a surreptitious feed of oats.

"It's the hell of a life for a horse," he reflected, gazing at the high dotted pasture.

But his thoughts were really not on the horses, nor on the Prairie Lily and Bill. They were, to be honest, fixed with a singular concentration on a new girl who had arrived a couple of days before. There was something about her—Red frowned with the effort to discover what it was.

"She sure knows horses," he decided finally. "She sure does. Most of these dude girls now——"

He frowned, and warmed by the effort of dragging Bill past a cabin where the day before he had stolen and eaten a box of candy, he stopped and took off his heavy hat. In the afterglow his hair blazed like a miniature prairie fire.

"She sure knows horses," he repeated in an inarticulate attempt to put into words the strange feeling which seemed to crowd his breathing. "She sure does."

He sighed heavily and pulled Bill along.

"Come on, little feller," he said gently. "Time you put those fish inside of you to bed."

He moved along, Bill padding sedately beside him. His thoughts wandered.

If only a fellow had some money, and could take over the Old Man's polo string! There was a heap of money in polo ponies. The Old Man was only giving it up because he found dudes easier. And he was getting on, too, the Old Man was. Soon be fifty! Red sighed again.

He thought of his own small ranch, so carefully homesteaded through three long and weary years, and of the Old Man's promising string spread out over it. He saw the drive to the railroad and the loading, and the long trip East, with himself living in the caboose of the fast freight and getting out at every way station to wander forward to his car.

"Nice lot you've got in there, Red."

"Yeah. Taking them East to the Meadowbrook Hunt."

And then back home again, and ——

"I could raise enough hay in the bottom land for winters," he planned. "And I could run water from the spring. No woman ought to have to carry water. Hell! What's the matter with me tonight?"

He was in the heart of the ranch settlement by that time. It looked like a small town nowadays, he reflected. He could remember when the first dudes came and gradually overflowed the ranch house, so that streets of tent houses had gradually radiated from it like the spokes of a wheel. But now the tents were gone and small cabins had taken their places. Even the old bunk house had had a sitting room added to it by popular subscription. But Red surveyed this latter with a certain moroseness.

"No use goin' home, Bill," he muttered. "Those dude girls will be hangin' around for a coupla hours yet."

He grunted. He could see that sitting room, with the phonograph going, and Joe and Tom and Pete and the rest sitting around politely in Sunday evening white shirts and ties, and a dozen or so dude girls lounging about, rapt, happy only to be in that elect circle. There would be little or no conversation; it was enough for the girls only to be there, while the phonograph squeaked "I want to be happy, but I can't be happy till I make you happy, too," and the young gods of the corral yawned politely behind their hands.

No more Sunday evening poker, Red reflected bitterly. No more nothing. Just sitting up with those girls until midnight or later, and then a minute or so after they had got to sleep an explosion of the alarm clock that hung by a string to the head of the corral boss' bed, and Tom's voice, heavy and helpless:

"Roll out, fellows! Four o'clock!"

Struggling into boots, stiff with mud and damp inside; grouchy silence, interspersed with yawns; out into the black dark and into the barn for the night horses.

"Whoa, Jim! What the devil's the matter with you? Stand still, can't you?"

And then out of the darkness some girlish voice, sweet and excited:

"Hello, everybody. Here I am!"

And Tom's muttered, "Good night!"

Then the movement out, and the slow coming of the dawn; the bunching of the horses, the pungent scent of the sage, moist with dew. The girl herself, no longer only a voice, but a slim young goddess flushed with the morning. Lovely! They were all lovely.

Red sighed again. He chained Bill in his corner outside the bunk house, under the apple tree, and glanced through a window into the sitting room.

The new girl was there. She was back in a corner, staring with interested eyes at the room and its contents. Tom, the corral boss, was near her, placidly rubbing at a pair of spurs.

"Are you using the Association saddle for bucking this year?" she was asking.

And Tom looked at her patronizingly.

"What do you know about Association saddles?" he inquired. "Read it somewhere, eh?"

Outside, Red chuckled to himself.

Staring at her, he rammed his hands into the pockets of his old leather coat, and the Prairie Lily, roused from sleep, promptly bit him. He accepted this treatment stoically, and stood sucking his thumb and looking in for some little time thereafter. Later on he entered the bunk house, and if his entrance caused a small flutter among the girls there, he was supremely unconscious of it. He stalked across to the door of his bedroom and was only halted by Tom's voice.

"Say, Red, the Old Man wants to see you."

"What about?"

"He's going to give you the dairy herd."

"What?" yelled Red, spinning around. "Me?"

"Well, Larsen is tired of wet-nursing calves, and seeing how lucky you are with pets, the Old Man thought ——"

But the joke died on Tom's face when Red looked at him.

The girls, however, were convulsed with laughter, as those who have seen a god hilarious may be. Only the new girl was not smiling. She was eying Red intently from her corner.

After Tom Had Gone, He Repeated, "He's a Good Boy," Staring Absently at a Photograph Which Hung on the Wall Beside His Desk

Red went out again, slamming the door behind him, and after him went little feminine titters of mirth, and the phonograph again.

"You've been cheating on me," it bellowed, in a heavy bass voice.

II

THE Old Man was sitting at his desk in the office, a pen in his hand and his old hat drawn well down on his head. He was a fine buccaneering sort of figure as he sat there, his desk scarred with the marks of the spurs he so often forgot to take off, his collection of guns on the wall behind him, and before him two letters which he was alternately studying.

"Come in, Red," he said, and with an effort detached himself from the papers before him. "Red, what are you planning to do with that bear of yours?"

"Do with him?"

"Well, he's getting to be a pretty expensive proposition. Mind you, I don't object to him personally; as bears go, he's a good bear. And he's local color. I understand that. But he's been in the storeroom again and eaten about ten pound of sugar."

"Then why the hell don't they lock the storeroom?" Red demanded, aggrieved.

"He went in through a window, as it happens. I'm sorry, Red, but if Bill becomes a nuisance ——" He glanced at one of the letters before him. "Here's why I sent for you. The people who are pushing the new park in Montana want to send an exhibit to Chicago, and they need a bear. They'll pay one hundred dollars for it."

"Sorry," Red said stiffly. "Bill's not for sale."

"Well, I can't force you to sell him," the Old Man said, rather grimly; "but he's got to be an asset and not a liability to this ranch from now on. Get that, Red. Just one more complaint about him and out he goes."

But it was typical of the Old Man that, having thus cleared the air, he went on to other matters. He picked up the second letter and glanced at it.

"You will be glad to know," he said, "that we are getting a real horseman here tomorrow. At least so his letter says. He asks for a decent horse—'mount,' he calls it—and says he would prefer one of the hunter type. He is accustomed to cross-country riding, and wants one that can take the fences."

"Jump the wire?" asked Red in bewilderment.

"Of course he may not know it is wire," said the Old Man. "He probably thinks that we have a hundred miles of paling fence on this ranch, or maybe privet hedge. You can't tell. The point is, you'd better meet him tomorrow and bring him out. And you can break it to him gently that jumping barbed wire is only done unintentionally, and that our hunters have run themselves to death after jack rabbits and are somewhere else getting rested."

Red grinned, for the first time during the interview.

"We've got a jumper or two up in the corral, sir," he said; but the Old Man shook his head.

"I don't propose paying hospital bills to entertain you fellows," he said grimly. "Put him on Cold Molasses first and see if he can sit a horse. And," he added, "you might just remind him that we allow no wet goods on the place. If I size up this person properly he will be carrying some extra baggage."

Red went out, and as he went his grin faded. He got Bill's evening bottle of milk at the kitchen, and sitting down on his heel in the dew-soaked grass scratched the big cub's ears as he neatly drew the cork with his teeth and drank the milk.

"Now listen, you Bill," he said. "You got to be a good bear from now on. You get that? If you don't you'll be behind the bars before long, and instead of fish, folks'll be throwing you peanuts."

He sat there for some time. He heard the new girl come out of the bunk house, and Tom insisting on taking her back to her cabin.

"But you really don't need to. It's only a step."

"I sure do need to. That crazy bear of Red's may be loose, for one thing."

"He's perfectly tame, isn't he?"

"So Red says. But he sure is fond of sweet things. The minute he lays eyes on you ——"

"Damned fool," muttered Red, in his corner.

He waited long enough to ascertain that she had not loitered over her good night to Tom, and then went into the bunk house and through the sitting room to bed.

He deposited the Prairie Lily, now fast asleep and too languid to open more than one eye, in the old boot, which was the nearest thing she had to a burrow, and taking off his shoes, sat down on the side of his bed and fell into deep thought.

When Tom came in he had quite forgotten his recent rancor against him.

"What d'you know, Tom!" he said. "There's a dude coming tomorrow who's written the Old Man to get him a hunter."

"Game season's mostly closed. But you might take him out and get another bear cub."

"A horse," Red explained. "One that'll jump fences."

"Hell!" said Tom, yawning. "What we want around here is a horse that won't."

III

FROM the moment Mr. George H. Tufts issued from the Pullman and stood amid a pile of new and shiny luggage, marked G. H. T. in large letters, Red disliked him. He disliked his blond and shiny hair; he disliked the stick hung over his left arm; he disliked the gray Mocha gloves he carried and the patronizing glance he cast over the station, the town and the great blue mountains beyond. And

he was shocked and scandalized by Mr. Tufts' farewell to a girl he had clearly met on the train and who was going on.

"Well, toodle-oo, old thing," said the girl, from the platform, and held out her hand. "Maybe we'll meet again sometime."

"From now on," said Mr. Tufts, bowing, "I shall spend my time on Pullman cars hoping."

And with that he bent over and kissed her hand! Red's manhood was outraged. A slow color rose from his black-and-white-checked flannel shirt and outshone the brilliance of his silk neckerchief.

"Good-by, Bill Hart!" called the girl to Red, but he pretended not to hear her; and Mr. Tufts stood like the fool he looked and threw her a kiss from the platform. Ike Jenkins, the station agent, nudged Red.

"Rope and tie that, Red!" he said. "You sure get some queer birds, don't you?"

Mr. Tufts gradually returned to his surroundings and found Red at his elbow.

"Well, my man," he said, "here's my stuff. Where's the motor?"

That finished Red. As a matter of fact, the Old Man's comfortable car was waiting around the corner, but Mr. Tufts could not know that. So Red hastily invented something wrong with the steering gear.

"Well," demanded Mr. Tufts, "what am I to do? Stay in this infernal hole all night?"

"I can take you out in the truck," said Red gently. "It's kinda full up, but I guess we can manage it. You pile your duffel into it—there it is—and I'll be back in a minute."

He left Mr. Tufts staring angrily after him and disappeared around the corner. Jerry, the truck driver, was there, and Red hastily made a trade with him. Then, going to the car itself, he held brief speech with the two dude women inside it. One of them held a parrot in a cage.

Bill Was in a Strange Mood the Next Morning, But at That He Had Very Little on the Corral

"Jerry's going to take you round by the garage, ladies," he said. "It won't be long."

"But where's that nice Mr. Tufts?"

"He's going with me in the truck," Red replied firmly. "I'll take that bird, Mrs. Rogers. He's in your way there."

Before she could protest he had swung the cage out of her lap and was gone. She called wildly after him, and the bird said "I'm passing" in a deep and solemn voice, but Red paid no attention to either the woman or the bird. Rounding the corner of the station again, he found Mr. Tufts sitting on his folded traveling rug in the seat of the truck, and held up the cage to him.

"Lady says to take good care of him," he said casually. "He's liable to get seasick if he bumps."

"Put the damned thing in the back then," said Mr. Tufts, in an unpleasant tone.

"Liable to bounce around and break his neck," said Red, still holding up the cage.

Mr. Tufts put his gloves in his pocket and his stick between his legs and gingerly took the cage. Thus settled on his lap, it practically eclipsed him, and the bird eyed him wickedly, said "Grand slam," with its head on one side, and bit one of his fingers suddenly and intensely.

"Hell's bells!" yelled Mr. Tufts. "The thing's savage!"

"Maybe that's his way of kissing your hand," said Red. Mr. Tufts glanced at him, but Red only went around to the rear of the truck and examined its contents, which consisted mostly of trunks and rolls of barbed wire.

There was little love lost between them from that moment, however, and as they went on it grew less and less.

The road was vile, to begin with, and grew worse. And Red drove the truck, as Tufts said later to a group of guests on the lawn, rather like a fire engine going to a fire. There was no hump they didn't hit. And when Mr. Tufts dared to look away from the parrot he could see that the barbed wire had got loose and was playing the deuce with his luggage. Moreover, that there was a sort of set half grin on Red's otherwise imperturbable face that had no right to be there. By gad, the fellow was doing it on purpose! He was one of these smart Westerners, trying to show the East where it got off. Well, he could do a little of that sort of thing himself.

"You know," he said, "I can stand this as well as your springs can. Probably better."

"Stand what?" said Red, turning on him a pair of bland blue eyes.

"Driving a truck as if it was a bronc," said Mr. Tufts, who had been reading Western literature and believed that every horse west of the Mississippi was a bronc. "By the way, I've been seeing some of this stuff you fellows are putting over at the rodeos in the East. It's a good line, but it's bunk. You can't throw a fellow out of these Western saddles." *(Continued on Page 147)*

"I Wish You'd Stop Fishing and Just Talk, Red." He Turned a Haggard Young Face Toward Her. "What'll I Talk About?" He Demanded

The Natural History of Railroads

By GARET GARRETT

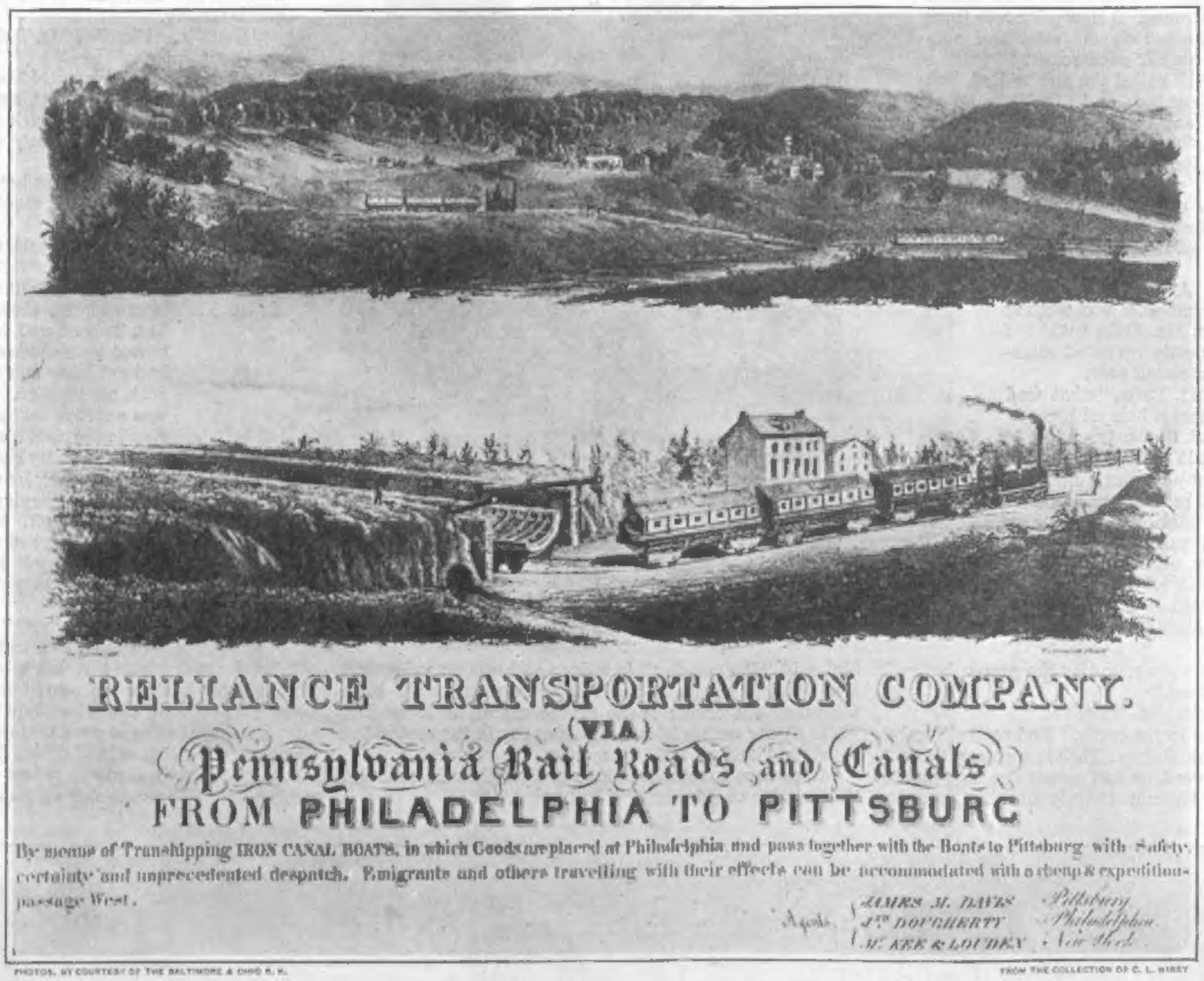
EVERY grown-up thing is the product of its tangled beginnings and vicissitudinous youth. Instance the American railway system as a whole. Its wonders are visible; its working nature is unintelligible without some knowledge of how it grew, by uncontrollable chance and circumstance, devouring time when time was plenty and space when there was more of that than we knew what to do with.

Railroads were unscientifically placed to begin with. So were the rivers, the straits, the seas and all natural channels of commerce. They are not as they should be—that is to say, ideal from an economic point of view; they are as they had to be. The topography of the earth is accidental and unscientific.

If we had the railroads to place over again, knowing what we know, we might place them better; only, it would be impossible to make a transportation system of 250,000 miles new all at once, or to make it at all. It would have to grow, and it never happens that a thing grows in a scientific manner. Life forbids.

The rational mind, acting after the facts, regards the railroad map and the rate structure that governs the currents of traffic and is scandalized. Rashly it proposes to set up a state of order in this chaos. After a while it discovers that there is no order in the facts; it learns that in confusion there is rhythm. Life has accommodated itself to disorder, there is property in absurdity, and you cannot touch one thing for the better without peril of making other things worse. For example, if the charge is greater to move a ton of freight one foot across an imaginary line than to haul it halfway across the continent, that is, of course, preposterous. But if you rationalize the freight rate at that point you may alter streams of traffic all the way from the Missouri River to the Atlantic coast. To change the course of the river itself might produce less economic disturbance.

First, then, how did the railway system grow?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Three Ideas About Railroads

THERE were three ideas, to be named the Jericho idea, the jealous idea and the Bagdad idea. The railroads grew in spite of one and in a state of tension between the two others.

In 1831 Benjamin White appended his mind to a Congressional document as follows:

"I consider a long line of railroad passing from Baltimore over the mountains as being odious in this country as a monopoly of the carrying trade, which it necessarily must be."

There was the Jericho idea.

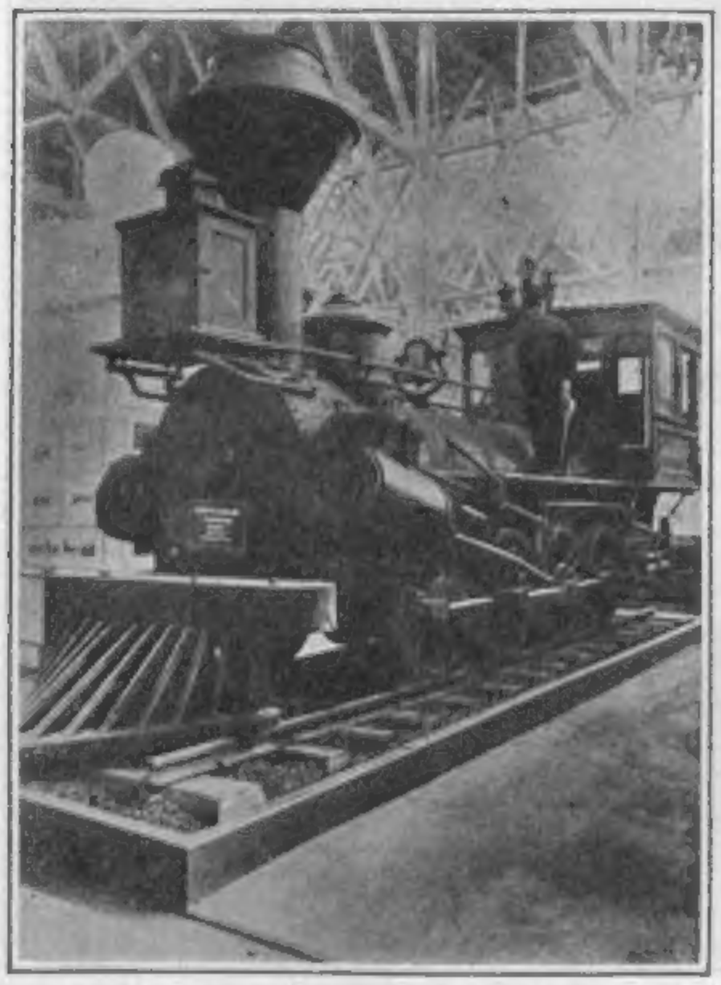
When the state of New York chartered the Erie Railroad it stipulated—though it hurt its own nose to do so—that the line should begin twenty-five miles from New York City, for otherwise it would have to pass through the state of New Jersey, and it was very important that New Jersey should not participate in this great economic benefit.

That was the jealous idea.

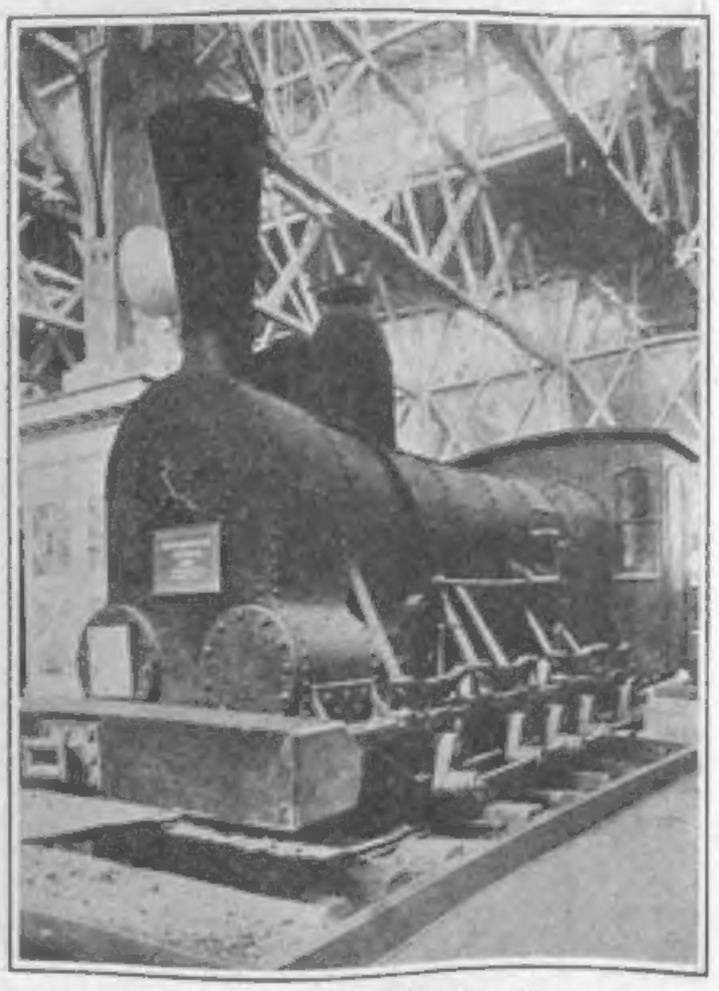
When the Union Pacific—the first transcontinental railroad—had reached a point 280 miles west of Omaha, a party of distinguished Eastern people went out to have a look. Imagine at the end of the rails a construction camp. All the background is untouched scenery. For vivid detail, groups of Indians, attired partly in their own things and partly in the curiosities of civilization; they understand that at last they will see who sent first those silent brooding men to drive little stakes in an endless row and then others to follow the stakes with an iron path on which to run iron horses. There is, after all, not so much to see.

Building a right of way is slow and tedious work, carried on with much confusion. Only the thought of what it means is exciting, and even that is not very clear. There is a smell of food from the cook shack. The sun sets. The Indians, who seem immovable, are still there as the mid-continental darkness swallows up the view. The visiting editors, bankers, members of Congress and their wives go indoors and sit down with the engineers to a rude banquet at a pine table under coal-oil lamps. The fare is excellent. Afterward there are speeches. One of the speakers says:

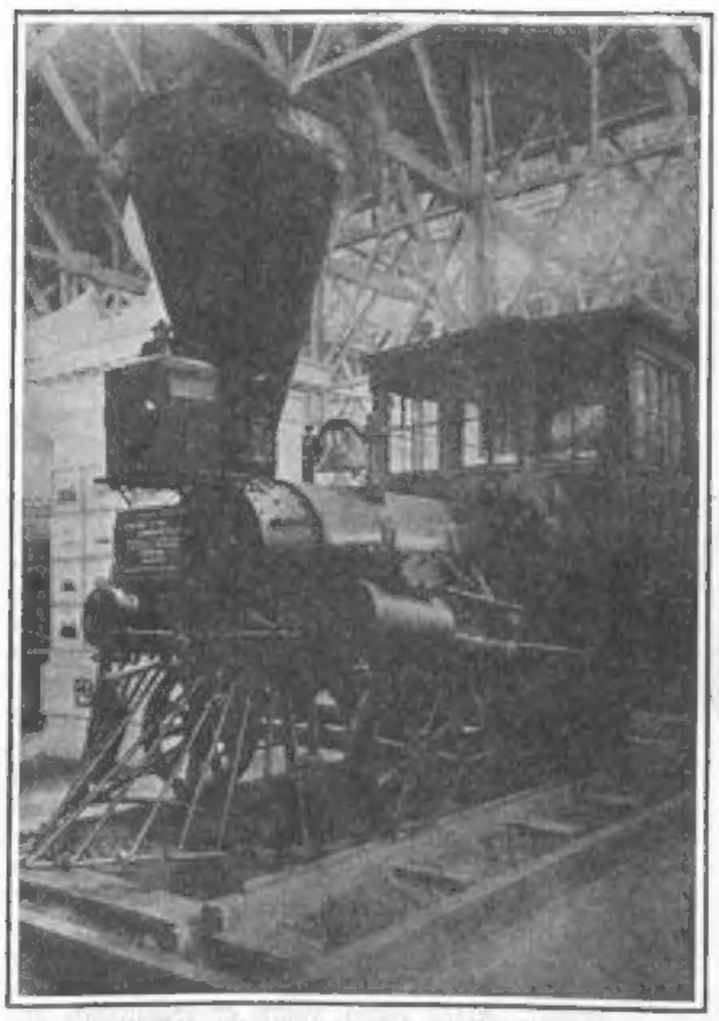
"The caravans trading from Asia to Europe built up the cities of Bagdad, Tyre, Sidon. Today the owl and bittern sit on those gorgeous ruins. What happened? A new trade route was discovered around the cape. Simply a change in the channels of commerce. Now if you bring



The Dragon, an American Locomotive of 1848



The Mount Clare, America, 1845



The Cumberland Valley Pioneer, 1851

the commerce of Asia this way, turning it aside from the route of Panama to bring it through this great republic—into the Golden Gate of California and out the rocky door of New England—there will be Bagdads, Tyres and Sidons all along this track."

And that was the Bagdad idea.

What we have forgotten of our own history is often the most interesting part. It is difficult now to realize how strong the old Jericho idea was and even more difficult to recognize the fact that we inherit it.

Much of the prejudice with which railroads have been and are still regarded comes in a straight line from the foreboding that so fiercely opposed changing the Cumberland highway to a railroad. You may read in the faded congressional papers how that foreboding expressed itself. Railroads were undemocratic. Let the aristocrats build them out of their own wealth to serve themselves. As for the people—your rural congressman's constituents—what they wanted, and please heaven should always want, was a road on which they could all travel together, freely and sociably. Nothing exclusive; no tolls, no monopoly. In two words, a people's road.

A fanatic, narrow view, of course, and previously doomed. Nevertheless it foretold an economic truth together with its political consequences when neither the truth nor its consequences had been foreseen from the other side.

A railroad was bound to be a monopoly. That was the truth. The narrow view contained it; the greater view did not. Indeed, for a long time the inevitable was obscured by its own events. In 1876 twenty separate railroads, direct and roundabout, were competing for traffic between St. Louis and Atlanta, and everywhere east of the Mississippi such was the condition.

Competition was then believed to be the perfect and durable safeguard against monopoly. Yet competition, as in time we learned, tends straight to monopoly. Its first term is survival of the fittest.

When the railroads began to consolidate in a logical manner, fear of monopoly was suddenly very active. Laws were passed to hinder consolidation. Great systems already formed were broken up if the parts had been competitive before. Public opinion insisted upon competition for political reasons. The merging of many lines into one strong, well-shaped transportation machine represented nothing economically undesirable; it did represent a consolidation of private power, which was the power of life and death over communities, industries and areas, and that was the thing to be avoided.

Nevertheless in time competition in rates became intolerable for economic reasons alone. Everybody saw that freight rates should be uniform and stable. Then it was that rates began to be regulated, first by states and then by the Federal Government. That, of course, was the end of competition in rates.

Competition was still a sacred political principle. So everybody said, "Hereafter the railroads, charging all the same rates, shall compete in service."

But competition in service has the same effect ultimately as competition in rates. The only difference is that between giving the same thing for less money or more of the same thing for the same amount of money. Besides, there was discrimination in service, only more concealed and harder to stop than the old discrimination in rates. So at last it became necessary in the public interest to regulate service also. Then for the first time it was wholly clear what a railroad was—a monopoly. It cannot be anything else.

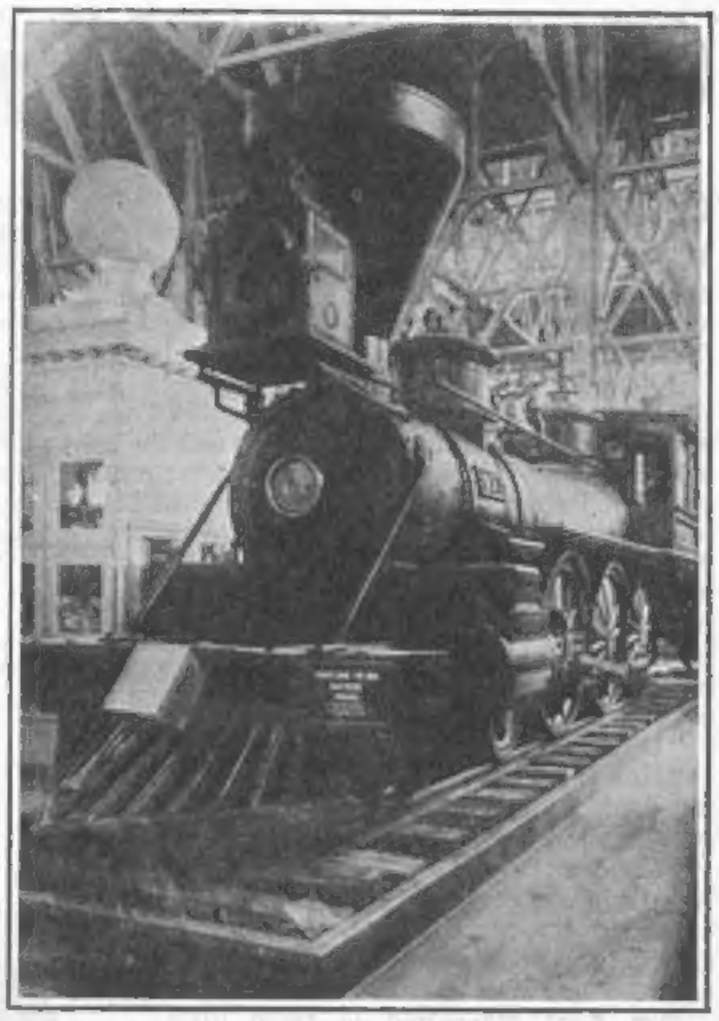
This now is so well understood that the Government itself proposes a scheme of wholesale consolidations; the strong roads shall gather to themselves the weak roads, and all shall perform uniform service at uniform rates under Federal control.

What the Jericho idea contained was an intuition of both the nature of railroads and the nature of people. Monopoly was inevitable in the nature of railroads; it was no less inevitable that people should fear them in that character and be moved at last to take control of them. Rudely clothed in the language of demagogues, the idea presented an absurd aspect. Yet there was meaning in it.

Jealous of Geographical Advantages

WHY so little intelligent heed was paid to its meaning is easily explained. The American mind was in a creative phase. The railroads were making new wealth so fast—wealth in cities, in farm land, in opportunity, in the availability of goods and produce for exchange—that almost no one thought of anything else. Never had wizardry like this been imagined. People clamored for railroads. Cities, states and the Federal Government were moved to subsidize them rashly. Enormous grants of land from the public domain to the railroad companies were a symptom of the spirit. It was land that was worthless until a railroad touched it. One state gave the railroad builders more land than it had. Anyone who talked of the problems to come was a Jeremiah.

The jealous idea, next, was already old when the railroads appeared; it was simply transferred upon them. It was and is an idea of place or situation and derives from



Another American Locomotive, the Perkins, 1863

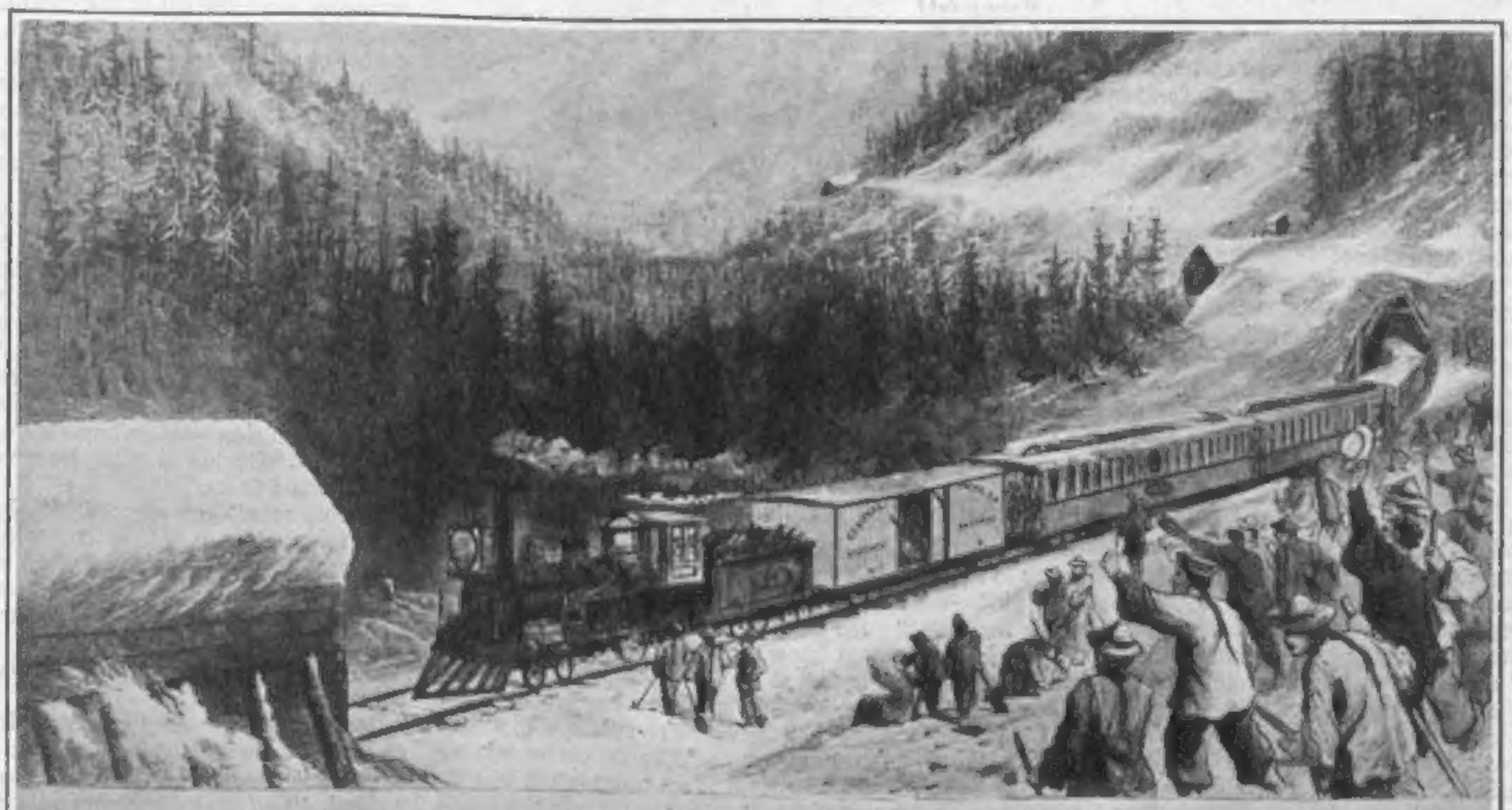
the notion of the first comer's right to any advantage he may have discovered—meaning always in this view a geographical advantage. Its most violent characteristic is to abhor competition. Every city, every port, every community is jealous to defend its advantage against all others.

The first economic advantages were in relation to water-borne commerce, as in harbors, rivers and canals; and there was no point short of actual warfare at which a community would stop in the effort to exploit its right of place. Thus in the early chronicles one finds a great row going on between New York and Ohio over the use of Lake Erie's southern shore. New York, meaning to monopolize the lake trade, said that only New York boats should touch her stretch of shore. Ohio retaliated by saying that no New York boat should land on her part of it, except in case of life or death, unless the citizens of Ohio had the freedom of the New York shore.

In 1811 the first steamboat descended the Ohio and Mississippi rivers from Pittsburgh to New Orleans. Fulton and Livingston, whose steamboat it was, obtained from the city of New Orleans the exclusive privilege to operate any boat by fire or steam. The only part of the Mississippi over which New Orleans could suppose she had a sovereign right was the mouth of it, but that was enough. She was expecting then to be mistress of commerce to all that rich territory drained by the Mississippi. The steamboat was a new kind of carrier and belonged at sight to her destiny. She would seize it to herself and forbid passage to any boat operated by fire or steam not licensed in her friendship, and thus foreclose the possibility of any rival Gulf port.

Fulton and Livingston had a similar monopoly on the Hudson River. Such arrangements, besides retarding the development of steam navigation on the rivers, were clearly prejudicial to the public interest; yet it was not until 1844 that the United States

(Continued on Page 114)



ACROSS THE CONTINENT.

THE SNOW SHEDS ON THE CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILROAD, IN THE SIERRA NEVADA MOUNTAINS.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF C. L. WINEY

GENTILITY

By THOMAS BEER

ILLUSTRATED BY BARTOW V. V. MATTESON

STUKELY merely yawned at his mother's first scream. A mosquito resumed its threatening song somewhere in the darkness not far from his wet face and he waved an arm slowly, until Mrs. Kent screamed again with an abandoned violence that might mean something positive, for she usually woke herself. He swung a leg from bed as feet bumped the floor of his sister's bedroom and Joe Fancher said, "Uh-huh, woman, I heard it." On the third wail Stukely jumped for his bath robe and the baby raised a distinguished yell of anger at the hall's eastern end. Light shone under the door while Stukely pulled his hot body into thin silk and wound the robe's cord around his waist. Another week of this indecent heat and he would be down to a hundred and sixty pounds or less. Silk stuck to his chest as he blundered to the doorway and entered brightness, jarring Norah, in some drapery of green stuff that sparkled dramatically.

"Do look where you're going, Stuke!"

"How did I know you'd be right outside my door, idiot?" he snorted, and shoved past her slimness toward his mother's room.

"My dear Grace," said the Rev. Gavin Kent in a composed but annoyed cadence of his barytone, "you very seldom scream as loudly as that, even over a rat in the cellar. There must have been something!"

Mrs. Kent apologized in rapid little gasps, inside the dark bedroom.

She said, "No, no, Gavin! I thought I heard something, but it wasn't anything. I was just dreaming, of course. I'm so sorry! I'm so sorry, Joe! Do turn the light out and go back to bed, dear. I'm ever so sorry!"

"Goodness gracious, mamma," Joe Fancher yawned, filling the hall with the folds and loops of a whole sheet, "I wasn't sleepin' any. Yeh, this Norah was doin' all the sleep in our room. I was kinda recumbent on the couch, wonderin' if it's any hotter'n this down in Gawgia. Stuke, your mamma says she meant nothin' whatsoever by yellin'. You can go back to bed if it's any good to you, son."

Doctor Kent observed from the unseen bedroom, "It's frightful for June. . . . Is that the new bath robe Norah's been making for you, Joe?"

"No, rev'rend. This is just a sheet, sir. Winter'll come an' I'll be twenty-five or so when your no-account daughter has that bath robe finished on me. Yeh, the kid'll be talkin' an' reachin' for a cigarette when it's all done. . . . Want some ice water, mamma?"

"Oh, no thank—I really would like some, Joe," said Mrs. Kent pathetically and suddenly, "if it's not too much ——"

"Not any, ma'am," the long man drawled, and wandered majestically in his sheet down the green stairs, fading into the blackness of the living room below as a rooster gave an inspired cry on the next farm and the rooster Androcles answered from Doctor Kent's henhouse.

"Daybreak," said the old man with a sigh, "and it's the longest day in the year. Grace, you'd best go down to Southampton, my dear, if this heat keeps up."

Norah Fancher grinned at her brother in the hallway, lighted by three little bulbs, and leaned on the wall in a fluctuation of the green robe strewn with spots of silver embroidery. Their mother heroically remarked that she wouldn't think of going to Uncle George's house at Southampton. The tomatoes would be ripe soon and Joe and Stukely would need help, and the new nursemaid wasn't broken to the eccentricities of Joseph Fancher, Jr.; and if she went to Southampton the Rev. Gavin Kent must come with her. If the high farm was impossible for her, it was just as hot for him; and anyhow, this was Sunday and it might be better to wait until Monday to travel. She said all this with diminishing vigor and concluded, "I do hope it will be cool at Southampton when we get there."

Then she went to sleep with a short moaning noise and at once began her delicate repressed snore, a gently modulated, soothing little noise that always made Stukely proud of her; she was a lady even when asleep. He gathered his blue silk robe between his knees and sat down on the planks of the ancient floor to wait for Joe Fancher and the iced water, wondering whether a snore could be controlled by surgery or mental suggestion, and whether roosters were glad to wake with the first threat of dawn or if it was something of a burden on their sense of duty. And did the roosters yell down ninety miles to New York progressively or were there roosterless intervals where some

"Father, You're Really Wonderful! I Think if the House Caught Fire You'd Apologize for Waking Us"

cock woke in silence and started the traveling noise on his own account? Then he looked at a drop of sweat that trickled on his right thumb's brown curve from the soaked blue sleeve. The drop fell on the planks beside his foot and was immediately covered by a slipper of worn gray leather. The boy put back his black head and stared up at Doctor Kent, a tremendous figure in white pajamas, which his gaunt body left unrumpled, immaculately neat.

"Stuke?"

"Don't step on me, dad," Stukely whispered.

"My dear boy," said the retired rector of St. Philip's Church, "I had no intention of doing so. I can't find my glasses, and I'm so blind without them —— What I was going to say—Is that you, Norah? Don't be alarmed, my dear girl!—was that I'm afraid there's somebody in the spare bedroom." He paused and finished with civility, "I can hear him, you know, through the wall where the old door's papered over."

Norah Fancher clasped her hands on her green breast and said delightedly, "Father, you're really wonderful! I think if the house caught fire you'd apologize for waking us. Stuke, go see what it is. If it's a burglar tell him he ought to wait for cool nights."

"Quit bein' frolicsome," Stukely grunted, getting up from the floor with its illusion of coolness. Norah had painted it a somber gray and imitated the broken squares of a paved walk on its length. His father caught his arm and the boy said, "Oh, come off it, daddy! How can anybody get in there with the door locked? It's the new rat; the one Joe saw in the cellar yesterday—I mean day before yesterday. I don't see how you have the gu-courage to wear pajamas on a night like this."

"It's his conventionality," Norah sighed.

"My dear boy," said the old man, nervously holding his son's right biceps, "wait until Joe comes up with ——"

"I can face this rat all by myself, sir," Stukely assured him, and strolled twelve steps down the gray floor to the painted door of the spare bedroom. He yawned and turned the key under the glass knob which looked so pleasantly like ice against the green wood, and was even a little cool in his palm when he shut his hand on it. But the door did not stir. Directly a rasping fall of sand slid down his back and he said loudly, "Oh, yeh—other way," in what sounded the falsest voice of known time. The door had been unlocked and he had locked it. Now he must unlock it and carelessly go into the black room full of masked men, armed unpleasantly. His blue bath robe seemed perilously thin. And why had Joe gone downstairs just when a former sergeant of marines was demanded by this situation? After three years of friendship Joe might have stuck to him in an emergency instead of sneaking downstairs after iced water. The key turned. The door swung briskly inward and Stukely set a hand on the wall's dry paper, hunting the button of the lights. Two bulbs flared through the yellow silk of a tall lamp beside the bed, and the room was empty from the vermilion floor to the wooden ceiling on which Norah Fancher's hand had drawn a number of fat golden fishes. Smells of hot cloth and lavender welled from the bed and from a shallow cupboard set in the deep wall between two windows.

"G-golly," said Stukely, "but the place smells to heaven! Nothin' here, daddy." He spoke in the tone of comfortable benevolence, while five drops of sweat went wandering the middle of his chest and relief swelled his lungs. "If any rat wants to stay in here, he's trying to lose weight. I'll open the windows. It might start a draft through."

The vermilion floor seemed sticky underfoot. Stukely wrestled with the weight of fine chintz curtains in each window and undid the locks. Outside a sedate grayness glowed behind the heavy timbers of the water tower beside an oak whose foliage rustled vaguely in the passage of an exhausted wind. The river below the orchard made a little sound as though the water tired of pebbles and flat rocks. Earth yawned, he thought, at the promise of another weary day, more heat, more breathless air. He stretched over the sill of the second window and reached an idle hand to the iron spikes which made a ladder up one corner of the water tower's skeleton. His fingers could not quite touch the iron, and the boy drew himself back across the ledge of window sill without interest in the failure.

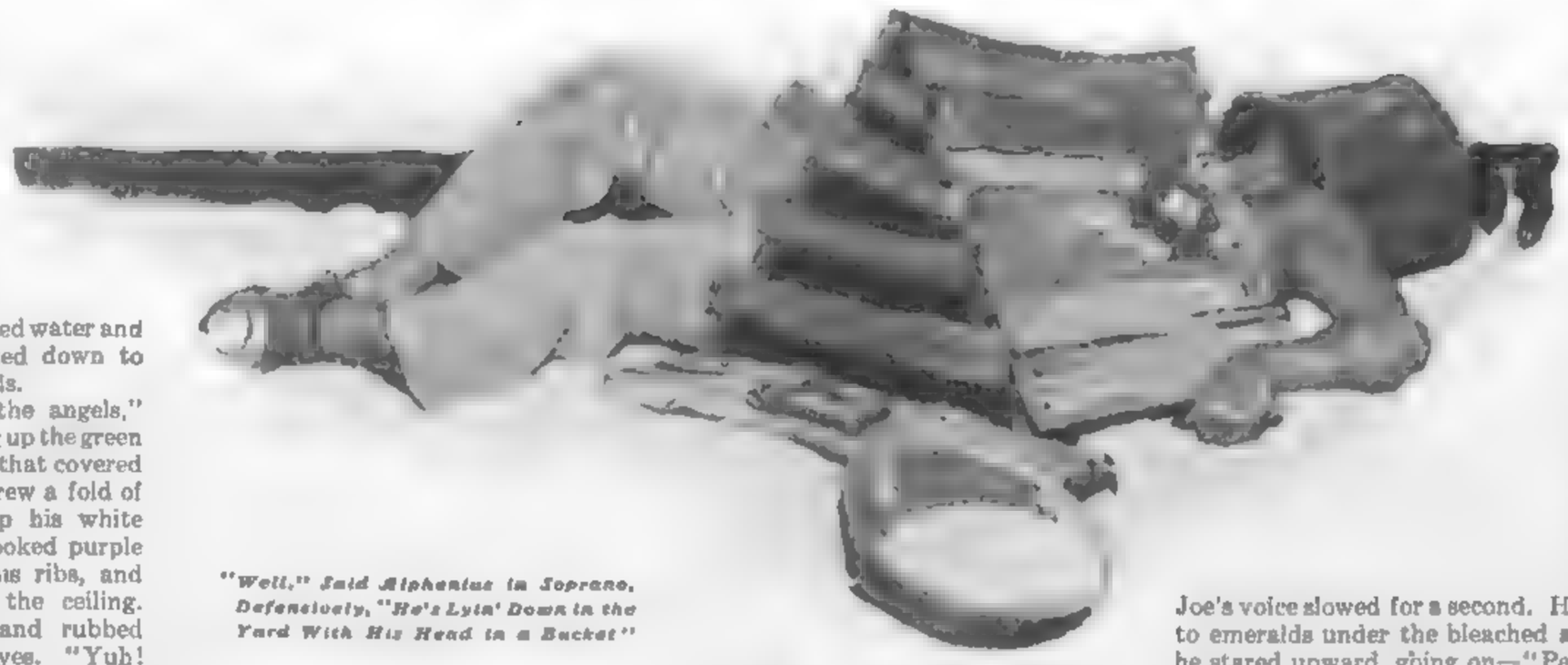
"You know the tower's too close to these windows," he said listlessly; "if anybody did want to get in, dad, this would be the way."

"I suppose so," said Doctor Kent, blinking up at the gilded fishes; "and I suppose this room's hotter because the ceiling's nothing but the floor of the attic. Yes, a house built in 1803 offers inducements to rats. But what a fine piece of building it is, Stuke! I have to praise my own investment, you know. We've been here three years, and literally nothing in the way of repairs. . . . Is that you, Joe? I decided that I heard a burglar in here. It was just a rat, but he conveyed an impression of weighing hundreds of pounds. I think he must be a very big rat, really, to make such a noise."

"Some rats," Joe assured him in the sleepiest drawl, "are talented 'bout noises. Oncet in that war they had in France I an' forty to a hundred other guys were kep' awake all night in a very damn uncomfortable trench by just one rat. He was tryin' to saw off an old post outa sight in the dark with his teef."

"Teeth, lamb," said Norah; "don't be so Southern just because it's——"

Joe rounded his turquoise eyes in his brown face and gave the beautiful woman a long, offended glare. He trailed his sheet over the vermilion floor and said as he walked, "Girl, grandmamma raised me to be polite to women, but you've no call to be rude at me. For one cent, Mex'can, I'd tear your hair offa your dumb head. I married you for pity, anyhow. . . . Here's a lotta flood, rev'rend. . . . Ace, give your poppa a drink."



"Well," Said Alphenius in Soprano, Defensively, "He's Lyin' Down in the Yard With His Head in a Bucket"

Stukely took a glass from the tray and got it firmly in his father's grasp. The Rev. Gavin Kent was helpless without spectacles that marred his fine long face by daylight. He bent his curly head to drink iced water and a tiny feather floated down to rest on his white curls.

"Regards from the angels," Joe drawled, hitching up the green trousers of limp silk that covered his long legs. He drew a fold of the sheet higher up his white chest, hiding the crooked purple scar that roamed his ribs, and blinked up toward the ceiling. Then he yawned and rubbed tanned fists in his eyes. "Yuh! Gimme credit, poppa. I behaved all decorous, like the father of a fam'ly oughta. Many an egg would have loped out in the corridor bare-nekkid on a yell like that, but I fetched this sheet wiv me."

"It's extremely becoming," Norah said, with her wild black hair close to Joe's shoulder; "you look like Demosthenes or one of those classic people making an oration about something, except that your nose isn't as Greek as theirs."

"My nose," Joe asserted, wrinkling it, "is better'n most noses, female! Many dames have told me it's an int'resting kinda nose. As for a sheet as clothes, no. The Greeks didn't have many fires to run to or they'd ha' never wore anything so sorta clingy. Go back to bed. You've been makin' noises like a sawmill in trouble all night. Your mamma snores like a lady, but you're no gentleman when you're asleep. G'on back to bed. I'm gonna sit in the creek until it's time to milk. . . . Rev'rend, it's my sad dooty to say that old Hermione's days as an asset on this farm are over. She's a good, kind, well-meanin' cow, but too sorta ven'rable. I expect she's twenty or so. Bought her with the place, didn't you, sir?"

"Hermione," said Doctor Kent, "is that obstreperous black cow that used to give Stuke so much trouble when he was learning to milk. Yes, I bought her from Mr. Kling with the farm. Well, we've had her three years. I don't know, Joe, what one does with a venerable cow. As a useless relic, I have a sentiment for Hermione, of course, a natural fellow feeling—tempered, perhaps, with our human superiority. At least I can't be eaten or sold to the tannery at Poughkeepsie, if there is one there. Can we pension Hermione?"

"Good gracious, rev'rend," Joe murmured, kicking the sheet around his feet, "it's no question of slayin' this dame. No, she's a very orn'mental cow. All your fool friends from New York always admire her a lot. She reminds me of grandmamma comin' outa church whenever daddy had wrung tears from his sinners down in Gawgia or out in Eutropius. Yeh, Hermione an' grandmamma are similar. Very dignified an' kinda haughty. All I meant was that we gotta getta new cow, sir. 'At means you don't have mamma write any checks for homes to shelter blind Episcopal choir boys thus monf. Hear me, rev'rend? This place has got to pay in more cash if you're gonna have mamma write any moh three-hundred-dollar checks for blind choir boys, sir. We're a dairy an' veg'table farm, poppa, an' not a distillery."

The Rev. Gavin Kent shuffled his slippers on the vermilion paint and said, humbly, "Yes, Joe, I—er—am afraid that was rather reckless of me. You and Stukely make the farm pay so nicely that ——"

"Good gracious, poppa," Joe crooned, "you can't help bein' a gentleman. Babe, take that feather offa your poppa's ear. Makes him look friv'lous. No, rev'rend, you give away nuffin' moh until middle of July. After mamma's dividends come in, you can have a spree an' send checks to char'ties. Right now we have to get us a new cow. I knew a cow in France named"—a cloud of feathers drifted prettily past Doctor Kent's white curls and the melodious flow of Joe's voice slowed for a second. His eyes changed suddenly to emeralds under the bleached arcs of his eyebrows, and he stared upward, going on—"Peritonitis. She ——"

"It doesn't sound a very French name, Joe," the old gentleman objected. "Peritonitis?"

"Near as I can come to it, poppa. My b'talion kinda adopted her. She was all sad by the roadside, with an elderly dame along who sold her for a hatful of francs. We were new to Frawg money then an' the old dame looked so sorta des'late that it touched us a lot. Calc'latin' afterward, we made out that Perry cost us about three thousand dollars American money. I chipped in a pretty grand-lookin' sorta purple bill that looked fine in Porky Olsen's helmet. Yeh, I was seventeen in those days, an' extravagant. Only 'at old French dame was downright immoral, 'cause this cow had given down her last shot of milk when Robert E. Lee and the late Ulysses Grant were arguin' around Richmond. Otherwise she was an awful nice cow an' useda lick my face real friendly. It was the French lady whose conduct was vulgar."

Stukely heard all this easy chatter while cold sand seemed to slide down his broad shoulders under the moist silk of his bath robe. He looked up at the open square trap in the ornamented ceiling. It shouldn't be open, and feathers would not float down from the ancient pillows stored in the low attic unless something had disturbed them. A feather roved and made a white point on the crust of Joe's cropped pale hair. . . . Yes, this burglar

(Continued on Page 164)

"Aw, Keep Your Shirt On, Kiddy! Let's Talk Business, Pal," Mr. Kling Murmured; "Don't Get Excited, Either. . . . Who's Downstairs?"

BOOTING 'EM HOME

Zeo, Earl Sande Up, Winning the Kentucky Derby, Louisville, May 19th, 1923, $50,000 Added

At Left—Jennings Park, Sande Up, and Thunderclap 2nd, Fator Up, Neck and Neck at Saratoga

By Earl Sande and James R. Crowell

OUR Uncle Sam Hildreth, when he hears the dinner chimes ringing, has a way of calling out in strident refrain, "Come get it, come get it." In the paddock, when the bugle sounds, the same cry rises from the throats of trainers saddling their horses, with slight variation. It is then "Go get it, go get it," referring to the race.

Win—victory—triumph. The owner dins it into the ears of the trainer, the trainer dins it into the ears of the jockey and the jockey dins it into the ears of the horse. The finish line is the nerve center of our universe. No failure can be more complete than the failure to win horse races. Constant losing is utterly devoid of compensation. There is not even the acclaim that oftentimes comes to men in other quarters who have tried hard and failed in the trying. Nonwinning horses are "hounds" or "dogs," nonwinning trainers are incompetents, and jockeys who consistently trail in the dust of the field are card-indexed as the epitome of everything that is useless in the world of sport.

The Logic of the Racing Man

IT IS only the racing man himself who understands how hard it is to win, how easy to lose. His appreciation has been gleaned in the school of experience, and his logic is either the outgrowth of that, or a heritage. I like the logic of the racing man. It is so direct. No frills to it. It is so simple. No tricks. You get the hang of it at once. He will reason, "This is a big race; we want to win it. This is a good horse; he figures to win it. This is a capable jockey; he knows how to win it. Now will we win this race? Certainly—maybe." The lure of the sure thing is not for him. He knows the turf has no sure things. It is only the gullible who believe in them. Too often has the racing man seen horses lose when every agency for their success seemed 100 per cent perfect. Failure to win in such circumstances is more of a disappointment than a surprise. And, conversely, victory never fails to carry its thrill and to bring deep satisfaction.

The philosophy of the racing world is a joy. Owners, trainers, jockeys have the knack of looking upon their successes as so many gifts from the gods. It is the same with big and small. No owner possesses a stable so all-powerful that he expects an unbroken string of victories, no trainer looks to win every race he enters, and no jockey ever feels that his own skill, plus the racing qualities of his mount, is going to find him in front constantly. Turf victory is as elusive as the will-o'-the-wisp. Owners, trainers, jockeys know this. The owner tries to offset it by procuring the best possible horses, the trainer by employing his talents to get them into the best possible condition, and the jockey by keeping himself in proper physical trim and exerting his utmost riding ability. And dominating every other element in the organization of the successful stable is the winning spirit, with philosophy standing in the background to take care of disappointments. Turf folks are great philosophers. Perhaps a great many of them don't look at it in just that light, but they are great philosophers nevertheless.

From Left to Right—Earl Sande, Lawrence Lyke, Pony McAtee, Andy Schuttinger and Frankie Keogh

Early in my career on the big tracks I was impressed with the philosophy of the racing man. It was in the spring of 1917 that I first got the idea that I had progressed far enough to try my hand against the boys who were riding on the more important circuits and whose careers I had followed as religiously as newspaper accounts of their exploits would permit. The opportunity came quite by chance. I was working at the time for C. W.—Doc—Pardee, a liveryman of Phœnix, Arizona, who owned two horses which he raced on the quarter tracks of the Southwest, Vanity Fair and Tick Tack. I was in my nineteenth year, possessed of a great love for race horses, accustomed to hard work, and preferred sleeping in the hay of the barn to the more civilized method of occupying a bed in the Pardee home. My wages were twenty dollars a month and my duties included everything from riding Tick Tack and Vanity Fair to sweeping out the barn, milking cows and taking care of two or three grocery teams.

Up From the Milk Wagon

PHŒNIX was the rendezvous of many cow-punchers and Pardee's livery stable their headquarters. A college man, known to the others as a tenderfoot, was in one party that visited the Pardee stable that season. One evening we were all sitting outside the barn when the tenderfoot drew a gun and began shooting at near-by objects. A bullet glanced from a rock and hit the Pardee foreman. He was badly wounded and spent weeks convalescing. In his absence, Doc Pardee made me the foreman of the livery stable and tripled my wages to sixty dollars a month.

By November of that year I had saved up $500, my income being increased by what we won on the two race horses. Tick Tack, a halfbreed, or cold-blood, was our chief reliance. This horse had originally pulled a milk wagon, and Doc had bought him after the milkman's son had tried to ride him and he had run away. When they got the frightened youngster down off his back he described his experience by saying that the horse had started running and had just gone "tick-tack" all the way back to the stable. Hence the conversion of the milk horse into a racer under the name Tick Tack, the fastest trick in getting away from a twenty-foot score I ever rode, not excepting Thoroughbreds.

Determined to force my way into this business of major-league horse racing, I proceeded to New Orleans in November of 1917 and went immediately to the Fair Grounds

track. I wandered around for a while among the stables and hailed a rubber who was working on one of the horses.

"Say, I want to get a job exercising or riding; do you need any help around this stable?" I inquired.

"I wouldn't advise you to try here. We have several boys riding and you ain't got a chance," the man said.

John Lowe, a trainer, was my next point of attack.

"How much do you weigh, son?" Lowe asked.

"About 99 or 100 pounds."

"What? You look more like 125 pounds to me. If you don't weigh that now you will when the spring season opens."

John Lowe was dubious about the accuracy of my statement. He held out no encouragement.

I carried with me a note of introduction to Joseph B. Goodman, an owner and trainer. This was my ace in the hole, and I was holding it in reserve. If it failed, I feared I would encounter more difficulty than I had expected in getting connected with a stable. So my hopes were blowing hot and cold when I went in search of Joe Goodman and found him in an oyster house. He looked me over kindly but critically when he had read the note, and suggested that I report at the track early next morning; he wasn't certain anything would eventuate, but we would see.

Sande in the Judges' Stand at Churchill Downs

Milo Shields was with Goodman when I found him at the track the following morning. Shields had Eddie Martin riding for him and had arranged to work a filly named Adeline L that day. Goodman turned to me and asked if I knew how to gallop horses. I told him I did.

"Do you know how to work them also?" he added.

"Yes, sir; I've done plenty of that."

Milo Shields cut into the conversation.

"Joe, why not put him up on the filly? I'm willing to take a chance."

A Rider

GOODMAN agreed to that and instructed me to breeze Adeline L a quarter of a mile, working her between the three-quarter and half posts. I was stumped for a moment, but I concluded a frank confession was the only safe way out.

"I don't know one pole from another; we don't have poles on the tracks where I've been riding," I blurted out.

Goodman and Shields both smiled at that and then explained the location of the poles. I climbed aboard the filly, breezed her between the two designated points, rode back to where they stood, and waited. The suspense was dreadful. My heart was thumping against my sides so vigorously that I was conscious of a fear they might hear the noise. It was the biggest moment of my life—up to that time. I realized I was in the hands of the jury, my fate hanging in the balance. While I sat astride Adeline L, Goodman and Shields continued chatting for what seemed an interminable period. I've never known what they were talking about and I suppose it was some inconsequential thing such as the quality of the food at their favorite oyster house, but to me they were debating the world's most serious problem—would I or would I not do? It was Goodman who broke the spell.

"That's all right, son; you look to me as though you might develop into a race rider," he remarked. His tone was quite casual, but, oh, what golden words they were to the freckle-faced youngster who heard them!

"Thank you, Mr. Goodman," I tried to say, but something had gone wrong with my voice. It was high-pitched and I scarcely recognized it as my own; it sounded like somebody just back of me speaking. If my interpretation of these momentous events was correct, I was now a full-fledged member of the turf; but having attained that lofty summit, I didn't know what the next step should be. Joe Goodman enlightened me.

"Take the filly over to the barn," he said, and then I came back to earth and realized that things proceeded in their logical sequence on the big racing circuit the same as they do elsewhere. "And then I want to see you," Goodman added.

We signed a contract that day under the terms of which I was to receive a set salary of twenty dollars a month, my clothes and the usual winning fee of twenty-five dollars and the losing fee of ten dollars. As one copy of the contract had to be sent to the Jockey Club for recording, it was some days before I should have a chance actually to participate in a race. Meanwhile I spent my time galloping and schooling the horses in the Goodman string, which was a good one for winter racing.

There were two former jockeys connected with the stable, Casey Jones and Dick Watts, and they tried in every way to help me.

The Kentucky Derby Winner's Bouquet

Every day while the races were being held I would make careful note of precisely what took place. I was chiefly interested in the doings around the barrier. The system of starting was entirely new to me, so different from the lap-and-tap start, which we had employed in Idaho and Arizona, that I wondered whether I would be able to get my first few mounts away in good style. Here the horses were schooled to leap away on their journey at the rise of the barrier. In the lap-and-tap start the horses stood in a twenty-foot score and it was the signal to go when two horses went over the line lapped on each other.

Learning From Other Jockeys

I STUDIED the methods of the various jockeys, especially those whose riding impressed me as being most effective. It seemed to me that Frankie Robinson and Willie Crump were two of the finest horsemen I had ever seen. Robinson, a well-mannered, soft-spoken boy and a credit always to his trade up to the day he was killed in a spill at Bowie, Maryland, in the spring of 1919, was like a machine in the saddle. A strong, vigorous rider, he never gave the impression that he was hard at work, and the finish he would put up was as smooth as the softest piece of velvet. And Crump, the product of a slightly different school, was one who will always linger in my mind as having unusual qualities of equestrianship. Crump was not quite so machinelike in his movements as Robinson, but he had the knack of getting the most out of his mount. It was a real loss to the American turf when Frankie died and Crump left this country to go to Europe with Eugene Leigh, later the trainer of Epinard, the famous French horse.

The opportunity I had been looking for came on January 5, 1918. Joe Goodman told me the day before that he was going to put me up next day on Liberator, a horse from his string, and I was so thrilled with the prospect that I tossed around in bed for several hours, dreaming of flying hoofs and charging fields. When the horses paraded to the post next afternoon I couldn't help turning my head to the jockey

Weighing In. From Left to Right—A. Johnson, Chick Lang, Pony McAtee, Clarence Turner, Laverne Fator, Clarence Kummer, Earl Sande, Mack Garner and the Clerk of the Scales

(Continued on Page 177)

THE SAMSON STRAIN

By Hugh MacNair Kahler

ILLUSTRATED BY W. P. COUSE

COUSIN HOMER SPINNEY shillyshallied, as usual. He leaned on his billiard cue and considered the matter, thinking out loud. "Haven't made up my mind, Danny. Like to go, of course, but there's those weeds to cut along the fence. Been meaning to tackle them all this week. Go to seed on me, first thing I know."

He resumed his inspection of the table, vacillating between a straight draw and a three-cushion shot. He sighed as he sighted, played and missed.

"Guess I'd have done better to go round the table after that one." He lowered the cue and leaned on it again. "Say there's going to be a ball game?"

Daniel Samson Spinney nodded. "Hosecart races in the forenoon and a ball game after dinner. Avon's going to play Livonia."

"Like to see it. Hate to miss a good game of ball," said Cousin Homer. "Then again there's those weeds." He missed another shot. "Guess I'll toss up for it," he announced. Dan leaned over the green cloth as the penny spun in the air. "Heads I go," said Cousin Homer.

"It's tails," said Dan.

"So 'tis." Cousin Homer regarded the coin with attention. "Come to think it over, I don't know as those weeds have got to be cut tomorrow. One day isn't going to make much difference, one way or the other. Don't see why I got to knuckle under to a penny, either. Guess I'll go, Dan. Stop in for you soon as I'm through my chores."

He lifted the cue, sighted, paused.

"You suppose Elbert 'd go along? And—and your ma, too, of course? Just happened to think that we always used to go up to town together, Firemen's Days, your pa and me. Be kind of fun to do it again."

Dan shook his head. "Pa's going to start cleaning out that old fence line across the flats," he said. "Heard him and ma talking about it before I started over here. Going to put those two fields together so's to run the rows clear from the canal bank to the creek."

Cousin Homer nodded. "Good notion. Save a sight of turning, cultivating. Always figured I'd do it with those two fields of mine, down on the flats, when I got round to it, but it seems 's if I never could get the time to tackle it. Beats all the way your pa runs his place, Danny. Guess it's worth pretty near twice as much as mine, right now, and when he heired it I wouldn't have swapped with two thousand boot."

"It was ma's notion, about that fence," said Dan carelessly. He moved toward the door. "Well, see you first thing in the morning, then."

"Sure you can get off all right?" Cousin Homer looked up from his shot. "Asked your folks, have you?"

Dan shrugged. "I don't have to ask. Do as I'm a-mind to."

Cousin Homer wagged his head. "Not much like the way I was raised. Had to tease for a day off if I wanted to go fishing, or else sneak off and take a licking when I got back."

"Ma figures it's better for me to start in deciding things for myself before I grow up," said Dan. "She doesn't like it if I ask her."

"She's smart, your ma is." Cousin Homer sighed. "She's a wonder, Danny."

Dan departed without answering. He chose the shortest way home, as always, shaking his head at the rickety gate through which he passed from Cousin Homer's barnyard to the field of golden wheat stubble, already beginning to yield to green clover, behind the ramshackle barns and sheds. At the line fence the teasel and dock and goldenrod lifted a thicket above the topmost rail, on Cousin Homer's side. On the other the grass had already thrust new shoots through the dead stems laid low, two weeks before, by pa's scythe. Dan struck homeward across the apple orchard, where the low-headed thrifty trees were already propped against their future burden of ripe fruit. The wire fence beyond was as clean of vine and weed as if pa had built it only yesterday, and its red gate swung easily on stout hinges. The boy whistled cheerfully as he passed the poultry runs with their neat, whitewashed houses where the snowy Wyandottes were going decently to bed, like respectable citizens, instead of roosting, like Cousin Homer's scrubby mongrels, on low branches or on the farm machinery he kept untidily in that open shed.

The white farmhouse gave him, approaching it from the rear, the same inviting welcome that it presented to those who drove in between the prim maples that flanked the drive leading up to the gray retaining wall in front. On the back porch Flora Sussman, setting burnished milk pails on the shelf beside the door, grinned cheerfully at Dan. Hannah Spinney's hired girls not only observed her exacting standards but they all seemed to like them. The wide, low-ceiled kitchen had a clean, pleasing, spicy smell of coffee and cookies and next winter's canned blackcaps. Dan sniffed approvingly as he went on into the dining room, used thrice daily instead of only on state occasions, like most of the farm dining rooms in the Glen. Beyond, in the sitting room, pa and ma sat at the old secretary, the farm ledger open before them.

Elbert Spinney turned quickly as his son came in, relief in his troubled red face.

"Here's Danny—he'll remember. What did we buy at Barton's besides the rake tooth and the sprayer nozzles and that new rope for the horse fork? I know there was something else, but seems 's if I forgot to put it on my list and we're fifteen cents short in our accounts."

"Those fish hooks," said Dan. He pulled the change from his pocket and laid it on the desk. "You paid for 'em because I didn't have my money with me."

Elbert Spinney slapped his knee.

"There! I knew there was some reason why I didn't put it down, Hannah. It doesn't belong on the farm books or ——"

"Next time you'd better put it down, anyway. It would have saved a lot of bother." Hannah Spinney smiled at Dan past her husband's shoulder and the pen scratched under her brisk, decisive fingers. She looked twenty years younger than Elbert, her figure almost girlish in its graceful slenderness, her face unlined and, in spite of a certain prominence of chin, pretty. The arch of her definite brows above the clear gray eyes gave her look, always, a quality of serenely confident authority. She blotted the entry and closed the book, turning to Dan with a certain softening of the firmness about her lips.

"Where have you been, Dan?" She never used the diminutive with which almost everybody else addressed him. Her gesture drew him toward her and her arm curved about his shoulder, cool strong fingers touching his chin with a gentle outward pressure. He moved his head to escape this, her inevitable caress.

"Over to see Cousin Homer," he said. "Don't, ma—my chin sticks out plenty far enough the way it is."

"Expect Homer was playing billiards all by himself, the same as always, wasn't he?" Elbert Spinney grinned feebly. Dan nodded.

"I've no patience with Homer Spinney," declared Hannah. Her voice hardened and cooled as it always did when Cousin Homer was under discussion. "It's a sin and shame the way he's let that farm go to wrack and ruin. He's let the weeds get up higher than my head all along that line fence and if I hadn't gone straight over there this morning and given him a piece of my mind he'd have let them go to seed." Her lips pressed firmly together. "He's going to start cutting them tomorrow, though. Better late than never."

Dan traced a pattern with a bare toe. "Said he'd take me uptown in the morning," he said. "It's Firemen's Day—hosecart races and a ball game."

There was an uneasy silence, broken by Elbert Spinney's mild voice.

"Guess you ought to have asked your ma, Danny."

Hannah Spinney shook her head with decision. "No. Dan's old enough to decide such things for himself. If he's

"Oh, I Didn't Mean——" Jennie's Assurance Wavered. "I Meant—Well, I Got the Idea Somehow That He Was Different"

made up his mind to go it's his own business. But that Homer Spinney ——!" Her indrawn breath made a sound of exasperation. "He promised up and down he'd get at those weeds the very first thing tomorrow and a ten-year-old boy can talk him into going back on ——."

"Didn't talk him into it. He tossed a penny to settle it."

"Tossed a penny!" Hannah Spinney managed to make the words eloquent with contempt. "If that isn't just like Homer! Tossed a penny! Hasn't enough gumption to make up what he calls his mind without —— "

Dan was moved to indiscreet defense. "Penny said to stay home. Cousin Homer he went dead against it. Said he didn't have to knuckle under to – "

The indrawn breath was more audible and more exasperated than before.

"Shillyshally! That weak-backed, chinless ——–"

"Maybe I better go tell him I ain't going," said Dan, dubiously. "Guess he'd stay home and tackle the weeds if I changed my mind."

"No." His mother spoke decisively. "You leave that to people like Homer Spinney! You decided to go. That's settled. There's no harm in going to a ball game, but if there was I'd rather have you do it than begin changing your mind, like Homer."

Elbert Spinney cleared his throat. "Long as Danny's going up anyway maybe it'd be a good notion if you and me went along, Hannah. Don't know's I got to start on that fence tomorrow."

His wife's clear, high gaze disconcerted him. He shuffled his feet. "Guess I'd better, though. Don't expect it'll be much of a ball game, anyway." He lifted his arms in a stretching gesture that seemed to apologize for itself. "Ought to be getting to bed," he said. "Feel kind of bushed."

Hannah Spinney rose quickly. "Yes, I'm tired too." She drew Dan toward her and kissed him. Again he moved his chin to escape the gentle pressure of her long, cool fingers.

"Don't, ma. 'Night." The straw matting in the upper hall was gratefully cool under bare soles. There was enough of an afterglow in the west window to light his way to the sweet-smelling husk mattress. He was drowsy when his mother came in, her hair braided so that she looked like a big girl. She always came up to say good night, no matter how tired she was. This time she sat on the edge of his bed and studied him intently in the fading light.

"You've got a Samson chin, Dan."

"Sticks out too far," said Dan drowsily.

"It didn't when you were little. You looked like a regular Spinney baby—no more underjaw than Cousin Homer."

"Got plenty now."

"Yes. You're going to take after the Samsons, I guess." She paused. "But you're part Spinney, Dan. I can't help worrying when it crops out."

"Guess I can stand it. Pa's a Spinney and he makes out all right."

Hannah Spinney

"Yes." There was another pause. "Your pa's done first rate. You've got a right to be proud of him. He's the only Spinney that's worth his salt. The others are all like that useless, puttering Homer." Her voice lowered. "Your pa was like that, too, before we were married. He's—he's got over it, but ——" She rose, touched Dan's cheek with her cool, firm fingers and went out, her footsteps distinct and decisive on the matting. Dan turned over. Downstairs a door creaked and slammed softly. Voices came vaguely up through the floor, one brisk and persistent, the other, heard only at wide-spaced intervals, a mere rumble of drowsy acquiescence. They didn't disturb Dan Spinney. He had fallen asleep, ever since he could remember, to the distant sound of those voices.

II

"I'VE been telling Jennie how lovely the sunsets are from the top of our hill." Hannah Spinney pushed back her chair from a supper table which had been just a little more elegantly geared than usual and sent her clear smile across at the daughter of Cousin John Samson. "Why don't you take her up to see it, Dan? You'll get there just about in time if you start now."

Dan hesitated, his glance moving to the girl's pleasant face.

"Ought to look over that upper fence before we turn the sheep into the woods pasture," he said. "Have a fuss with Foley if they get over on his land."

His mother nodded. "Yes. I was going to remind pa to see to it. You'd better start or you'll miss that sunset. Look the fence over on your way back."

"Guess I'll go along," said Elbert Spinney. He had been even more silent than usual during supper, as if Jennie's presence embarrassed him, but he spoke now with something like decision. His wife's hand touched his sleeve.

"Nonsense, pa! Dan's perfectly able to tend to the fence and we've got the books to see to."

"Kind of like to see that view, ma." The mild voice had, for once, a hint of obstinacy. Hannah Spinney laughed softly, as if Elbert had said something funny.

"What an idea! Trudging all the way up that hill after a day's work, just to look at a view you've seen a thousand times! And the books behind, as it is."

Her voice was sugar-sweet and she twitched her husband's sleeve almost playfully. He yielded, his feet shuffling as she drew him briskly toward the sitting room. Dan and Jennie went out through the side door that opened on the grape arbor and struck upward through the alfalfa, lately mown but already eagerly reviving.

"Isn't your mother just a wonder, though!"

Jennie had a good voice for teaching school, low pitched and round and confident. Dan nodded

"I'd always heard about her, of course, but she's ever so much more splendid than I thought she'd be. My father's always told us what she'd done with this farm since she came to live here, but I didn't expect that she'd be so young and lovely, after the way she must have worked! Why, she looks as if she might be your sister, Dan."

(Continued on Page 193)

"You Listen to Me, Pa. You Ain't Going to Help Fix This Break. You're Going to Take This Pole and Go See if You Can Catch That Jechdolager"

SOUVENIRS

By William Hazlett Upson

ILLUSTRATED BY ALBIN HENNING

"Be Careful," I said. "There Might be Some Germans in There Still, or it Might be a Booby Trap or Something"

ON THE first day of the Battle of the Argonne—September 26, 1918—the Fourth Division infantry ran the Germans out of Septsarges. Two days later the artillery arrived and got ready to go into action along the road to the east of the town.

Me and my friend Henry Elton was privates in the telephone detail of one of the batteries; and as soon as we got the telephone set up at the guns, we decided to take a little walk to see what the place looked like. Behind the battery position was a thick woods, and just inside the edge of this woods we ran across a whole row of doors in the side of a little hill.

"German dugouts," said Henry. "This is something we got to look into."

"Be careful," I said. "There might be some Germans in there still, or it might be a booby trap or something."

"Think so?"

"You remember that sergeant in F Battery," I said, "that picked up that swell German helmet at Chery-Chartreuve and it was fastened onto the string of a potato-masher grenade. That was the last helmet he ever grabbed. So you better look out."

But Henry had already stepped into the first dugout.

"Holy Moses!" he hollered. "Looka here! looka here! looka here!" And he let loose the gladdest, happiest string of profanity I had heard in a long time.

I followed him in; and it was a great big dugout, all furnished up swell with real beds and tables and chairs. It had been used by a lot of Fritz officers, I guess, and when they left they musta gone like the well-known bats out of hell. They had left everything behind. There was six Luger pistols on the table. There was four or five ordinary pot helmets, and several leather dress helmets with spikes in the top. There was officers' overcoats, field glasses, war maps, gas masks, belts and buckles, mess kits, blankets, boots, spurs, and even a couple of Iron Crosses. Enough stuff to start a war museum. Gosh, it was wonderful.

Right away I got to figuring what I would do with my share when I got home. I would give ma a couple of helmets and some other things. I would tack the war maps on the wall of my room with some bayonets and Lugers hanging around. And I would save an Iron Cross and the best helmet for Ruth, provided she hadn't picked up no new feller while I was gone.

There was some gunny sacks in the corner. I took one and Henry took another, and we started dividing up the stuff fair and equal and putting it into the sacks. We sorted things out pretty careful, taking only the best, and in about ten minutes we each had a sackful, which was all we wanted to load ourselves up with.

Just as we got about ready to leave, we heard a deep bass voice behind us, "What are you men doing here?" I give a little jump sidewise and dropped my sack and come to attention, thinking it was the captain or something. But when I looked up and seen who it was, I come out of attention and picked up my sack again.

It wasn't no officer at all; it was only Sergeant Hoskins of our battery, who was the kind of a guy that if you would ask me what I thought of him, I would say he was nothing but a big hunk of cheese. He was the kind of a sergeant that wasn't good enough to be a chief of section or mess sergeant or anything that took any brains. So they had made him what they called a "gas sergeant," which was a silly little job where he had to inspect our gas masks, and run around and sniff; and if he thought he smelt any gas, he would blow his little horn for us to put on our masks. He didn't have much of a job, and he wasn't much of a guy. But wait till you hear what he tried to pull off in that dugout.

"What are you men doing here?" he asked.

"We are moving right out," said Henry.

The sergeant stuck out his ugly face and took a look into the top of my sack.

"Ah, ha!" he said. "Souvenirs! You can just leave them here with me."

"How do you get that way?" I said.

"This is my dugout," he said. "This is where I am going to stay. And any souvenirs in my dugout belong to me—see?"

"Yes, they do!" said Henry. "We found this stuff and it belongs to us." He turned to me. "Come on, let's go."

"You leave that stuff here!" shouted the sergeant.

"Au revoir, cherie," said Henry.

"You leave that stuff here, or I'll report you to the captain for insubordination."

"Going to tell teacher, are you?" said Henry. "All right, go ahead." And we left, taking our souvenirs, and leaving the dugout to old Sergeant Hoskins, who kept hollering after us until we got out of hearing.

When we got back to the battery position, we spent the rest of the day digging a hole in the ground right behind the guns to make a safe place for ourselves, the telephone and the souvenirs. The big German dugouts was too far away from the guns for telephone men like me and Henry.

As soon as the other guys in the battery heard about the great souvenir deposits, they began swarming over to the woods and grabbing stuff. Me and Henry had hit the only officers' dugout, so we had skimmed the cream off the whole thing, but there was about a dozen privates' dugouts, and enough belt buckles, helmets, collar ornaments and such junk to supply pretty near everybody. There was one guy that worked as a permanent K. P., and went by the name of Sloppy, that come back from the woods with twenty-seven German helmets hung all over himself. He said he was going to take them home for his grandmother to use as fern baskets. And a guy from Brooklyn called Moe Epstein loaded himself up with six German officers' overcoats that me and Henry had passed up. He put them all in his pup tent, and every once in a while he would pull one out and feel of the cloth and say, "A good piece of goods, what I mean."

Everybody was happy except Sergeant Hoskins; he had spent so much time trying to take away our stuff, and then trying to take away more stuff from several other guys, that he didn't get but very little himself.

We didn't see much of him the next few days. But the captain's dog-robber told us that the dirty crook had reported us to the captain for disobedience to orders.

"What did the captain say?" asked Henry.

"He asked him what happened, and when he found it was a fight about souvenirs, he just laughed and said he couldn't be bothered."

So we kept our stuff.

The battery stayed at Septsarges about two weeks, and it was a mean time. We fired every day, and every day the Germans fired back. We had one man killed and a good many hurt. And most of the time it rained—that cold, nasty Argonne drizzle, that soaked into everything and made a man chillier and unhappier than anything else I ever run into.

The only bright spot in the general gloom of Septsarges was the souvenirs. When we felt especially blue, me and

Henry would reach into the back of our telephone dugout and drag out the two sacks. We would look over the pretty helmets and the shiny belt buckles, and try the action of the Luger pistols, and polish up the silver trimmings on the Iron Crosses. And we would figure what we would do with them when we got home—if we ever did get home. In that way we would cheer ourselves up a little, in spite of the mud, and our feet being wet and cold, and no sign of any sunshine through the dripping clouds and fog.

All this time, the doughboys up ahead was crowding the Fritzes back inch by inch, and we was getting left behind as the war moved slowly along to the north.

Finally, on October 10, we got orders to move up to the new line.

Me and Henry put our two sacks of souvenirs in the bottom of the little telephone cart, and piled the telephones and heavy coils of wire on top. When the battery lined up in the road, we could see that we wasn't the only ones that was packing their souvenirs along. There was funny-looking packages tied on underneath the guns and on the sides of the wagons. There was bulging sacks under the 'paulins and on the seats of the caissons and limbers

It was just getting dark; there was a thin little drizzle of rain; and off to the north we could hear the far-away booming of the German artillery.

The captain rode up and down the column hollering out the usual orders, "There will be no smoking on the line of march tonight," and, "No packs or personal baggage will be allowed on the carriages."

"It's just as well," said Henry, "that we got our stuff hidden under all this other junk "

Just then we seen our dear friend Sergeant Hoskins stepping up to the captain with a brisk military salute.

"Sir," he said, "a great many of the men are carrying souvenirs on the carriages. It ain't fair, sir, to make the horses pull so much extra weight." You would have thought Hoskins was the S. P. C. A., and this was Be-Kind-to-Animals Week.

"What!" said the captain "Prohibited material on the carriages?"

"Yes, sir," said Hoskins

"All right," said the captain. "We'll have a look."

He went down the whole line, with Sergeant Hoskins tagging along behind, and he inspected every piece, limber, caisson wagon and cart in the battery. The first-section gun crew had seven Fritz helmets, nine Gott mit Uns belts, four Spandau rifles and bayonets, one Luger pistol and Moe Epstein's whole stock of overcoats. The captain made them heave the entire collection over into the woods

"Any man," he shouted, "that tries to pick up any of that junk will be tried, and I mean what I say!"

He moved on to the second section, and that was about the same. So was the third and fourth sections. My gosh, it was pitiful. When he come to the kitchen he rooted out as good a bunch of loot as any of the gun sections, and a whole German machine gun and Sloppy's twenty-seven helmets besides. The water wagon and the supply wagons was just lousy with souvenirs.

When he reached our little telephone cart, he give it one look and was going to pass on. But Sergeant Hoskins begun talking again.

"Sir, there's a lot of stuff concealed in the bottom."

So we had to lift out all the telephones and wire, and throw our two beautiful sacks of souvenirs over into the woods with the rest.

The captain rode up to the head of the column and repeated what he had been saying all along the line, "Any man that tries to pick up any of that junk will be tried! Forward yo!" The battery moved off up the road, and that was the last I ever seen of Septsarges and those woods with the German dugouts. But that was not the end of the excitement stirred up by the souvenirs and Sergeant Hoskins and me and Henry. It was only just the beginning.

We marched all through the night, with a good many long halts and delays. It was dark and cold and wet, and everybody awful sore about the souvenirs.

Moe Epstein was pretty near crying. "Six overcoats I have lost, and no insurance." Several of the fellers kept muttering that they was going to shoot Hoskins the first chance they got—which didn't mean nothing at all, because dogs that barks like that never does much biting.

In the morning we arrived at the little ruined town of Nantillois, and put the guns in position just outside of town on the road to Cunel. The Germans was bombarding the far side of the town, and there was shells falling in a field back of where we put the guns, but nothing was hitting very close. About eight o'clock me and Henry went down to get breakfast. The kitchen had set up in a ruined church and just outside we run into Sergeant Hoskins.

"Hello," said Henry. "I hear the captain is going to promote you "

"How is that?" asked Hoskins.

"He is going to make you stable sergeant, because you are so kind to the poor dumb animals—you big stiff."

Hoskins give us both a raw look, but didn't answer nothing. He went over to the first sergeant, who was sitting with his mess kit in the doorway of a ruined house, eating his breakfast.

"Say," said Hoskins, "I want a couple of good, strong men."

"What for?" asked the first sergeant.

"It's like this," said Hoskins. He took a piece of paper out of his pocket. "Here is an order that come through a while back from the Intelligence Department. It directs all gas officers—and that includes me—to watch for any German gas shells that don't explode, and send them in to be analyzed. They got to keep posted on what kind of gas the Germans are using, so they will know what chemicals to use in the gas masks."

"If I was you," said the first sergeant, "I wouldn't let them Intelligent guys kid you too much."

"It's not kidding; it's serious. I've been watching for gas-shell duds for a long time, but haven't spotted any till

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"It Ain't Fair, Sir, to Make the Horses Pull So Much Extra Weight." You Would Have Thought Hoskins Was the S. P. C. A., and This Was Be-Kind-to-Animals Week

YOUR FINANCIAL FUTURE

By Albert W. Atwood

ILLUSTRATED BY WYNCIE KING

It Is Common for Corporations to Report That a Large Minority, or Even a Majority, of the Stock Is Owned by Women, or That 40 Per Cent or 50 Per Cent of the Stockholders are Women

TO NO trifling extent the American system of family and individual savings and future financial protection is based upon the assumption that women are not only inexperienced in financial matters, but in great numbers waste or lose the money left for their support. Especially are widows supposed to be the outstanding example of all that is weak, sentimental, foolish and amateurish in the care of money and the management of investments.

Such is the commonly accepted statement of the case, a statement which multiplies by mere repetition and asseveration. The truth is, of course, that we really know very little about the subject. There are plenty of anecdotes which show that the widow is a shining mark, but mere anecdotes are of no statistical value. In dealing with such broad tendencies, thousands upon thousands of incidents need have no real weight in the totals, for they might prove to be exceptions after all.

If the actuaries of the life-insurance companies based their tables of mortality and life expectation upon as unscientific evidence as some solicitors of life insurance and trust companies do when expatiating upon the inability of widows to manage their own affairs, these same concerns would go broke.

Just as we know that many widows lose their insurance money or other inheritances, so we know that many invest with skill and care. What the proportions are, no one has any idea. Solicitors frequently employ figures, or estimates, which purport to show that 32 per cent of the widows of the country are obliged to earn their own living, and these estimates are intended as a powerful sales argument for the prospect to take out more insurance or to tie up funds in trust. But these figures prove, if they prove anything, that an exceedingly large number of widows do not lose their money!

Obviously widows and orphaned daughters do not invariably squander their inheritances, for if they did a much smaller proportion of the country's property would be recorded in their names than is the case. It is common for corporations to report that a large minority, or even a majority, of the stock is owned by women, or that 40 per cent or 50 per cent of the stockholders are women.

Good Business Women

IF ONE reads the countless output of solemn warnings anent the dangers that lie in wait for the helpless widow and orphaned daughter, one might gather the impression that all the cats and dogs, all the worthless securities in the country are held by these unprotected females. Yet strangely enough, the richest and most powerful corporations continue year after year, decade after decade, to announce the large proportions of their securities held by these same financial weaklings.

The late Arthur Letts, proprietor of a department store in a Western city, was once quoted as saying that in his thirty-five years' experience he had seen scores of widows and daughters of once well-to-do families pleading for jobs, on the verge of poverty and bewildered by the sudden collapse of competence.

Yet the city in which Mr. Letts lived is famous for the thousands of widows who live there year after year on their incomes. They fill the beaches, the theaters, the concert halls, the motion-picture suburbs, and fairly block traffic on the shopping streets. They purchase high-priced automobiles in great numbers and patronize the string of expensive resort hotels. London, Paris, Switzerland, Southern France, Italy, Florida and Southern California are filled with American widows living on their incomes. The great numbers of them who have nothing to do, form a real social problem.

Many women are better natural traders than men. Often they are much more hard-boiled, thriftier and shrewder. Every village and town has its quota of good business women, owners of valuable property, close bargainers, hard money lenders.

Every community contains at least one such woman of conspicuous ability. Usually she is a pillar and one of the chief supporters of the church. Perhaps she gives to charities, but also she owns many a local mortgage, or is the silent partner in this or that enterprise. Perhaps she is a director in the bank. Anyway, she is spoken of with great respect by the local banker.

Even if the woman takes no active part in business and leads a fluffy social life, or spends her time playing bridge at a family hotel, she may be as hard as nails when it comes to her investments. The very fact that she must depend upon the income makes her close, suspicious, relentless and doubly canny. She demands the last penny, and, in countless instances, she gets it in full. Her very dependence upon income renders her astute, alert and even wily.

The picture of the typical widow as soft, yielding and sentimental in business matters is superficial. There is this type. But how about the sharp, sagacious, cold and rancorous type, demanding the last cent in every deal and investment? Ask any real-estate dealer or local banker. Why should we not be frank about these matters and see the matter whole?

Many widows who receive sudden insurance money purchase homes which later appreciate in value. Great numbers deposit their money in savings banks where it is absolutely secure, or take mortgages on property near at hand. Nor is it to be supposed that all widows listen only to the advice of crooks. Certainly large numbers must have sufficient common sense to consult their own local bankers, with whom they have so long carried checking accounts.

The laws of averages and probabilities are against the presumption of wholesale and immediate investment in swindles. If a persuasive crook obtains a widow's confidence at the very moment she receives her money, before she has had a chance of consulting with her lawyer or her bank, he may drag it away from her. But there must be innumerable cases in which investment advice is sought from reputable sources before any such contact can be made.

It is said that women, more than men, put their faith in people rather than in projects; in other words, they are more personal and less abstract. But is it to be presumed that a woman's confidence is almost invariably misplaced?

Obviously not; any sensible interpretation of averages and mere probabilities is against such a monstrous idea.

Female Financiers

NOR do widows always lose when they take the advice of brothers, brothers-in-law, cousins and other relatives. Family businesses do not all prove failures; often they support idle heirs for unconscionably long periods of years. Widows sometimes receive 12 per cent or 15 per cent on their money from such investments, for a generation or more. Theoretically, of course, the money should be in trust. As a strictly practical matter numbers of people do live far better than any trust fund would enable them to live, by putting their money into business enterprises, particularly private family concerns.

Indeed, one of the most searching criticisms leveled against the prevailing social and economic system, not only by the professional socialists, but by many less extreme thinkers, is that widows and other heirs live far too well and much too long without work. Absentee investors are devils incarnate to more than one school of economic thought.

It is not that the widows and other absentees lose their money that causes such bitter grumbling against the prevailing system; it is that they do not lose.

But what of the figures so often quoted purporting to show that the average estate is dissipated in seven years? Inquiry on this point was made of a vice president of one of the largest insurance companies in the world, who writes in reply as follows:

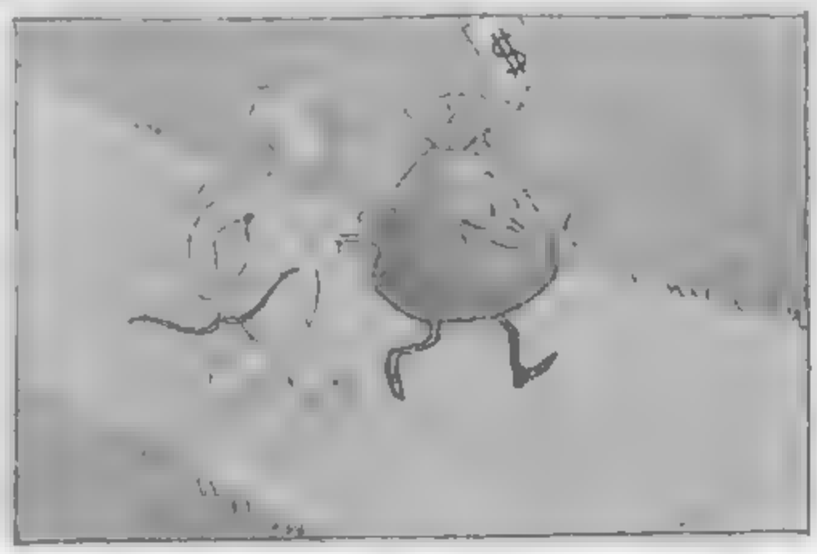
"This organization has for years been interested in the disposition made of insurance benefits paid. We know in general that the amount lost in unsound investments or squandered unwisely is large. There has never been an adequate investigation made as to the disposition of such benefits, however. Statistics often quoted on this subject—that 90 per cent of all estates of $5000 or over are entirely dissipated in seven years—are not, to the best of our knowledge, based on sound statistical data."

Another large company has made several recent confidential surveys along the same line. One of these covered 4000 cases of women who had received $5000 or more of insurance. In the words of a representative of this company, the survey showed that exceedingly few squander the money. It was found, in fact, that in a vast majority of cases widows were competent in handling life-insurance proceeds.

"Sales arguments in favor of monthly insurance are now based on the proposition that such incomes relieve widows of the trouble incident to handling of comparatively large amounts.

"By all means do not fall for the fiction that widows are meat for blue-sky stock men. They are often better financiers than their husbands were."

This is absolutely first-hand evidence, and is far more valuable than the alleged statistics that have probably gathered bulk with repetition, much as a snowball gathers weight as it rushes downhill.



Otherwise Marriage Might be Wholly Impossible

A fairly extensive reading of the literature on the subject of what becomes of estates does not furnish the writer with any clew as to the ultimate parenthood of the estimate that 90 per cent of estates are dissipated in seven years. As just stated, the vice president of a leading insurance company states that, to the best of his company's knowledge, the estimate is not based on sound statistical data.

I strongly suspect it may be an orphan, like its famous brother, which is likewise used extensively for publicity purposes, namely, the estimate that a billion dollars are lost each year in worthless and fraudulent securities.

When this estimate first went the rounds before the war it was for $250,000,000; later the figure was placed at $500,000,000, and now everyone gives it the rotundity of $1,000,000,000. It has been repeated countless times by persons in high authority; in fact, it is usually accredited to the Government.

But I have a letter in my files written a few years ago by one of the chief statisticians of the Treasury Department, asking if I knew the origin of these estimates. Whether he has since traced it to its source, I do not know, but at that time he could find no parent for the figures.

They are probably to be traced back in the beginning to the excellent estimates, made ten or fifteen years ago by the editor of a financial magazine, of the losses sustained in the get-rich-quick schemes which he himself had exposed or discussed. From this simple beginning mere repetition has given these once modest estimates official status and national scope, although they could hardly have been so intended at the start.

But assume even the partial accuracy of the estimate that most estates are dissipated in seven years. What do such figures really mean? The most cursory analysis at once robs them of their imposing significance. Even if we leave out industrial insurance—small policies used largely to pay funeral and similar expenses—the average policy is for a comparatively small amount. In many cases it is all the widow has.

Suppose a widow with two children of eight and three is left $5000 or $10,000 in life insurance, and that this insurance is gone in seven years. What else does any sane person expect, provided she has inherited practically no other property? Of course, she is obliged to dissipate the insurance money; she cannot live on the interest from such a sum unless she also works. What she does, of course, is to use up the principal supporting her children and herself until they are old enough so they are able to go to work, or until she can leave them and go to work herself.

When the children are old enough to work, having finished grammar or, perhaps, high school, they can support their mother. Or, now that she no longer needs to look after them as much as when they were little, she herself may look for an outside job. She has not squandered the money at all. It has not been dissipated. It has been used not only for the purpose for which it was intended, but for precisely the only purpose for which it could be used.

Spending or Dissipating

THIS is a brief, but accurate, account of what happens in many families, not a fantastic picture of an impossible form of financial protection. It brings us down to solid earth and into closer contact with reality.

The reason why so much insurance money disappears is very simple indeed; it must be used for current expenses. The principal is used because there is not enough principal to invest.

It is dissipated, not because the widow makes bad investments, but solely because, as a wise official of an insurance company has said, "No matter how careful and prudent a woman may be, a few thousand dollars thus employed cannot last forever."

"A local commission merchant," says an advertisement, "left his wife $12,000 in life insurance. On advice of a well-meaning friend, she invested every cent of it in a sure thing. Now she gives music lessons to the children of sympathetic neighbors. . . . Conserve the principal and insure a steady income by creating a . . . trust."

It Is Very Common for Men to Regard All Sons-in-Law as Villains, and for Them to Leave Money in Trust for Their Daughters, to Prevent the Husbands From Getting at It

Let us scrutinize this piece of copy for a moment. None will deny the wisdom, under many conditions, of leaving money in trust. Of course the widow in this case would have been better off if the money had been left in trust, rather than lost in a sure thing. This is so perfectly obvious that the mere statement seems superfluous. But is that the real message the advertisement was intended to convey? Clearly not.

The advertisement does not explicitly state that the woman would not have been obliged to give music lessons if the money had been put in trust. But is not that the intended implication? What other reasonable construction can be placed upon the words? Yet would the $600 from such a trust fund be enough to keep her from working? It wouldn't be enough to keep me from working, that is certain. The widow could get a bare living on $600, but she probably prefers to earn something additional.

But let us get to a more important fact about this $12,000. Should it have been put in trust with only the income available? That is certainly the inference one would draw from the advertisement. If she had no children it would be a correct inference. But the trust company does not so specify.

Suppose this woman had been left with only $12,000 just as her oldest son was finishing a medical course, a younger son was in his first year of business college and a daughter was finishing a stenographic course.

The woman would have been a fool to try to live on the interest from such an amount, necessitating the removal of the three young people from school and college just before they were fitted to earn a good living. Obviously her duty was to use the principal, or at least part of it, to educate them.

Besides, what is there so dreadful in the idea of a widow giving music lessons? Most of the people in this country are obliged to work for a living, and they are the kind of people, Lincoln said, "God must have thought pretty well of. He made so many of them."

The Right of Dependents

IT SEEMS to the writer that a false social philosophy is growing up with us, to the effect that just because a man happens to do fairly well in his relatively few productive years, his widow and children must be forever freed from the blessings of frugal and industrious habits.

The wiser heads know better of course. In a recent address, the counsel for a life-insurance company told how in the beginning insurance protection was merely of material benefit to living persons dependent upon the life of the insured, but that the conception of this benefit had expanded until now it is limited only by the substance of things hoped for.

There appears to be involved at present, he said, the right of the family to support for a number of years to come on the same scale that had been hoped for if the father had lived. There is no reason, he added, why in many cases the widow shouldn't go to work. The incomes from sums less than $20,000 are mere pittances, he added, and the revolt against lump-sum insurance has gone too far.

Many of the appeals to men to buy additional insurance or to tie up funds in trust for their dependents, imply the right of dependents to a continued standard of living which covers luxuries as well as necessities.

"You now see to it," says one trust-company appeal, "that your children lack for nothing. But suppose you were suddenly taken away. How about their future then? Can you accept less than an absolutely certain provision for their future welfare?"

But what does the word "welfare" in connection with the significant phrase "lack for nothing" mean? Does it mean trips to Europe and freedom from the sharp necessity of work, the greatest of all builders of ability and character which we know? From an otherwise excellent and instructive booklet describing the various types of trust funds, published by a great fiduciary institution, I quote this passage:

"William Blank was born in humble surroundings. The very lack of money in his younger years taught him the value of money, and proved again that the rock of adversity only strengthens the structure of success. If we told you his name you would admit it. But take our word for it—he has graduated with high honors from the University of Hard Knocks.

"And now he has made sure that his wife, his children, even their children, will never experience the need he once endured."

Mr. Blank may have graduated with high honors from the University of Hard Knocks, but the author of the foregoing passage evidently never heard of a university where logic is taught.

All Authorities Agree That It Is Most Unfortunate to Leave Substantial Sums to Young People in Their Early Twenties

(Continued on Page 209)

WHAT PRICE BRAINS?

By Robert S. Winsmore

ILLUSTRATED BY LESTER RALPH

WHEN he was sixteen Webb Stowell went to work in Wall Street. That was a program left behind by Stowell, Senior, when he died after years of lamenting his own neglect to go into Wall Street instead of into retail hardware. Brains, he used to assert on all occasions, counted for something among those millionaires on the Stock Exchange, and the brains his Webb showed from the time he was a baby were not going to be wasted anywhere else. Wherefore, when the day came the boy stood up right manfully before a rosy old stockbroker and told of his desire to begin at the beginning and work up. That also was the language of Stowell Père.

Webb was trim and polite and winning even then, and he bore amiable letters written precisely by a pastor and a school-teacher. And with him an apprehensive mother in prim silk spoke earnestly of her anxiety that her wean should labor and learn and grow worthily, yet as far apart as might be from the evil communications which corrupt good manners. She always had been particular about his manners, she said. So that Webb became a broker's runner, to fetch and carry wealth in money and stocks and what not, to learn to be careless with it, to grow sensitive to the lure of the unearned dollar.

The young Stowell learned rapidly, as youths did in Wall Street, and still do. After three months he transferred his allegiance, without objection, to a more progressive brokerage firm, which presently questioned his honesty in certain small matters. So released, he moved to still other employment, where, in the course of time, his unshakable alibis were considered too frequent.

There was a three-year period of such progress. Then a pudgy man wearing a hard black hat found Webb one night sitting at a table in a Broadway café, where he was pleasantly spending crisp yellow bills. The bills were what remained of many which he had neglected to carry back from a bank to the broker's cashier who had sent him there to fetch them.

"There's your kid, McKenna," said the café's manager, nodding toward Webb. "The thin one with the white face. I told you he'd be in about this time. Want me to tell him to come over here?"

The pudgy man took stock of the pale, dark-eyed boy across the room and glanced appraisingly at a doorway beyond.

"I'll go tell him meself—quiet-like," said McKenna.

Through the next two years the education of Webb Stowell was continued at a state reformatory. There he had schooling in the mechanics of knavery from gripping staccato tales muttered by boasting fellows whose lore whipped up his envy and for whose ratlike qualities he conceived lasting contempt.

There, too, he precociously developed theories of technic that were wholly his own. But he did not lose the shuddering remembrance of a sudden pudgy finger pressing heavily upon his shoulder while a hush fell and the lights grew brighter. He would spring up shivering when he thought of that; and the first squirming rush of his freedom carried him as far from Broadway and Wall Street as he could reach.

In Omaha, where he was hungry, Webb began the practice of his profession, and thereafter he kept resolutely to the West. For all his youth, he achieved greatly, sometimes brilliantly, always alone and quietly and without mishap. Through ten years the police of town and country raged, the toilers in Prehensilia envied, and here and there a woman wept or cursed impotently, for Webb had a way with women. Then when his prosperity was at high summer he found leisure to sneer. The results were widely disturbing.

The sneering was when a thug named Puller—you will remember Big Dan Puller—publicly missed a trick that Webb saw might have been turned. The headlines were calling Big Dan a supercrook at the time, and the resultant Stowell scorn led to thinking and calculation. What followed was at bottom a vain display of superior craftsmanship. No quality of sentiment showed in what he did, and he may not have known his own want; but Webb Stowell hungered most for the bread of achievement, whereon loot would be desirable yet nonessential butter. The man, it will be seen, was in the way of being an artist.

"The Haggin System is Certain, Sweetness — Certain for You and Me. And You Know What That Means — Soon"

Big Dan Puller, with a bevy of kindred souls, had efficiently held up an armed and armored mail van in New York one night and motored away with what registered parcels it carried. The parcels were of currency and securities and other portable tokens of wealth. Hysterical first estimates awarded them a total in seven figures, so that the running-and-reading public gasped in admiration, which was as the scriveners intended. Wall Street cried out indignantly and bought more holdup insurance.

Such of the securities as were bonds Big Dan kept for his own purposes, bonds being by their nature difficult to identify and therefore more or less salable, however acquired. But the securities that were stocks Big Dan did not keep. Without great delay and by obscure means he allowed these to fall into the hands of astonished post-office inspectors; for share certificates are so clearly registered to their owners and otherwise so plainly marked as to be of little value and much danger to an uninventive thief. Since he might as well have burned the stocks, the spectacular Puller seemed to have made a gracious gesture, albeit a somewhat impudent one.

All this came to light after Puller was caught. The newspapers made much of the story and Webb Stowell read it with amusement in which his sneer played a leading part. When the reading was finished he settled back to ruminate, and with great satisfaction, upon the congenital stupidity of master yeggs in the Hollywood mode. The matter, as he saw it, was a simple one of brains and the lack of them. Brains would have foreseen stocks, quantities of stocks, in a registered-mail haul. Brains would have had plans for handling such loot, would have contrived in advance the pocketing of some part of its worth. Obviously then, this Dan Puller, this billboarded master of crime, had no brains. With that proposition demonstrated, Webb passed on to a tentative estimate of the possibilities of the jettisoned shares, speculating upon how they might have been turned into cash, and not unreasonably less cash than their values in the stock market.

Knowing Wall Street's machinery as he did, he saw how all the perceptible ways were blocked at their ends. Therefore he fashioned and weighed new schemes, and discarded them one by one as they proved unfeasible. But persistence at last found an opening, and through that came the light; and with the light came, as a shock, the realization that here was something wholly new, something practical yet never tried, perhaps never before conceived. The thrill of discovery passed and was followed by purposeful thinking, after which was deliberate action. A fortnight later Webb Stowell was strolling once more through Wall Street by day and Broadway by night.

The new Stowell melodrama required unhurrying months for scene setting. Then the curtain went up on a first act that was startling in spite of its hackneyed essentials. In the ordinary routine of business one day, Boverton & Co., of the Stock Exchange, sent a young runner to the Pine Street National Bank to pay off a goodly loan by check and to bring back the securities which had been serving as collateral for it. When the youth failed to return there was hue and cry, and after a time they found him sprawled among the mops and pails in a tiny porters' storeroom which opened upon the hall leading to the Boverton offices. Marks upon the smooth stone flooring showed how he had been struck down a few feet away and dragged there by a man whose boots bore new rubber heels. His skull was broken, seemingly by a single vicious blow from behind, and the locked leather pouch that was still chained to his waist was slashed and gaping. Stocks and bonds with a value of one hundred and forty thousand dollars were gone.

There was great uproar but no clew. The hall was hidden from the building's battery of elevators by two turnings and, being bordered by the Boverton suite, was all but private to Boverton & Co. That it should have been unpeopled for a few minutes was not surprising. That a man could have been clubbed and dragged out of sight in a few seconds was obvious. That the clubber might have sauntered to an elevator and descended unremarked was quite understandable. And that was all.

Two small interior offices on the hall were not included in the Boverton chain of rooms. One of these was unoccupied. The other, that next the porters' closet, was tenanted by one Haggin, whose door lettering showed him to be a financier of transactions in used motor cars. Haggin declared that he had heard neither outcry nor scuffling, and had seen nothing unusual when he left his office for the day

at his accustomed time, which was computed to have been about that of the assault. That Haggin had this regular time for leaving was confirmed by elevator runners and others who would know. He cheerfully accounted for all his movements that afternoon, and various policemen out of uniform cleverly noted that his heels were not shod with rubber. Nor did a careful search of his hotel room disclose footgear so equipped

And Haggin had a certificate of character from the first. It came, quite unasked, from young Anderson, who was one of the Boverton junior partners.

He was supplying the earliest detectives with what facts they wanted, and in due course one of them asked, "Now what about this bird down the hall—who's he? Know him?"

"Haggin?" queried the broker. "Oh, nonsense! Don't worry about Haggin. He's quite all right—quite a decent sort. He does business with us here. We know all about Haggin or we would never have put his name on our books."

"Yeah?" remarked the detective, with a cold eye for this confidence. "What kind of business does he do with you?"

"He buys stocks from time to time. Always pays for them too. Never carries them on margin. He seems to have plenty of money and he's a very satisfactory customer. Haggin's all right."

"Yeah?"

The tone of unbelief nettled young Anderson.

"Yes," he bristled; "and please keep in mind that he's a customer of ours. We don't want him offended. Just remember that."

Wherefore Webb Stowell was not unduly annoyed, and Joseph Haggin continued to finance obscure deals in secondhand motors in his little office on the hall. Joseph Haggin also continued to stroll into Boverton's customers' room from time to time to do business in stocks or to read what the tickers were telling of the day's news and the prices of securities. Upon such occasions he usually made shift to pass a jesting word with Miss Rose Callahan in the stenographers' room—a cheerful word which invariably won from Miss Callahan an engaging smile. There were numerous Boverton stenographers, but in qualities of efficiency and chic Miss Callahan led all the rest. In particular, the permanent grace of her wave, the premodishness of her costumes and the silken slimness of her ankles were matters of enduring office pride

What bonds he had scooped from the slashed Boverton pouch Stowell disposed of without great difficulty. The transaction called for no more than a little waiting, and, after that, a day's circuitous speeding to where one with whom the underworld trades in such affairs paid him a modicum of the twenty thousand dollars of market value that had made the journey in an oil can. It was little enough, but the toll of the fence is traditionally heavy and the money was welcome. Moreover, it was sufficient to provide needed properties for Webb's second act—the great act wherein proscribed and nullified stock certificates, once but no longer worth one hundred and twenty thousand dollars, were to be converted into so much good cash. For the staging of this he made his preparations precisely as per program and with patience that would have nauseated Big Dan Puller.

As such things do, the excitement aroused by the Boverton robbery ran its course and died away. Wall Street was enjoying a season of boom and had other uses for its attention; and Boverton & Co. recovered promptly from the shock when an insurance company made good the loss without delay. Being thus impaled, the insurance company saw to it that all the proprieties were observed. Lists and details of the stolen securities were strewn far and wide and beyond, so that no bank or broker might be without knowledge of them and their appearance. All public and private forces were encouraged to sustained vigilance by promises of substantial reward. Banks everywhere were besought to detain and question any seeking to collect interest on coupons numbered to show them cut from the stolen bonds. And in the office of each corporation whose shares were among those taken the transfer of recorded ownership of the vanished certificates was wholly estopped

Such guarding might well have discouraged any son of Autolycus, no less than Big Dan Puller, yet Webb Stowell could laugh when he thought of it. His plan scorned all known fences and traps. He had schemed from the premise that to sell or pawn the Boverton stocks profitably would be witless. Eighteen crisp hundred-share stock certificates he had lying safely cached. Each of them bore once upon its face and again upon its back the name of Boverton & Co.—the name but lately front-paged and placarded across a continent and two oceans in connection with these very shares. They were like so many pieces of plainly marked money—like so many poorly made counterfeits that would deceive no one. What chance to get cash for these—without brains?

He was a falcon of Wall Street's hatching and he knew the ways of the mews and what hoods and jesses were there. He knew that unless you court suspicion by showing urgent need, the shares you sell by the stock market's machinery today are not delivered and paid for until tomorrow. He knew how Wall Street pays with checks which, when they are large, may not be turned into currency immediately without much noting of the operation. He knew that they who buy stocks of quality are usually prompt by habit to call for new certificates bearing their own names. It was clear enough then that a buyer's early presentation of a stolen stock certificate for reissue would mean the quick ringing of alarms about the ears of an unwise thief while he stood with his paper check yet in his hand. But Webb Stowell had no intention of being an unwise thief.

No great merit lay in his knowledge of these matters of Wall Street routine. They were what any interested bandit would learn by asking. Dan Puller knew them well enough and, because he knew them, tossed away what stocks his haul had netted him. But by the Stowell test Big Dan had no brains. Nor for the matter of that, had he other needful parts. Notably, he lacked such qualities of appearance and grace as would have won him the admiration of Miss Rose Callahan. Therefore it would not have been he who assisted that enthralled young woman to descend from a taxicab before the doors of the Petite Parisienne Café one pleasant summer night, while a pudgy man wearing a hard black hat halted on the Broadway sidewalk and stared.

(Continued on Page 106)

"Sit Down!" Said Dominick Boyle, and Laid a Great Hand Upon Webb Stowell's Shoulder

WILLIE WAS HIS NAME, SIR

By Sam Hellman

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

"I'm Sorry," He Mumbles. "I Had to Do It. I Had to Do It, Didn't I?" and He Turns to Me

NOW that I'm a solid John in the community, I'm almost ready to believe that it was a couple of other fellows and not me that was mixed up in the stunt pulled by me and Dante Jones with Wild Willie Wasem back in the 90's. However, a trick's a trick, as the old gal remarked when she trumped her partner's ace, and you might as well get the down-low from me instead of from some guy that's more of a stranger to truth than he is to fiction.

In those days the fight game wasn't anything like it is now, no more than a Virginia reel of 1850 is like the way Virginia reels in 1925. Instead of being a profession, boxing was more of a procession, with the canvas-kissers leading the march on the run, followed close by a covey of constables and a posse of plucked peasants, the float being a Black Maria, and the music by the Six Whistling Cartridges. At that time, you got to remember, most states thumbed down on ring-wrangles, and mills had to be sneaked off in barns, on rafts anchored out in the middle of the drink and in clearings far in the deep uncut.

Such being the case, it took lots of bean bother to dope out scraps that'd bring the come-ons within frisking distance, and the manager of a rosin-sniffer easily earned the ninety-odd per cent of the take-in he took for his bit. As far as that goes, money didn't mean much to the mitt-mutts. I recall a row run off in Alton, Illinois, where, for a hundred smackers, a lad fought eighty-five rounds in a rainstorm with skin-tight gloves, and then didn't get the hundred, the bulls busting into the fistivities before the finish. The boy's handler got off with the century, the boy with six months on the rock pile, hammering marbles out of mountains.

But this yarn isn't about him, so let us to our mittens, as the Frenchies say. Allons, May's infants.

Me and Dante had been playing around in the Corn Belt, where the handclasp may be stronger but the fist a good deal tighter, when we runs into Willie. For the last few months business had been looking up—it had to, being flat on its back—and the pickings had been so slim we could hardly afford nose-bag money for Cactus Carnahan, the biff baby we had in tow. Finally he runs out on us.

"I started with you bims as a heavyweight," says he in his farewell address. "Now I'm a welter and I'm going to get out of here before you birds miss-meal me into the bantam class."

"What are you going to do?" I inquires.

"Get a job as a jockey," snarls Carnahan. "I'm light enough. The way I feel now, my stomach must be getting out an extra about my throat being cut."

"Stay, my lad," urges Dante. "Not far away's another day ——"

"Not on your tinned tripe," cuts in Cactus. "I'm gone and went where 'chow' rimes with 'now' and means it."

Jones, I got to tell you, was a regular journeyman poet when I first run into him. I being broke, too, it was natural for us to hook up together, and for a couple of years I'd been using him as a sort of front in my frame-ups. Dante didn't know any more about the fight game than a shad does about soft-shoe dancing; but his long black mop and dreamy peepers made him look like a cross between a Bible salesman and a community sing leader, and gave him the entry into places where they'd have poisoned the dog if he'd of let me by. Every now and then and between times he'd bust into verse without any warning, but since most of my other pals in those days were the kind of bozos that'd turn zoos loose in the bedroom without any warning, either, Dante didn't worry me much with his failing.

With Cactus gone, it was up to me and Jones to hunt us up another gristmiller pronto in a hurry. The pantry was barer than a Broadway revue, and for a little while it looked like we'd have to forget all our upbringing and commit work, a suggestion that broke Dante all up. According to him there was only one word that rimed proper with "work" and that was "shirk."

We're sitting around in front of the Merchants Hotel discussing ways and means, or rather ways to means, when I hears shuffling footsteps near me. I looks up and in front of me is a slim lad with the unhappiest looking map I'd ever seen, and I'd been playing the mirrors lately too. The boy looks like he'd never had a friend in the world and lost that one. He just stands staring at us, his lips quivering as if he was getting ready to cry.

"Cheer up, kid," says I, soothing. "They can't arrest you for that. If they do, I'll use all the influence I haven't to get you out."

He just eyes me sort of dumb glum. "On your way," I growls roughly. "Take those glooms where you can cash 'em in. I haven't a thin dime to give away, and if I had, you could weep a washout without caving me in. If you want to panhandle, you'll find it in Texas."

"What's the trouble?" breaks in Dante kindly. "What woe racks you so?"

"I want to fight," mumbles the youngster.

"You want to fight?" I repeats. "Why don't you first lick the guy that's holding you?"

"Nobody's holding me," he goes on sadly. "You manage boxers, don't you?"

"When I have 'em," I admits. "You're not trying to tell me you're one of these things, are you?"

"I'm Willie Wasem," he announces.

"Not the Willie Wasem!" I exclaims.

The boy nods.

"Never heard of you," says I, curt. "Who'd you ever fight?"

He mentions a number of names. They're all strangers to me, but that doesn't mean anything. In the early 90's glove contests were local issues. The topnotchers like Sullivan and Peter Jackson were known all over the country, but the second-raters stuck pretty close to home. The best scrapper in Nebraska meant mighty little in the life of Iowa.

"How many of those babies did you knock out?" I asks, sarcastic, looking over the boy's slight, delicate form.

"None," he answers. "I could have, but I can't."

"You could but you can't?" I comes back. "What do you mean?"

"I just can't," mutters Willie doggedly. "I can outpoint them all, I can knock 'em down and I ——"

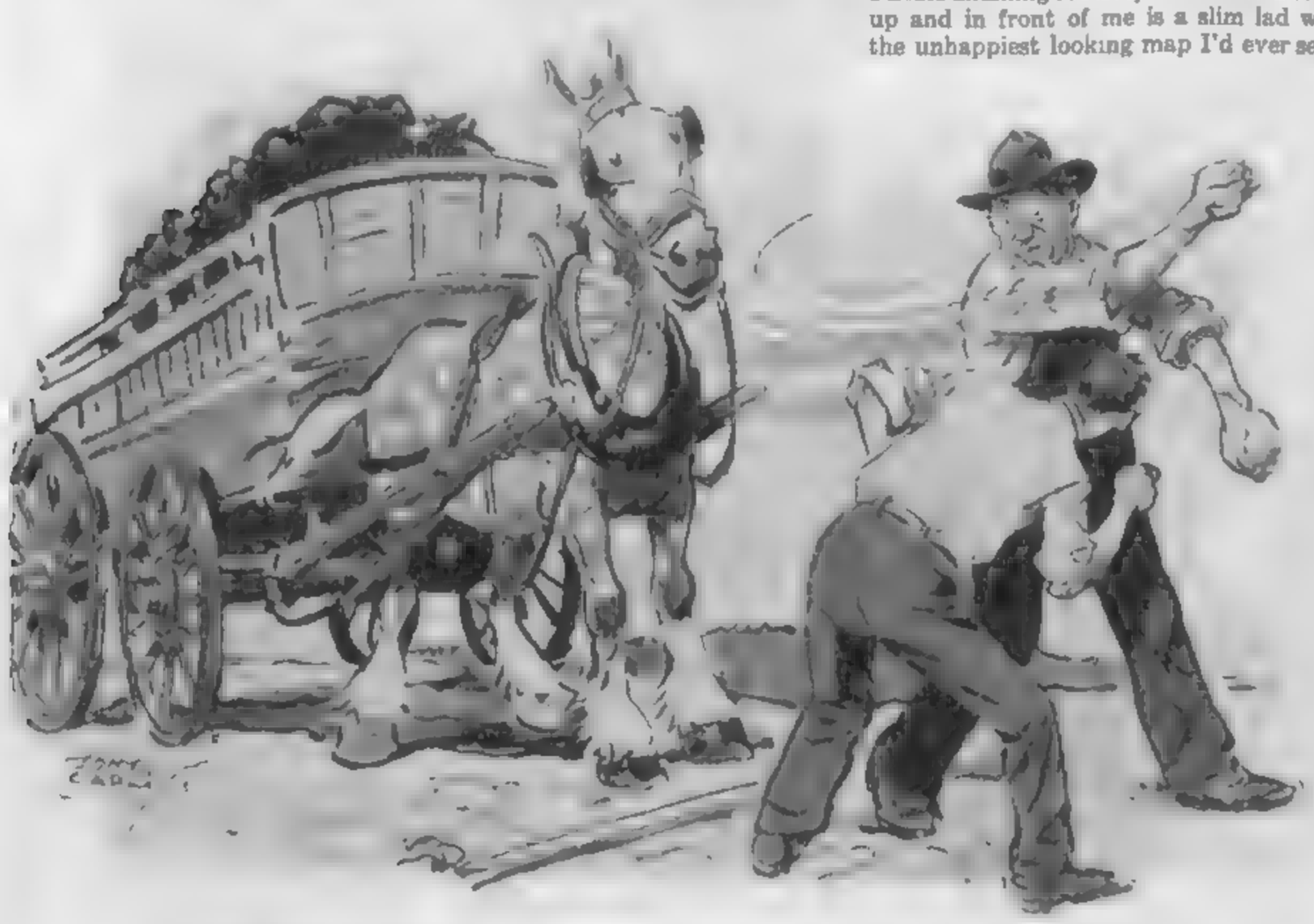
"Chicken heart!" I cuts in, with a sneer. "No wonder they won't let you fight. Can't knock 'em out, eh?"

"Maybe I can for you," cries Wasem desperately. "Won't you take me on and give me a chance?"

"There's a good one now," says I, pointing across the street. A husky teamster with a spiked fence rail's beating the daylights out of a spavined nag hitched to about five tons of coal. "Go on over," I added, "and make the bruiser lay off."

Willie turns, takes a quick look, and when I pipe his eyes again there's steel in 'em. The next thing I know the kid's coat's in my lap and he's talking to the driver; mean and snappy talk it must have been.

The two-hundred-pound brute drops the rail and takes a vicious swing at Wasem, who wouldn't weigh no more'n a hundred and thirty-five with a cannon ball in each pocket of an overcoat lined with sheet iron.



The Two-Hundred-Pound Brute Drops the Rail and Takes a Vicious Swing at Wasem

The youngster weaves away from the wallop with a graceful motion of the head, at the same time snapping a quick bunch of fives into the teamster's chin, setting him a-rocking on his pink toes.

"Come on!" cries Jones. "Let's lend a hand."

"Who to?" I yelps, as Willie follows up his shot with a rain of one-twos that soaks the horse mauler's map like the dew does Dixie.

When me and Dante Jones gets to the other side of the street the big boy's so drunk on punch he doesn't know whether he's coming or going, or why he should be doing neither.

He's strong, though, and keeps on his dogs under a flock of stingers that'd dent army plate, all the while swinging wild knuckles around that'd have waved Wasem to sleep if one of 'em had come even near to landing.

"Give him a hay ride, kid," I urges, when the driver begins staggering and covering up. "Bang him on the button and put him to sleep."

"I can't," mutters Wasem. "I can't." And letting his arms drop to his sides, he backs away from the tottering hulk.

"Knock him out," I insists.

Willie steps forward, feints the driver out of his guard, takes perfect aim with his right and ——

"I can't!" he gulps.

His fist unclinches and he steps away, just as the reviving driver turns loose a vicious roundhouse swing that grazes Wasem's ear.

"Better finish it," I advises. "The first thing you know he'll cash one of those Betsy Anns and bump you into the middle of last week."

"Yeh," chimes in Jones, "give him the air while you're still there."

"No knockout, no job," I snaps angrily.

Willie looks at me sadly, as if begging me to unsay them cruel words, but I repeat 'em stronger.

"Let's go!" I yelps to Dante, as Wasem still hesitates, contenting himself with ducking swings.

"Wait!" he cries; and stepping in close to the driver, crashes his left and right both to his chin, and down goes McGinty, a dull sickening dud.

I've seen more knockouts in my time than most gals have got giggles, but I never saw such a clean pick 'em up and lay 'em down as Willie Wasem pulled that P.M. Of course, the other gink wasn't a trained boxer, but whenever you see a baby that don't heft any more than a hundred and thirty in the shade hoist a two-hundred-pounder off the ground with a double elevator punch, you've seen something that's just as well done as it's rare. But what comes after that is rarer yet.

Wasem drops on his knees beside the big lummox he's routed through dreamland, picks up the bimbo's splotched dome and starts wiping it gentle.

"I'm sorry," he mumbles. "I had to do it. I had to do it, didn't I?" and he turns to me.

"Sure," I growls. "Come on over to the hotel. I want to talk to you."

"Is he hurt bad?" asks the kid, anxious

"No," I tells him. "He's coming to now. What do you want to do—kiss him?"

"I'd like to stay," says Willie wistfully, "and sort of explain."

II

THERE wasn't any doubts in my mind about Wasem having everything in the fist and foot line that goes to make a good cash-and-carry-on lightweight; but, just the same, I'm not hipped on the idea of trotting around the country with that kind of a rabbit heart. Besides, I'm not so sure the boy's got all his agates, and there's no percentage in taking up with a barmy bean that's likely to wake up in the middle of the night with the news that he's Christopher Napoleon's wife or that he's distantly related by marriage to Pike's Peak.

The Youngster at the Same Time Snapping a Quick Bunch of Fives Into the Teamster's Chin

Jones has got different notions from mine about the lad, though, and springs 'em after we've sent Willie Wasem on his way with the stall that we're going to think him over.

"Wasem," says he, "is the best bet we've had in two years. The kid's a poet—a poet of motion."

"Perhaps," I agrees; "but he trips over his feet before he gets to the end of the rime. A goof that carries a keg of chloroform in each fist and won't use a whiff of it to put a fellow pug out of pain is just about as valuable in the prize ring as a lake trout'd be in a hurdle race. The boys in these parts want finish fights, and how you going to get fights finished with Wasem unless he's the finishee?—and they're no bolts of velvet in toting around a finishee."

"True," returns Dante; "but you handle his brawn and let me take care of his brain. We poets understand each other. Know anything about psychology?"

"No," I tells him. "I don't either. So you're keen on taking Willie on?"

"Why not?" comes back Jones. "You admit he's got a bacon-fetching right and a bed-money left, and what else counts big? Give me food and a pallet of hay and what care I of his milky way? I'll curdle it for him. As far as I'm concerned ——"

"That's not very far," I cuts in. "I'm the baby that's got to rig up recitations for him, and I got no yen to have the sports ha-ha me out of the fight game on account of wet-nursing a corn doctor around the circuit that won't cut corns. Besides, Wasem is such a gloomy, dreamy sort of ——"

"Nobody ha-has a winner," interrupts Dante. "Willie could climb into the ring singing a quartet, with his hair in a braid, bells on his toes and his ears painted pea-green, and the stuff wouldn't even be noticed if he kept his fists flying fast and accurate."

Along about this time Sinner Kennedy, a tinhorn that's been working the county fairs in that section, separating the yokels from their yolks, drifts into the hotel and I motions him over.

"You know everybody in this neck of alfalfa, don't you?" I asks.

"I can even tell you," returns Kennedy, "what they're going to christen the kids born next year. The gals'll be Lorna Doones and the boys ——"

"That's fine," I halts him, "and so uninteresting; but slip me the A to this Q—who's Willie Wasem and why?"

"Willie," answers Sinner slowly, "is a lad with the swiftest pair of mauleys in this section and the widest yellow streak ever seen outside of a field of goldenrod."

"Quitter, eh?" I remarks.

"The quittenest ever," comes back Kennedy. "I've seen that weasel have a scrapper out on his pins, ready to take a nose dive, and then quit like a pup with the pip and go off to his corner, kind of sobbing. Yak Tracy had him in tow last, but dropped him like a wet snake after that mill at Seven Pines."

"What happened there?" I inquires.

"Wasem," replies Sinner, "was battling a corn-fed fister named Swanson, a Silas that didn't have any more ring savvy than I got hair on the roof of my mouth, but who

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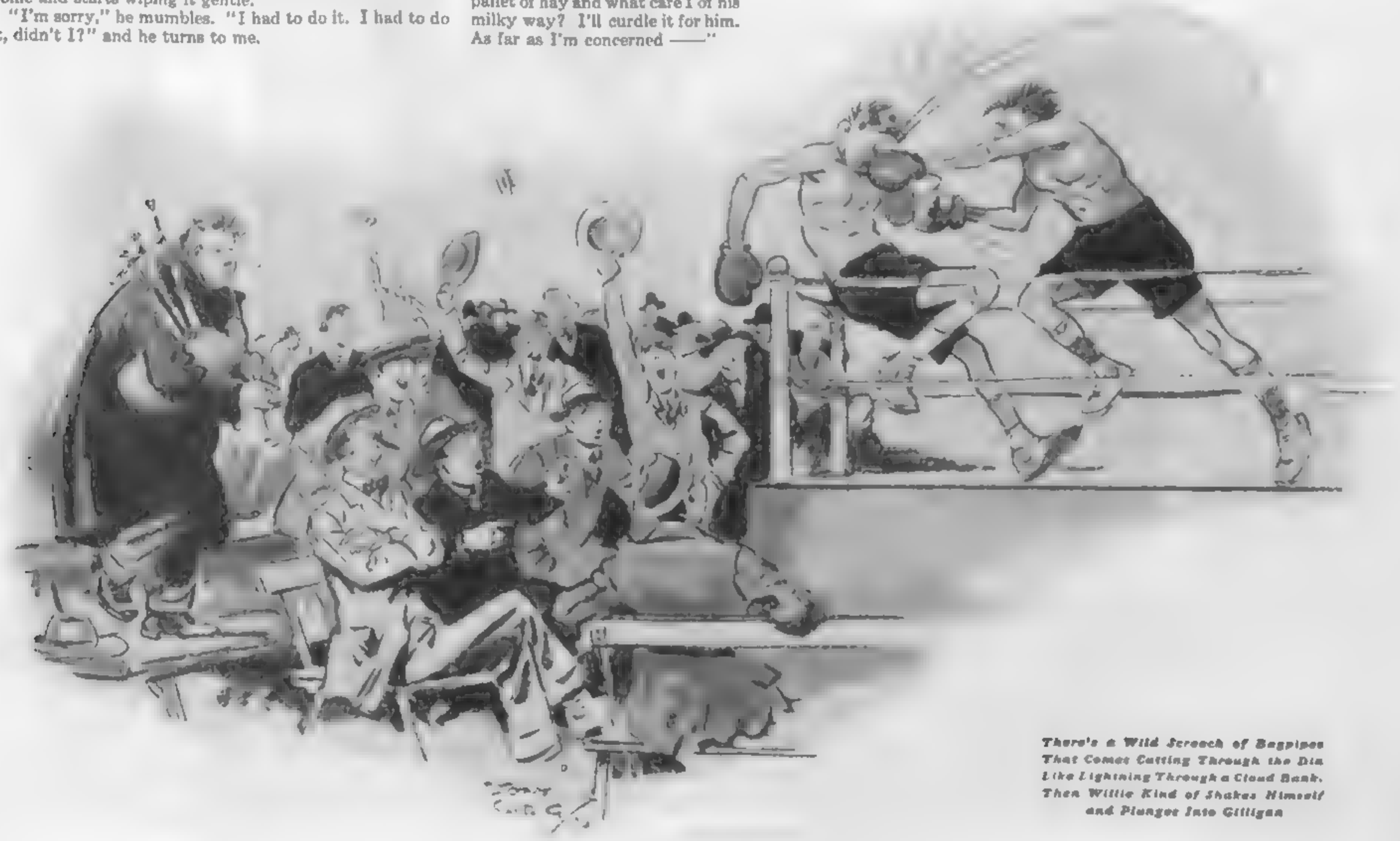

There's a Wild Screech of Bagpipes That Comes Cutting Through the Din Like Lightning Through a Cloud Bank. Then Willie Kind of Shakes Himself and Plunges Into Gilligan

QUIET AFRICAN DAYS

By Stewart Edward White

ONE part of our life—that in camp—is an almost perfect routine; we know to a minute and to a detail just what we are going to do and what will happen. The other part—that outside of camp—is a wholly unknown quantity. Resolve we ever so firmly as to our projected activities, the gods of circumstance are almost certain to take matters out of our hands and shape them to their own whims or desires. Should we gird our loins for lion hunting, we return with a dig-dig, a little fox and some glittering shell of knowledge as to the habits of hyraxes. And just as sure as we decide on a quiet little stroll —— which we as free-born Americans would nowhere else submit, but which here we accept with comfort. Comfort, too, is in the piping-hot bath and the assumption of pajamas and mosquito boots, and the comforting softness of a buckskin jacket. Then, with a tumbler of mixed vermuth and soda water in hand, pipe in mouth, we sit in canvas chairs to westward of our dining house and enjoy what the sunset god has prepared for us.

The day begins somewhere about four o'clock with the clear melodious piping of the dawn bird. I have never knowingly seen a dawn bird, so I am ignorant of what he looks like; but he has a very beautiful and mellow series of notes, and there are a great many of him. His sense of time is admirable. How he knows it is almost twenty minutes before the first faintest hint of gray in the east is beyond my ken. But he does. While it is still black night he lifts his voice in full and absolute confidence; and when his joyous prophecy has been fulfilled, and our vainglorious chanticleers try to persuade us they are on the job by calling vociferous attention to a perfectly obvious lucence, the dawn bird falls contemptuously silent. Almost immediately after, our boys come in to light the camp and pour us warm water for our morning ablutions.

We eat breakfast by lamplight and are well under way before the sun comes over the horizon. This occurs, here under the equator, with praiseworthy regularity within ten minutes of six o'clock. At one season it is ten minutes before and at another it is ten minutes after. It sets with the same mathematical precision, and at the same time. This is very handy; we can regulate our watches by it.

God of Sunsets

THERE is an African god of sunrises; and he offers us some very gorgeous shows, especially when he has a few clouds to work with. If it were not for the African god of sunsets we would have more to say of him. His copper and purple effects are wholly admirable. But mature deliberation has convinced me that he is a sort of apprentice god. After he has succeeded in producing a sufficient number of acceptable sunrises, he will probably graduate to sunsets; at first in some obscure and little populated region. Our own sunset god at Nyumbo is one of the best. I do not know whether he was especially assigned because of our presence or not; but I like to think so.

Yes, we are already at sunset. The curtain has fallen, not so much to indicate the passage of time as the passage of events. They are not routine events—far, far from it; and routine events are to claim your attention for the moment. Hot from the day, we are softly besought to the effect that "*bathi tayiari, bwana,*" and we go to stand on a piece of canvas while our boy kneels to unlace our boots and pull off our breeches and perform similar services to

A Wild Lioness and (Below) a Wild Lion, Both Unwounded

PHOTOS. BY J. E. C. SIMSON

Do not be alarmed; I am not going to describe sunsets to you. It has been tried, and it has never been done. But I want to go on record as claiming that our sunset god is the best in the world. I'll back him against the whole theocracy. His triumph is that he makes them all different. With him it is not a case of a little more gold or red, or what not, or a little less. He presents us with an entirely new scheme each evening, in arrangement, in the materials used, and in the production of soft pastel tones that are nevertheless of an unimaginable depth of richness and lucence. He makes use of everything—veils of mist, the straight gray slant of rain squalls, powder of gold and of bronze, sharp clear edges or mysteries of light dust. He opens strange small portals through which we may look a million miles into a lucence of pale green or amethyst. Never does he fail to win from us the difficult applause of fresh astonishment. His only fault is that he is an impatient god. Ten or fifteen minutes is all he will allow our appreciations. As though his hand had crossed the firmament, the lovely color is wiped away. It is dark.

Then, again by lamplight, we eat. I mean we eat! We live in gastronomic luxury. Our cook is a big native of Uganda, and there are not blue ribbons enough in a milliner's shop to give him his just due. No rough camp fare is ours! Soup made from the richest and strongest meat, with onions and seasonings; guinea fowl, or chicken, or that delicious turkeylike bird, the *pau;* chops, or a roast or tenderloin, or tongue from one or another of a great variety of game; no lack of potatoes and vegetables and macaroni and rice and such things; and a wonderful dessert which is always M'pishi's—the cook's—great pride and on which he expends his whole tremendous skill. Gorged with such a meal, we stagger to our chairs out there in the dark near a leaping fire.

Rare Music

IT IS time for smokes and reflection and perhaps a little music. Doc is a surgeon and likes to cut things up. He operated on a mandolin and produced a tiny little oblong box. He gave a violin an anæsthetic and it came out much reduced in size but with faculties unimpaired. He took an old guitar neck and some strips of veneer and produced a thing that fingers like a guitar and sounds like a guitar, but looks like a lute, I imagine, mainly because I do not know what a lute looks like. These instruments all have a sweet miniature tone. They are known as the camp mosquito, the katydid and the doodlebug. With them we discourse rare music, to our own great satisfaction and amusement, to the extent of some seventy-odd pieces. Occasionally we keep quiet to look and listen.

Beasts are growling and whimpering and snarling in the darkness. Occasionally we see the shine of their eyes. The nuns' little fires leap and gleam, and the soft minor cadences of their chantings rise and fall. M'dolo materializes at our elbow, inquiring, "*Shauri gani kesho?*" —"What do you wish tomorrow?" We tell him.

Good lord, eight o'clock! There's that bunch of lions tuning up again! Time to turn in.

That is our routine, repeating itself with almost unvarying regularity. Gauged by it, the days go by with incredible swiftness, their passing marked by these things as by the spaced tolling of a bell. Already we have been here months; and the time when we shall go, once lost in the obscure perspective of the future, is now beginning dimly to shine in the darkness ahead. For it the dawn bird has already begun to pipe its first clear notes.

But we do not measure our time thus, but rather by the events between the spectacles offered us by the sunrise and

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Saving the Beautiful and Damp

SHE came up dripping—and mad. A few minutes before, she had been one of the many beautiful and damp who splashed around our lifeboat in the dull, manless days of midweek. Now she was only damp—for nothing, not even the years, can rob a girl of her looks as cruelly as a bathing rescue.

Jim, my boat mate, was holding her up with that easy, certain grip the experienced life guard achieves by slipping his elbow under the bather's chin and raising her head high while he swims on his side. Jim wasn't hurrying. He was just waiting, paddling slowly meanwhile with his free arm. He had gone overboard for her at the first telltale beat of hands at the surface of the water. I had remained at the oars to keep the boat from capsizing in the waves and rolling in on the other bathers on the crest of some heavy comber.

Then I backed the skiff slowly toward the pair, still careful that no wave should catch me unaware and stand the boat on its stern. As I approached, Jim grabbed the gunwale with his free hand, while I grasped the girl's wrist. We worked together—a quick tug at the arm by me, a push from beneath by Jim, and she tumbled into the boat, landing in an unlovely sprawl on her bare shoulder. She had to lie there a moment or two, doubled up in the bottom of the boat as she had fallen, for I was back at the oars meeting a wave bow on, while Jim was clambering in over the stern. Of course she was mad. Who would blame her? Not we. We'd seen too many get that way.

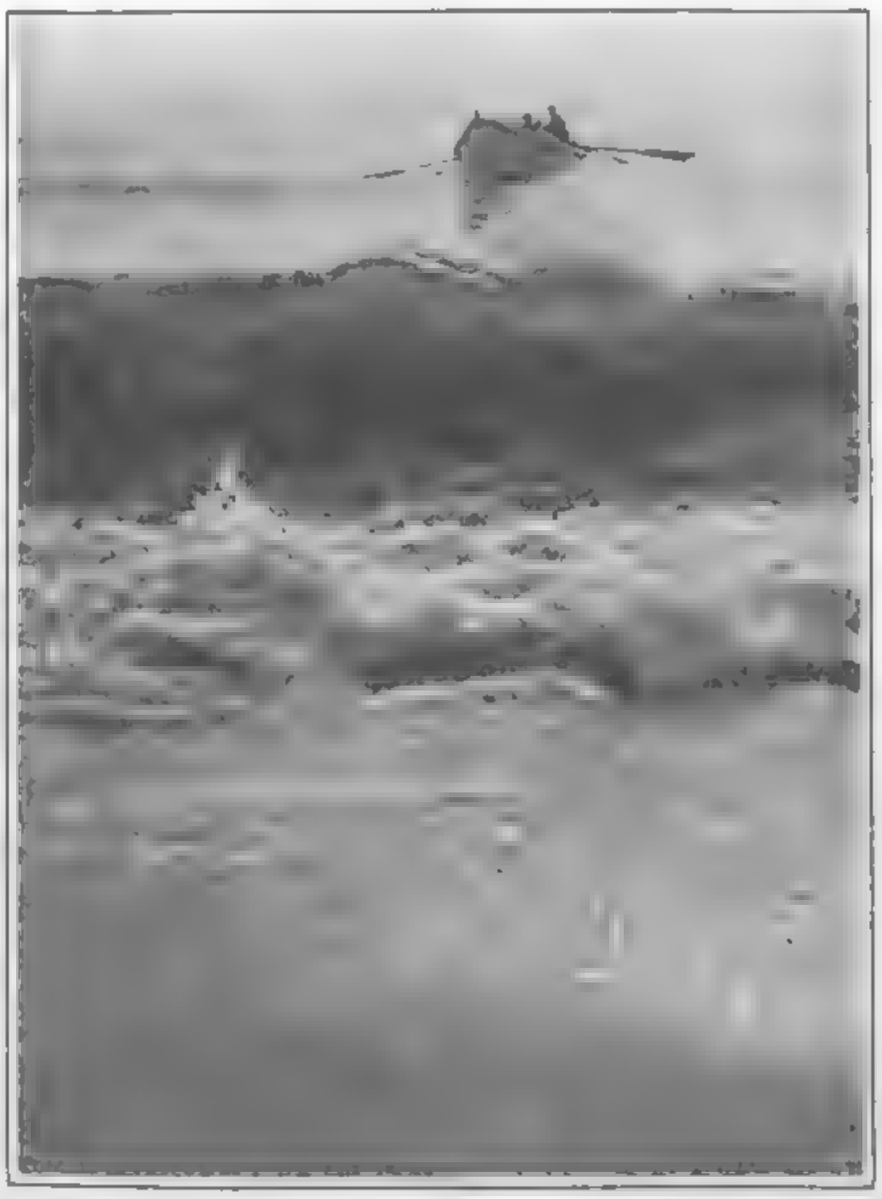
In all the rescues that I remember—and I was a life guard for six busy, joyous summers—that's the one thing that stands out most prominently in my mind—the quick flash of anger that the rescued person so often feels. It's easy to understand, particularly if she's a girl. To begin with, she knows she looks a wreck. There's nothing more unbeautiful than a beautiful girl two seconds after she has been hauled out of water six inches over her head. She's so very wet. Water drips from her hair, her eyes, her nose and her ears. Her bathing cap, if she wore one, is either lost or dangling from one ear. All of the hairdresser's wave is out of her bobbed locks and most of an ocean wave is down her throat. She's coughing and sputtering, and her nose is red. So are her eyes. And, anyhow, no one likes the general position of being publicly helped out of a jam.

That's why a good life guard always makes his rescues as quickly and quietly as possible. He hates a spectacular one as much as the bather does. Generally, after he's pulled in a drowning person, he has to keep his eyes open for a few belated and enthusiastic rescuers who need rescuing themselves and don't understand that a drowning person wants help, not company.

I have a theory that the best life guard is the one who never makes a rescue—or at least an obvious one. Like the fireman, he believes in prevention rather than in cure.

The Danger Line

I'M SPEAKING now of ocean bathing beaches—like those along the Southern New Jersey coast where I worked. There's a very definite danger line there. The experienced life guard knows within a few feet of where it lies. He keeps his boat on or near that line. If the waves will let him hold that position he may go through a whole summer and apparently not make one rescue. In reality he's made hundreds. This is the secret:



In a Rough Sea a Certain Skill as Well as Strength Is Required to Make Fast Time Through the Breakers

Our beach, like most others, shelved out gradually. That fact was of only minor importance to the bather who could swim, but it was tremendously significant to the man or woman who couldn't. It meant that the person who needed rescuing needed it when he had reached a spot just a few inches over his head. You can easily see the explanation of this. Almost any bather is safe in water up to his chin. He bobs and splashes there happily until some particularly high swell lifts him up and drops him a few feet farther out. If he's a swimmer he paddles back to safety. If he isn't he sinks. But because of the gradual slope he hasn't gone far beyond his depth—probably not more than three or four inches. So, when he sinks, his feet soon touch the firm, sandy bottom. Naturally he kicks, and the shove sends him up to the surface. Then he sinks again, and repeats the process. He keeps this bobbing-up-and-down motion going until he ships too much salt water. You see, if he can't swim it's impossible for him to get farther out. If he can it doesn't matter. That's the danger line—three to six inches over the average bather's head.

Rescues Without Heroics

NOW if the guard is in his boat just outside that line he doesn't have to do anything spectacular. He simply drifts or rows quietly to where the bather is having his little difficulty. On about the third bob the bather suddenly sees the edge of the boat within his reach. Naturally he grabs it. The guard lets the boat drift in a bit closer. The bather finds his feet on bottom in shallower water and lets go. No one knows that anything has happened.

The bather doubts that even the guard knew it was a rescue. He grins in a friendly sort of way, and the guard pulls the boat out again. Dozens of rescues like that are made every day and no one notices them. A few minutes later the bather has convinced himself that the boat only got in his way anyhow.

The swimmers who go out a little farther and then get into trouble are just as easy to help. You see, the boat is already headed their way. If one of them seems to falter the guard simply rows out to him. It isn't necessary to say anything. The bather knows just what to do. He grabs the boat. Then he chats for a few minutes with the guard as the boat drifts slowly shoreward. When he feels rested, or finds the welcome sand beneath his feet, he lets go. It's another rescue, of course, but again no one knows anything about it. And the guard is careful to pretend that he just happened there by accident.

The swimmer who learns too late that he isn't as good as he used to be isn't much more of a problem. Most of these who get into difficulty are the elderly boys who were told once in their youth that they were strong swimmers and never got over it. They splash a mean breast stroke to about fifty feet beyond the safety line, and turn to go back. Then they weaken.

If they aren't too full of sinful pride they make signs for help at once, and generally get it, for the experienced guard has had an eye on them. The hardest part of that job is listening to the old boys' alibis.

The youngsters are far less trouble. Most of the boys swimming these days know the crawl, and when a swimmer knows that he seldom gets into real trouble at the seashore. He knows how to rest in the water. The breast-stroke swimmer has to carry his head high, and it takes constant physical effort to do that. The crawl teaches the swimmer to let the water bear up all his weight, even his head. His strength is required only for propulsion.

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Life Guards on Duty at Atlantic City, New Jersey

COUSIN JANE

By HARRY LEON WILSON

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

He Regarded Her Knees Tolerantly. Of Course She Was Growing—and Why Wouldn't She Have Knees?

V

JANE still jealously guarded her bit of magic glass that turned the world to a rainbow with herself at its center. It was a trusty device, ineffably lighting the gloomiest rooms. Supposing herself to be alone in her knowledge of its magic, she proudly showed it one day to Marcy Tedmon, who caused her deep chagrin by ignoring the chance she was giving him to look through the wondrous thing. His amused and superior smile was chilling with information; everyone, apparently, must know what her glass did to the world and strangely considered it unexciting. From her proud heights of discovery and ownership, Jane sank to apologies for what she saw must be thought childish ignorance.

"Oh, of course, I knew it wasn't a really fairy glass; I just pretended it was. I knew you wouldn't think much of it, but I thought perhaps I'd let Cousin Wiley look through it while he has to stay in bed so much."

Marcy Tedmon smiled the other way—the way that wasn't like a smile—and said, "But my poor brother was born with one of those fixed before his eyes; he looks through it constantly."

This was distant talk, of course, such as Marcy often fell to. Still, it might have a meaning.

"Were you born with one before your eyes, too?" she demanded.

"Yes, but mine fell and broke to bits. I've never found one since to fit me."

"Oh!" said Jane.

It was still distant talk. She might be expected to laugh at it; and again, to laugh might be stupid and sad. In her confusion, she closed the interview by pretending to see her kitten in the hallway. Cousin Marcy was clearly not a person to be chummy with.

To prevent any possible renewal of such puzzling talk—for Marcy still loitered up and down the front driveway—she went in and climbed to the cupola, which had become her own private retreat.

Here, too, she felt the pride of discovery; she was unable on her first exploring visit to believe that anyone else had ever found the place. The stairs that reached it were almost like a ladder—not things one would idly ascend—and the little glass-sided room itself was lined with bare unpainted boards and vacant of furnishing, though a rough bench ran around it. Surely, she thought, the place had been forgotten until her coming.

But on her second visit she spied high up on the narrow bit of wall between two windows a name written with pencil. She was startled by this find—feeling as a certain castaway must have when he beheld that impossible footprint on his island—and it was not too boldly that she stood on the bench to read the intruder's name. "Oliver P. Tedmon," ran the letters, but Jane was relieved to observe that they were followed by a date—"December 25, 1869." This, of course, was so remote that all strain was removed from the situation. No one could have been here since then, and 1869 was so long ago that it really sounded like a date in history.

It was here Jane brought her book when she read, Little Prudy's Story Book, the day she fled from Marcy—or she might come merely because here she got above things so cleverly. She was next to the lifted blue sky and could look out with a pleasant thrill of superiority not only over the bleak roof of the house and its mounting chimneys but over all the world, as she always reminded herself; at least, to where it was rimmed by mountains swimming far off under veils of gauze. The Blue Alsatian Mountains, she called them, because that was Miss Belding's favorite song, telling of "a maiden young and fair" who dwelt "by" them and had interesting hair.

Best of all, she was so far above people here; and it was needful to get above them at times when the cross currents of their little animosities ran too strongly down below. Jane herself liked them all; but it was plain to her that none of them liked any of the others, and what tightened the knots of the puzzle was that they apparently felt no concern about whether she did or didn't like them. They made her feel that she was an outsider whose regard was unimportant, and this impression sometimes left her with a queer impulse to dislike someone; then perhaps they would take her into their little community where she longed to be.

If, for one, she could dislike Cousin Wiley, she divined that she would have a friendly contact with all of them, become of equal importance with them. If she could dislike Cousin Marcy, she would forge bonds with Seth Hacker and Sarah. If she could dislike Sarah, she would be united in kinship with Marcy and Seth Hacker. And yet she couldn't take sides—which was how she put it to herself. As a result of this disability, she felt the chagrin of a noncombatant who is barred from the strife by no very creditable reasons. But perhaps this friendliness for everyone was only a childish fault that she would outgrow, as she had been told she would outgrow others. She hoped so. She didn't like them all to look amused when she spoke of going back to school very soon, or the way two of them would exchange knowing glances above her reference to the gewgaws Cousin Wiley was going to prank her out with when she did go.

She especially resented this attitude, common to them all, of practiced contempt for Cousin Wiley's promises and capacities. She was certain they united in at least one belief—that Cousin Wiley would never send anyone back to school, with or without embellishments. Such beginnings of dislike as she could now and then muster hovered above each one of the other three impartially for not comprehending that his beautiful coat and shining hat, so close and ready by his bed, might be called on to adorn him almost any morning; but these were mere pale floating wisps of antagonism that never lasted beyond her promptly ensuing picture of how friendly everyone would become the very moment Cousin Wiley did get into the saddle again, in gold armor, with a sharpened lance for that stock exchange. Then wouldn't they see!

Her best times of the day were those she spent in Cousin Wiley's big sunny room, in his even sunnier and showier presence. Each morning, after Chong had dusted the room and proudly shaved the big chin—a rite Jane, sometimes present, watched with a never-relaxing suspense, especially because the deep dimple required such breathless concentration of the operator—she would sit beside the bed and lay out cards for a fortune that never failed to be auspicious. There were always hazardous moments, overlooked by Chong, pretending an airy indifference Jane knew he didn't feel, and by Cousin Wiley, who made no pretense at all, but let his concern have the freest play.

These moments, when things might have gone wrong but never did, led always to a heart-shaking crisis where the turn of the next card would mean direst ruin or the coming true of every golden wish. That was often a moment too heavy with emotion, and Jane might hear from the leaning Chong a sobbing intake of breath that had mastered him. Then the card would fall and cause them all to rejoice, for never did Jane's necromancy fail to establish beyond any cavil that Cousin Wiley was very soon going to take a journey that would lead him to vast wealth.

Sometimes in the course of this journey he was to meet a dark lady with beautiful hands that she took the properest care of, and Cousin Wiley never thought less of his fortune on that account.

Jane at first had been a little afraid of her own powers; it would be dreadful, she considered, if some morning the wrong card fell at the last and ruin stared terribly at them all, including Chong, with his momentarily involved six thousand gold dollars. This responsibility burdened her until it began to appear that she couldn't, somehow, tell an evil fortune. She had a spell of wondering then if she hadn't forgotten some of the rules. That was possible, but if she had she was sure they were well forgotten, because this seemed to mean so much more than telling at the school a mere girl's fortune, a girl to whom nothing much ever could happen, no matter what the cards said. This, she gravely knew, was serious.

To be sure, Cousin Wiley was superior to any fortune told by cards. For that very reason, then, it would be silly to tell him a bad one, even if now and then she gave certain cards an arbitrary value at variance with what she had been taught.

This was probably Jane's first sophistry, and because of it her admiration for Cousin Wiley was measurably heightened when it appeared that he, handling cards for himself, never shirked their unpropitious fall. His, to be sure, wasn't a real fortune. It was merely gambling from day to day and its fortunes were not decisive like those Jane told. You took a deck of cards and laid it out a certain way with the faces up, and moved the cards around by certain strict rules, and you might lose and you might win, depending on the number of cards you got in the right places.

Usually Cousin Wiley won at this game—very large sums at times, he explained to her—but, of course, there were days when he lost. The first morning he showed her his game, for example, he lost several thousand dollars merely because one little card wasn't to be moved from its place. Jane admired the stubborn integrity with which he forbore to move it contrary to a silly rule. She knew what she would have done under those circumstances, with so much money at stake. And bad luck pursued him all that day—he was more than twenty thousand dollars in the hole when she came to inquire that evening—but he bore his loss with a smiling face. He'd have it all back tomorrow.

"Of course you will—you'll have it all out of the hole," Jane assured him.

It was this valiant spirit of his that warmed her loyalty over a smoldering conviction that the others didn't half appreciate Cousin Wiley. They were simply mean about him. She and Chong were the only ones with the right regard for his splendors. And why couldn't the others like him even as much as those beautiful ladies on the mantel framed in plush and silver—one of them dressed like a goddess—who must have liked and believed in him immensely. She thought it would be wonderful if sometime she could have these ladies come to see him so that the others could observe how he was esteemed by those knowing him better.

Marcy Tedmon, she believed, would see his mistake the moment that lady in the beautiful tights entered Cousin Wiley's room—she who had written largely across her photograph, "To my dearest Wiley, with love always, from his devoted Estelle"; or the one in the short skirt of many pleats, poised on her toes, with her arms gracefully aloft and who had signed herself dear Wiley's ever-loving Marie. If only the devoted Estelle and the ever-loving Marie could come together here, even for a day, she thought it would make a difference. Especially with Cousin Marcy, who, Jane vaguely felt, would do these ladies a richer homage than would Sarah.

She somehow suspected that Sarah would remain unbelieving about Cousin Wiley even if all five of the ladies—or wasn't it six?—should come wearing the same lovely garments that beautified them in the photographs. Jane felt in Sarah something cold and invincible on this point, while Cousin Marcy seemed open to influence. He disbelieved, but not with any bitterness that she could feel. His was a more kindly contempt, not unamused. As when she had gushed with praise of Wiley after her memorable first visit to him—how he would be in the saddle again in a few days, what an excellent lucky piece he had carried for years, how he was going to make a lot of money for everyone, even if his affairs were involved for the moment, and how greatly he resembled, lying there in such splendid state, a good king for a little while under the spell of a bad fairy. Cousin Marcy had seemed to listen respectfully enough, even if he didn't glow responsively, and it was a shock to Jane to find her enthusiasm moving him to a sour kind of mirth.

"Involved? His affairs involved? What a supremely lovely word for it—how discreetly chosen!" He chuckled; but this was with no unction, and left Jane chilled. And as to Wiley being like a king—"Certainly there are kings and kings," he had dryly conceded. "Napoleon, perhaps. Poor Wiley has already surpassed that ruler—Napoleon had but one Waterloo."

This was for Jane more of his distant talk, but the thing was all too plainly intended for a pleasantry and the speaker had seemed highly pleased with himself. Whenever she recalled this speech, she was almost spitefully glad to remember a friendly comment of Wiley's about Cousin Marcy—"A good chap, but he'll never set the river on fire." It had at the time merely left her with a perplexing vision of Cousin Marcy stooping above the bank of a river with a lighted match, but she later decided it to mean that people of a superior sort would find it easy to set fire to a river, however wild this sounded—and even undesirable.

It pleased her not a little to suppose that Cousin Marcy must think himself one of these gifted persons and to picture his confusion if he ever dared to try it. He would have to look so silly when his matches went out, as Jane was certain they would. It was not unpleasant, also, to recall Seth Hacker's scorn of him as futile, having a mind that dribbled, one that couldn't be trusted to hoe a simple hill of beans, even if, as Seth fairly conceded, "it wasn't a man like that's fault." And hadn't Sarah one day, in a flare of something much like temper, spoken of Marcy as "that old Satan"—which Jane considered about as bad as swearing? Anyway, these things paid him back for not being kinder about his brother.

And if Sarah was stubbornly cold about Wiley, weren't there some things that paid her back? Wiley himself said she was careless about her hands; on another day he had said she was too fond of money; while Marcy constantly made fun of her to her face, though in curious words that

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"I Had to Gather the Coins Up and Stem Them About Me as Best I Could"

LADIES OF LEISURE

By Maude Parker Child

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

ONE of the primary causes for the decline in America of society in the old-fashioned sense lies in the lack of interest shown in social activities by the majority of our women. An incident which well illustrates this new attitude occurred not long ago. The newspapers announced that a charming and socially smart young woman in one of our large cities had attended a ball. The ball was given by a member of the coterie to which the young woman belonged through wealth and family position, yet the fact that she had been present was considered an event rare enough to be featured in the news.

"On the other hand, the fact that she has recently bought and begun to operate a manufacturing plant of her own, to which she gives her personal supervision, has received almost no publicity," said a friend of hers.

This story, with all its ramifications and its disclosure of changing values, could not be true of any woman in the world except an American. In fact, most foreigners would not believe it. Even before the surprising innovations of the past thirty years had begun, an observant European writer declared, in his book on America, that only in writing about this country was it necessary to have a separate chapter on women.

"But so unique are they," he declared in substance, "that any comprehensive description of the United States must contain a great deal about them."

Since that time our women have developed so rapidly as a separate entity that it is difficult for any outsider to understand all their varying phases. But the most baffling problem seems to lie in their attitude toward society, beginning with their relationship to the masculine half.

For instance, in a certain capital of Europe, where society is international in scope, there is a titled woman who is greatly in demand by hostesses when they entertain visiting Americana. This much sought-after guest has never been in the United States, but within the first five minutes that she talks to an American husband, it has been noticed that he usually shows unmistakable signs of interest in her conversation. As she has no such success with men of other nationalities, there has been a good deal of speculation as to the peculiar method by which she attracts our fellow countrymen.

The Lecturer's Formula

WHEN they themselves have been questioned, they have merely declared noncommittally, "She's a mighty intelligent woman" or "A very charming woman"—no reasons for these conclusions have been forthcoming.

Not long ago, however, fortunately for the curious, it was disclosed that she usually opens her conversation by a remark which focuses the attention of her American dinner partner.

"There are no men in the world," she will begin in her well-modulated, almost caressing voice, "who spoil their women the way you American men do."

If by chance this statement does not challenge his interest, she will elaborate it. She will paint a skillful word picture of our great captains of industry, using their tremendous vigor day in and day out in order to provide splendid houses, limousines and sable coats for their idle, luxury-loving wives.

"Those ladies of leisure," she declares, "who do not even in return make an attempt to understand you."

One of the husbands on whom her dark eyes flashed eloquent sympathy declared afterward that at last he understood why certain foreign lecturers were so popular with American women.

"Take —— for instance," he explained. "Since he's begun touring the United States he's coined money. He's built himself a splendid new house in England, he owns a high-powered motor car and his boys are entered for the most expensive boarding schools. I used to wonder at the popularity of his lectures which caused this great prosperity. I happened to cross on a steamer with him once when he was going home from America. We got to be pretty good friends, and after a farewell dinner on board ship, just before we landed, he loosened up sufficiently to tell me how he did it.

"'A simple formula,' he said. 'Almost all lecture goers are women, so I merely tell them how superior they are intellectually to your men. They like it.'

"At the time he said that," the American continued, "I couldn't believe it would work. But when I found myself falling for the reverse side of the coin, as shown me by the duchess the other night, I concluded he was telling me the truth."

These two points of view as expressed by the foreign woman talking to an American man, and the exact opposite, preached to American women by foreign men, represent the vast divergence in the failure to interpret correctly these social manifestations peculiar to the women of our country. Sometimes the same woman, who is considered by one group as a shining example of intellectual superiority, is exhibited by the other critics as a complete parasite.

"There are No Men in the World," She Will Begin in Her Well-Modulated, Almost Caressing Voice, "Who Spoil Their Women the Way You American Men Do"

One of the numerous rich American women who are internationally known belongs to this category. She goes abroad every year for a number of weeks, takes a charming house in a city of Europe and surrounds herself with the most cultivated and creative people she can manage to know. She shows keen discrimination, moreover, and in her circle there are no inferior intellects. She is greatly interested in politics, particularly in international politics, and she makes every effort to promote friendship between the statesmen of the foreign country where she spends some time annually and the representative people of the United States.

To her beautiful town and country houses in America she invites many of these distinguished foreigners—poets, novelists, politicians, painters—as well as her fellow countrymen of outstanding ability.

"So odd to find a woman interested in this sort of thing," said one of her English dinner guests not long ago. He indicated the animated circle in her splendid drawing-room, who were heatedly discussing a recent incident in foreign politics. "It seems odd, I mean, because I understand that her husband is only a business man." He went on to tell of the many people to whom she has given the most stimulating encouragement. "She has an extraordinary amount of understanding and sympathy for anyone who's really keen on doing creative work," he added; "she gives them no end of help. Buys their pictures if they're painters and need the money, goes over manuscripts with young authors, and invites all sorts of queer ducks to stay in her house. I must say I think women of her sort show a great superiority to your men."

The Proof of Cleverness

YET without disputing a word of this testimony, an American man who has known this same woman for years declared that she is a ludicrous example of a woman who doesn't know what to do with her husband's money.

"She and her intellectual friends are contemptuous of business men and mere money-makers, as they call them," he declared. "In fact, I've even heard them, with her husband sitting at the same table, sneer about the sordid viewpoint of business men. But I've noticed that they're quick enough to accept the fruits of his sordid work. It's just ridiculous—here's a woman who's never done a thing of consequence in her life, looking down upon her husband, who's demonstrated that he has great ability, simply because he's made a fortune through his brains."

"But isn't she very clever?" someone asked.

"The proof of cleverness is in accomplishment," he answered. "And what has she ever accomplished? She's had several children, but she turned them over to nurses and governesses as soon as they were born. Her name is on the board of various worthy societies, but that's because of her husband's wealth. Of course she sympathizes with struggling poets and buys the work of young artists. What effort does that cost her? Moreover, she likes to picture herself as the center of a salon. And the funniest part of it all is that in spite of her secretaries and housekeepers and maids, and so on, she believes that she is a very hard-working woman. She has contempt for the old-fashioned society woman, and in fact the word 'parasite' is her most dreadful epithet."

In this regard she is not unique. It is the fashion among many women who call themselves modern to regard with scorn the lack of activities of the generation which preceded them.

"Of course, I can see that my grandmother had some excuse for not doing anything outside her home," one of this group admitted. "She, after all, was fully occupied with her family—she had seven children, and as she lived in the South, she took a great deal of personal interest in the

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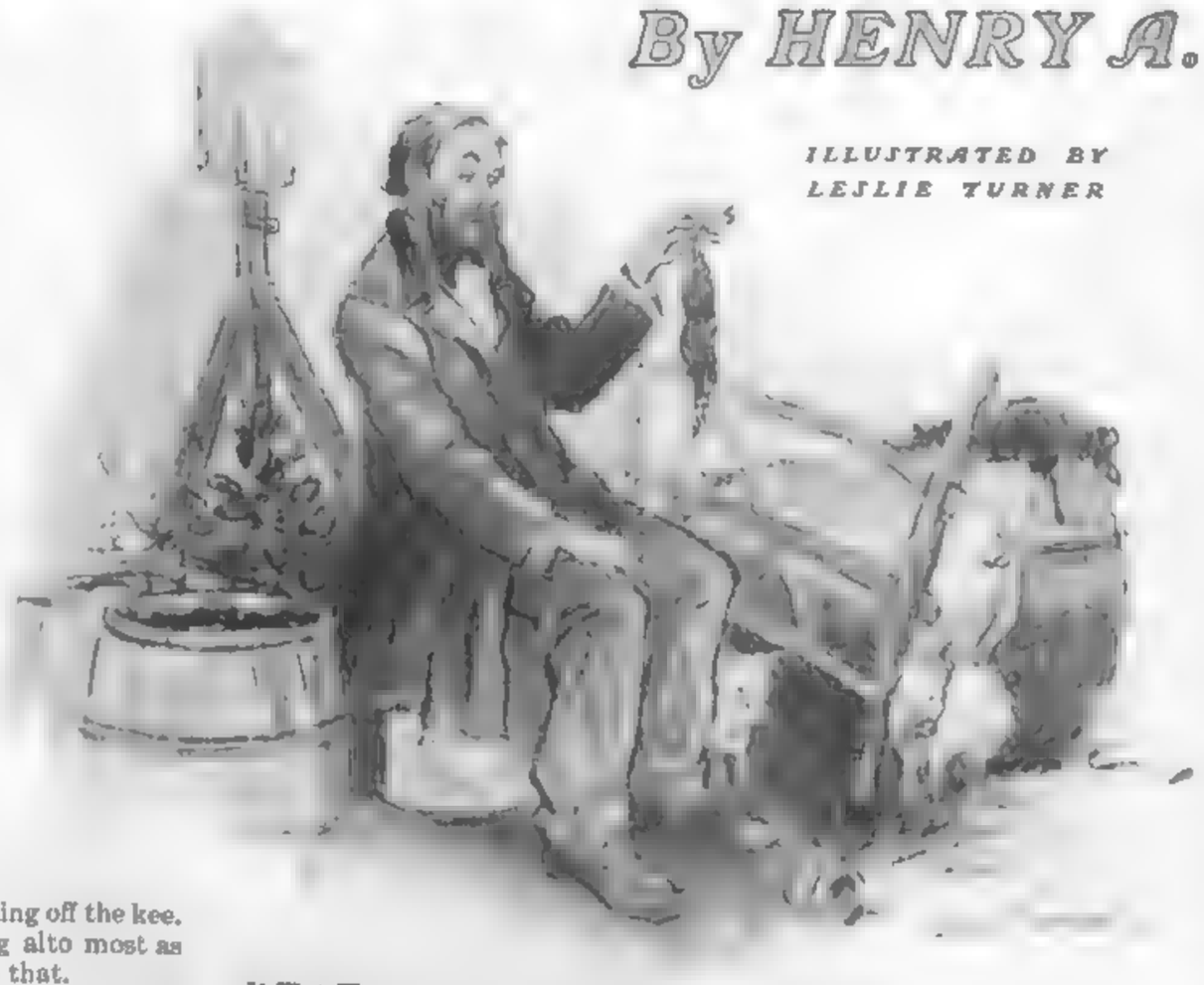
We Go Into the Pig Business

By HENRY A. SHUTE

ILLUSTRATED BY LESLIE TURNER



It Was Womans Hair and Too Long for the Decon and He Has Got Wiskers Enuf Ennyway

MONDAY July 11, 186— the hottest day i ever gnew. have been in swimming almost all day at the grove where it is shady.

Tuesday July 12, 186— still hot. me and Beany is mad. i aint mad but Beany is jest becaus i had the rooster fite when he was to the beach. i had to have it saterday becaus that is the only day my folks goes down town, and Beany dont cair mutch about rooster fites eether but he is mad. he can be mad if he wants to.

Wednesday July 13, 186— Beany is still mad. i wish he gnew how little i cair. i dont cair if he never speeks to me again. today we had a thunder shower and when it cleared up it was too cold to go in swimming

Thursday July 14, 186— Pewt is down to Portsmouth vissiting and the Chadwicks is all away. there aint mutch to do but ride on hacks and Ed Towle hasent spoke to me since the rooster fite. he and Beany go together most of the time. i dont cair for eether of them. i hoap neether of them will ever speek to me again. i dont cair if they dont.

tomorrow nite there is going to be a band concert on the square. Beany cant sing or wistle a hoal tune throug without getting off the kee. neether can Ed. Pewt can and he can sing alto most as well as me. it aint evrybody whitch can do that.

Friday July 15, 186— today i met Beany. he looked as if he wanted to speek to me but i marched rite by reading a letter and laffing to myself. it wasent a letter at all but Beany thought it was and of course it maid him mad to think he dident know what was in it. tonite when i was to the band concirt setting on a settee and lissening Ed and Beany waulked in front of me and stood there and begun to laff as hard as they cood over a letter Beany was pertending to read. i bet it wasent a letter at all but Beany is jest meen enuf to pertend it was a letter and Ed Tole two to maik me mad.ennyway they dident maik mutch out of it becaus a man hollered stop your dam noise there we dident come here to lissen to you. so Beany and Ed shut up and looked prety cheep i tell you. sirved them rite for trying to be smart.

Saturday July 16, 186— Pewt come back today and we have got a job. we went over on Jady Hill this morning and sum of Deekon Stevens pigs had got out and we helped him get them in. then he sed he wanted us to drive his swill cart and get his swill for him. he sed he wood give us $.50 cents apeace evry saterday and we sed we wood. we commence Monday.

Sunday July 17, 186— rany and hot. evrything kind of steems. it was hot in chirch. Beany wants to maik up. I gess i will let him. Beany is a pretty good feller. he says he will help us with the swill cart. tomorrow we are going to begin.

Monday July 18, 186— this morning i put on my old close and me and Pewt and Beany went over to the deacons. he has got a high dingle cart with 2 barrils in it and 2 big pales. his horse is a old plug with a little short tale without enny hair on it and it sticks rite up. it is a awful funny looking tale. in front of the cart is a awful high dasher and the ranes go over the dasher. he told us never to let the ranes down where they wood tuch the horses tale for if we did the horse wood squeze his tale rite down on the ranes and kick the wagon to peaces and run away and brake our necks. he is a tale hugger. Ed Toles father had a tale hugger and he run away and most killed a feller once. so we are going to be cairful. we have to go up high street and Portsmuth avenue and Hall place. we dont have to go near where we live and so i gess our folks wont know about it. i dont beleeve mother wood want me to be a swill cart man. ennyway she never told me not to. so she cant say mutch if she finds it out.

well we went first to Bill Youngs but we dident get mutch becaus Bill keeps hens. we got a pale of dish water and

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We Drove Up as Near as We Cood and Lissened and Were Having a Good Time

THE PAINTED STALLION

VI

By Hal G. Evarts

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

REESE CONWAY regarded his surroundings with mounting satisfaction. To the casual eye there was little in the blistering sun-baked prospect of Manzanita to warrant such enthusiasm; but in the heart of Reese Conway, after something more than three years south of the border, the little flag that hung limply above the schoolhouse stirred a swelling pride and patriotism akin to the emotions that are roused in the human heart by martial music. His eyes roved over the unprepossessing expanse of the sprawling village with genuine affection.

"Now ain't that a pretty picture?" he inquired of the world at large, which was perhaps the most sincere tribute ever accorded the town of Manzanita by a wayfarer.

He dismounted before the largest saloon and hall of chance that graced the straggling main thoroughfare. The bartender, his shirt open at the throat, his suspenders leaving damp marks upon a garment that was none too clean, looked up to confront the most delighted grin that had come under his observation for many a day. Vaguely he wondered what the this-and-that could have inspired such joyousness on a day so hot that any mortal who lived through it might justifiably contemplate the prospect of a sojourn in hell with perfect composure. Nevertheless, he grinned back, and the next instant his hand was crushed in a comradely grip and his arm nearly dislocated at the shoulder.

Reese Conway was inordinately impressed with the advantages of the metropolis of Manzanita, and he expressed his affection by entertaining all and sundry of its inhabitants as they clustered before the bar shortly after nightfall. With six months' wages in his pocket, it was his night to howl. He turned to the wheel and scattered his bets lavishly and with varying success. Eventually his six months' wages were transferred to the house, his finances exhausted, and the night was still young. He bethought himself of the horse and saddle, silver spurs and silver-mounted bridle at the livery barn. He was going back where he would have no use for such habiliments as these, so he marshaled a crowd, invaded the barn and auctioned off his effects.

Thereafter fortune favored him. He played carelessly and won enormously. At an hour halfway between midnight and dawn he emerged from the place and headed for the little hotel. His spirits still soared, but his brain was somewhat foggy, his gait a trifle uneven.

It occurred to him that he had best repurchase his horse and outfit, so he turned back toward the barn. It eluded him. He decided that it mattered but little and retraced his steps toward the hotel, but he seemed to have mislaid that building too. When the moon rose white and clear over the desert he was leaning comfortably against a surface which he now recognized as the closed front door of the blacksmith shop. Close at hand stood a tub that had been fashioned from the half of a fifty-gallon whisky barrel. It was two-thirds full of water, being the receptacle into which the blacksmith tossed hot iron when he would cool it suddenly.

Conway felt that a cold bath was in order and a few moments thereafter he had disrobed and was standing in the refreshingly cool contents of the tub.

A head peered cautiously from the shady side of the building and a pair of black eyes surveyed the heap of garments a foot from the tub. Conway, observing this occurrence, recalled that during his wanderings prior to the appearance of the moon he had been followed at a discreet distance by two Mexicans who had faded upon the several occasions when he had retraced his steps to accost them. He leaned over, extracted his gun from its holster and waited for the head to reappear. It did not show up, so presently he emitted a shrill yelp, "Cowboys in town! Get under bed!"

Periodically he uttered his war cry and fired in the air. Presently he was conscious of a great thirst. He opened his eyes, and the sunlight, filtering through a barred aperture high in a wall, arrested his gaze.

The Painted Stallion Stood and Looked Back Across the Lower Country Which He Had Just Traversed, a Wild and Beautiful Picture With His Flowing White Mane and Tail Streaming in the Air

"So," said Conway, sitting upon the edge of his cot, "I've gone and got myself immersed in the *cárcel*. I wonder for what."

A door clanged and the marshal entered.

"I thought you'd maybe be wanting a bite of breakfast," he said. "It's coming on toward mid-afternoon."

"Just what statute did I violate to get myself incarcerated thisaway?" Conway inquired.

"Nary a statute, and your door ain't locked," the marshal explained. "Your war song and target practice might have annoyed some light sleeper, so I plucked you from your swimmin' hole and put you in bed."

Conway's glance became suddenly riveted upon several gold coins that reposed on the floor. Every pocket of his overalls bulged with fat rolls of currency.

"How much did I win?" he asked.

"Barrels of it," the marshal estimated conservatively.

"You count it," Conway instructed. "Put it in two piles. Half goes to you for lookin' after me."

"I can't count that high, havin' left college before I got into higher mathematics," the marshal declined. "And besides I couldn't take any. With a thirst like yourn, you'll need every cent of it."

"I'm heading east," Conway said reflectively. "Since I've sold my horse, I'll invest in a railroad ticket."

Perhaps a week later a young man, attired in a neat gray suit and with a jaunty crush hat of the same shade tipped rakishly over one eye, sat on a park bench in Denver. His head throbbed and his spirits were decidedly low.

"This here life is wearing on me," he declared. "What I need is to go to a horse country."

Some days thereafter, Charlie Thorne, having been out to a railroad point, came driving back into the little inland town of Solaro in a buckboard, bringing with him a passenger. The newcomer, neatly garbed in gray, dismounted and extracted a new telescope satchel from the buckboard.

Soda Henry, the blacksmith, witnessed this arrival. He commented upon it to Clip Arnold, proprietor of the Solaro Livery and Boarding Barns, expressing the conviction that the jauntily clad stranger was perhaps a new dealer for one of Thad Thompson's games. Arnold gave it as his opinion that the man was a salesman representing one of the outside firms with which Thad Thompson held traffic. Such salesmen were no particular novelty in Solaro.

Later in the evening, as was their custom, these two cronies forgathered in the barroom of the Thompson House with several other nightly patrons. Others drifted in and the place filled up. The stranger sat at a poker table, toying at a game of solitaire, seemingly wrapped in pensive thought.

Sol Carson, owner of the T Bar Z, dropped in with his foreman and half a dozen riders. Carson, owning various tracts of deeded land, controlled the whole eastern half of the Solaro country.

One rider, evidently a new hand at the T Bar Z, held forth upon a grievance, the recitation eliciting a hilarious response from the rest of the group.

"That old whiskered lizard stood there a-surveying of me like I was maybe a strange brand of insect," said the aggrieved one. "Then says he, 'You got any special business at the Powers wikiup?' Says I to him, polite and respectful, 'None whatsoever. I just met Miss Powers on the range and drifted on in for a little friendly chat with you.' 'And now that we've had our chat, you can drift right on back,' he says."

The injured one gazed upon his reflected image in the mirror behind the Thompson House bar.

"What is there about my face that would irritate a man to that point?" he queried. "I ask you now."

Bob Pierce, the grizzled foreman of the T Bar Z, made sympathetic reply:

"There ain't nothing about your face to inspire anything but genuine amusement, buddy. It ain't that. It's only that Powers has announced broadcast that no nap-headed, bandy-legged forty-and-board cow prod needn't get to smirking round Miss Millie. He allows he's worked hard to amass comfortable means, has give her an outside schooling, and none but capitalists need apply. You're just one out of a thousand. That's his regular formula, sonny, and he likely wouldn't know you apart from a Guinea baboon if you was to meet again tomorrow."

"Just the same," said the most recent victim of Powers' formula, "I'd ought to dally them brindle whiskers round my saddle horn and bounce off acrost the landscape till he learns some manners. I would, too, if he wasn't an old-like party."

"Don't let his age and general decrepitude deter you," said Carson. "It's them musk-ox draperies that lends him a patriarchal aspect. He's somewhere round forty, and maybe a mite less vigorous and rugged than a four-year-old range bull. But if you set any store by your saddle, why just don't do it. Powers would bite the horn offn it."

Powers, his holdings equal to Carson's, largely controlled the western half of the Solaro region; and his brand, the Box 8, was on upwards of ten thousand head of cows.

"Half of my best hands used to ride for the Box 8," Carson stated. "Chalk Ridell, here, was top hand there till he took to washing his hands and ears too careful. Powers read this as a sign Chalk was making up to Millie and he paid him off. Cal Mason started shaving every week regular and the third Saturday after this habit clutched him turned out to be pay day for him too. No, you needn't flatter yourself that your case is anyways unique."

The stranger at the table permitted himself a reminiscent smile as this conversation recalled a picture to his mind.

"So the owner of the Box 8 is still his same old pleasant, frank, outspoken self," he mused.

Charlie Thorne had entered in time to hear the termination of this discussion.

Chalk Ridell and Cal Mason, the two riders cited as having once aspired to win the favor of Miss Powers, somewhat uncomfortable under the allusions, sought to transfer their discomfiture to Thorne.

"Charlie, here, is the only one with the inside track," Ridell asserted.

"And now since he's got himself elected sheriff of Solaro County, he's fixed to arrest anyone of us that shows up over thataway," Mason supplemented.

The stranger looked up and favored Thorne with a searching scrutiny.

Thorne, however, did not seem inclined to assume a prideful air at being thus cited as a favorite. Knowing Millie Powers well, he deemed any such arrogance as distinctly unwise. He greeted the men pleasantly, bought a round of drinks and departed.

One of the men, observing the stranger's isolation, invited him to join the group at the bar. He accepted the hospitality and returned it in kind. He was possessed of a genial grin and a casual style of speech; and Bob Pierce, the leathery foreman of the T Bar Z, was conscious of something hauntingly familiar about him. The stranger seemed to stir some vague chord of the past.

As the evening progressed Soda Henry was stung by a mounting curiosity as to whether his estimate of the stranger's occupation was correct. Presently he addressed him.

"And what line of business do you follow, Mr. Conway?" he inquired.

Conway hesitated for a space. Then he said, "I had been figuring to take a whirl at the horse business maybe. But I guess not -the way things are."

The blacksmith revised his first impression. He had heard of Easterners setting up in the business of raising horses on the range, the ventures proving uniformly unprofitable, as every sizable outfit raised its own saddle stock.

Sol Carson, mellowed by frequent trips to the bar, was suddenly stricken with a brilliant inspiration.

"Son," said he, "I'll sell you a start in the horse business so cheap it'll appear like charity. Fact is there's such a surplus of horses on my range that of late we ain't even troubled to catch 'em up and run our brand on 'em. I'll sell you them unbranded ponies downright reasonable."

There was a sudden tense hush. Then men resumed conversation in casual vein; nevertheless, there was an air of expectancy. Surely the newcomer would not fall for this. Still, there was that Mogollen affair. The tale had become a classic, told and retold in every bunk house throughout the whole Southwest.

Range usage decreed that a maverick or slick, a cow brute or horse that had turned yearling or had left its mother's side without having been branded, was the property of the first man who put his rope on the creature and ran his brand on it. It seemed impossible that any man should prove so unacquainted with range usage as to remain in ignorance of this custom. Yet a penniless Mogollen rider had discovered a stranger in whose mind horses were just horses, and to this pilgrim the rider had sold his right and title to all the wild horses of the Mogollen country; and the whole Southwest had rocked with Homeric mirth.

Conway studied the matter reflectively; and while he studied, Bob Pierce was increasingly conscious of that haunting sense of familiarity.

"Well, that's real friendly of you," Conway hesitated. "I'd figured to look round a little."

And suddenly Bob Pierce turned away to laugh silently to himself. The curtain of the years had rolled back and he saw again a group of men round a fire in a night camp on the desert. A youth with a genial grin and a casual style of speech was making his adieus to comrades of a week

"Don't you-all go shooting up my white-blanket colt," he had said in parting. "I paid for him by not collecting bounty on his ears." And then, an hour later, a sheriff's posse had come riding up to the camp—but the youth had gone.

"If it's a matter of price," Carson was saying, "you needn't look no further. I'll be frank with you. They're wilder'n antelope, the main run of 'em, and you'll maybe have considerable trouble catching 'em. But there's a surplus of unbranded ponies on my range. I'll sell them to you at a rock-bottom figure if you'll take 'em off."

"Well," Conway hesitated, "maybe we could strike a deal. How many have you got on hand and what's the least you'd take?"

"It's only the unbranded stuff I'd sell; we need those that we've bothered to catch up and brand. There's maybe a thousand-odd head of slicks that's surplus over and above our needs. I'll sell the lot for two bits a head. It's only because I've got a surplus. Where else can you buy a horse-flesh for a quarter of a dollar?"

"Nowhere that I know of," Conway confessed. "That's sure cheap. It certainly is that. Of course, I know it's only because you've got a surplus."

"That's the one and only reason. You catch on quick," Carson complimented.

Conway produced a vast roll of currency. The outside was graced by a bill of one-hundred-dollar denomination.

"I'll give you twenty cents a head," he offered with an air of crafty bargaining.

"Done!" said Carson.

Conway still seemed to turn the matter over in his mind.

"I reckon we can make a deal," he said reflectively. "But you say they're middling wild and shy, sort of, and it might take me a spell to catch them all. This transaction would include a reasonable length of time—say, one year to get them off, and use of your range meanwhile for any feasible means of collecting them, I take it."

"Whatever you say," Carson conceded magnanimously.

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"Morning, Ma'am," He Saluted, Removing His Hat. "Could You Stake Me to a Bite of Breakfast?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 3, 1925

Exit the Grain Marketing Company

THE collapse of the Grain Marketing Company at the close of the first year of operations is the occasion for regret that is apparently deep or slight according as one views the importance of this particular trial of cooperative marketing, or experiment in it. The establishment of the Grain Marketing Company under the auspices of the American Farm Bureau Federation in 1924 represented a most ambitious undertaking in coöperative marketing of agricultural products.

The year's history of the organization was not the record of operative failure. Some 200,000,000 bushels of grain were handled at a profit; and the running of the concern, judged by income and technical results, was efficient. The Grain Marketing Company failed as an agricultural coöperative marketing association because it could not become an agricultural coöperative association. Viewed from the standpoint of the history of agricultural coöperative associations, this experiment could not be reasonably or logically regarded as a crucial test of agricultural coöperation. It was merely a big test, prominent in the public eye for reasons quite as much political as agricultural.

The Grain Marketing Company was organized with a projected capitalization of $1,000,000 common stock, $25,000,000 Class A preferred stock, and 500,000 shares of Class B stock. The Class B stock was held by the grain firms whose properties had been purchased, and was to be retired with proceeds secured from the sale of Class A stock to farmers. The common stock was also to be held by farmers. The company was organized in Chicago under the Illinois Coöperative Marketing Law and the national Capper-Volstead Act. The company contracted to purchase the terminal elevator properties of four large concerns—three in Chicago and one in Kansas City—with a capacity of practically 50,000,000 bushels. The managers, who were substantially the vendors of the elevator properties, were men of established reputation in the grain trade; but, by and large, farmers did not regard them as having been friendly to the movement of coöperative marketing of agricultural products. The concern had borrowed from the vendors $4,000,000, working capital, which was due to be repaid on July twenty-eighth. In order to make this payment it was necessary to sell stock to farmers. Practically none of the Class A stock was disposed of; and according to press reports, only some 66,000 shares of common stock were sold at $1.00 a share. The returns from the sale of stock were not only insufficient to pay back the working capital borrowed from the vendors of the elevator properties; they were insufficient to enable the concern to qualify under state and national laws as a coöperative agricultural association. Such an association has to be farmer owned and must handle at least as much business for members as for outsiders whereas in fact the Grain Marketing Company had very few farmer members and the largest bulk of its business was done for outsiders. Strictly considered, therefore, the failure of the organization was due to the refusal of wheat growers to purchase stock in the company. The venture, in short, lacked the support of the very farmers whom it was designed to benefit. On the twenty-eighth of July the options to purchase the terminal properties lapsed, and these were returned to their original owners, who have resumed business as before.

From the beginning the Grain Marketing Company was the bone of contention between rival groups of agrarian politicians, including in this term both the politicians that represent the farmers and the politicians that pretend to represent the farmers. It was charged that the company had been launched largely for the purpose of diverting the direction of agrarian political unrest. From the start it had quite as much farmer opposition as farmer support. As the undertaking developed, it became clear that the main show was surpassed by the side shows.

The crop year 1924–25 was a year of relatively high wheat prices, especially in contrast with the prices of the previous postwar years. Any marketing scheme ought to succeed in a year of rising prices. On the other hand, it is precisely in a year of rising prices that farmer support becomes indifferent. When the farmer is in trouble he tends to be a coöperator; when he is prosperous he tends to be an individualist. The problem of agricultural coöperation includes keeping the farmer interested in coöperation when he is prosperous.

Those who disbelieve in the theory and practice of coöperative marketing of agricultural products will find little to encourage them in the dissolution of the Grain Marketing Company. Those who believe in this movement will find little to discourage them in the history of the Grain Marketing Company. On both sides it is recognized that there was too much politics in the promotion of the Grain Marketing Company and in the opposition to it. The next major test of the coöperative marketing of wheat must be made along non-political lines if the test is to mean anything to the wheat growers who are seeking it and to the public that is watching it.

The Ultimate Payers

FOR weeks, and perhaps for months, to come the air will be full of proposals for the funding of the obligations to the United States Government contracted by European allies during the war and shortly after the Armistice. If the agreements which Congress will finally be asked to ratify are to be founded upon equity tempered by sane liberality rather than upon quixotism aggravated by ignorance and sticky sentimentality, there are certain underlying considerations which must be clearly realized. They must not only be realized but they must be steadily borne in mind through all the successive gusts of special pleading, expert testimony by members of interested governments, and bewildering technicalities which will blow about us in such a manner that we may easily become so preoccupied with details as to ignore essentials.

We must continually remind ourselves that though these billions are technically owed to the United States Government they are actually owed to the millions of voters and taxpayers and Liberty Bond holders for whom the Government acts as fiscal agent. There is really no such thing as the cancellation or remission of these obligations. They must and will be met. The fundamental question is: What proportion of this indebtedness is to be paid by France, Italy, and other Continental debtors, and what remaining proportion must be shouldered by the people of Maine, Texas, Oregon, and the forty-five other commonwealths which lie between them? The greater portion of the taxes which enable our Government to carry on are paid by the inhabitants of the New England States, the Middle Atlantic States, and Ohio and Illinois. Whether the funding agreements finally arrived at are grossly and unjustifiably unfair to us or whether the concessions we make are within the bounds of well-considered generosity, whatever advantage accrues to our debtors as the result will be largely charged to the account of the taxpayers of the states and sections named. They and their children and grandchildren will have to earn and pay in taxes, direct or indirect, the bulk of the difference between the book account and the total deferred payment accepted by international agreements as settlement in full.

Let us be liberal, by all means—but let us bear in mind who will have to pay the price of our liberality.

Brides' Houses

SOME years ago the real-estate operators who specialize in building houses to sell hit upon the happy thought of incorporating into their new structures certain minor features which would not greatly increase costs and yet which were nicely calculated, by reason of convenience or novelty, to make a strong appeal to feminine house hunters. The new policy was nothing less than a stroke of genius, and not only well-built houses but many jerry-built cottages found eager purchasers mainly because of some novel convenience.

Ever since the wholesale builders discovered the power of these little talking points to speed up the sale of dwelling houses there has been the keenest rivalry among them to think of new and alluring contraptions to capture the imagination of womankind without adding materially to the cost of the job. On the whole, the movement has been a good one. Both in charm and in convenience domestic architecture has been well served. Good taste in building, originality touched with poetry and common sense, never finds more ecstatic appreciation than that of the buyer of the moderate-priced dwelling. Many an American suburb bears eloquent and convincing testimony to the ingenuity, fertility and orderly imagination of our architects and builders; and in countless regions the observer is arrested by the fact that the smaller new houses are those which excel in personality and in the power to please.

Unfortunately, there is an inclination on the part of some builders to make all this cleverness serve unworthy ends. There is nothing to be said against built-in talking points when they enhance the comfort, charm or convenience of an honestly constructed house. When they are utilized to distract the attention of the prospective buyer from slovenly workmanship, inferior material and scamped construction there is a great deal to be said against them. It is a sad sight to see a pretty and effervescent young bride wheedling her domestic partner into buying a jerry-built villa they will be ten years paying for, simply because there is a disappearing ironing board in the kitchen or a bird house of many mansions, painted all the colors of Joseph's coat, perched on a towering standard in the back yard. A tactful ironing board is no doubt a welcome adjunct to any home and every normal person likes a bird house; but, to be thoroughly enjoyed, they should go with a dry cellar, a tight roof, sound building material and solid construction. Many a bride who is long on romance but short on practical experience overlooks these facts.

With houses, as with everything else, essentials and permanent values should be the prime factors in making the decision whether to buy or not to buy; and yet in a vast number of cases the bird house, the breakfast nook or the laundry chute casts the deciding vote. A young couple's first dwelling house is usually the most important purchase they ever make, and it is also the one in which they are most likely to go wrong if they do not have the benefit of disinterested and expert advice. There are few neighborhoods in which bewildered young house hunters cannot find a retired mechanic or builder who, for a modest fee, would be glad to examine any property they are tempted to buy and give an honest opinion as to its merits or demerits. If such counsel were more frequently sought there would be fewer unhappy house owners.

TAXATION IN FRANCE

By William R. Green
CHAIRMAN COMMITTEE ON WAYS AND MEANS

FROM the feudal ages down to the great Revolution, the story of taxation in France is a record of oppression and tyranny. Every sound principle of taxation was violated in the nature of the taxes themselves, and often every refinement of cruelty was exercised in their collection. Instead of the taxes being paid by those best able to make returns to the government, the wealthy and the powerful were, as a rule, exempt, while the poverty-stricken paid nearly all the revenues. The great bulk of the property was held by the nobility and the clergy, but they were, by virtue of their position, exempt. The few others who possessed wealth usually managed to buy at least partial exemption, and although they were somewhat affected by indirect taxation, it bore lightly upon all of the privileged classes.

The method of collecting the taxes was, if possible, worse than the selection of those upon whom the taxes were imposed. The right to collect the taxes was sold to the parties known as Farmers General, and the taxes were thus literally farmed out to them with the intent that they should make out of them whatever they could. In dealing with those unable to protect themselves, these persons were a law unto themselves as to the amount of taxes. They stopped at no act of oppression in their assessment, and were merciless in collecting them. They took the oxen from the plow so that the wretched peasant was compelled to harness himself and his family to it. They took the grain from his bins and the food from his hut, until the starving toiler was literally compelled to eat grass and roots. Those who resisted were tortured or executed, and sometimes suffered both penalties. It mattered not how poor the citizen was; if he had anything at all it was subject to levy. Often all his property was taken and he was then punished because he could not pay more. Naturally the peasant was driven to desperation and from time to time the masses revolted. Riots were frequent and even rebellions broke out. During the short time which they lasted, a bloody revenge was often taken upon the oppressors, but all these uprisings were put down and usually ended in a general massacre of those who had rebelled.

There were, of course, at times, some monarchs who had the welfare of their people at heart, but they were few. The height of the old régime was seen in the reign of Louis XIV, the Grand Monarch, as his courtiers called him. This king maintained a great court which every noble was expected to attend, at which the ceremonies were carried on with unparalleled magnificence. He carried on war with nearly all of Europe in an effort to extend his dominions. He built the splendid Palace of Versailles for the pleasure of his mistresses, and in the meantime his people, by the thousands, died of cold and want when their last resources had been exhausted by taxation. The revenues of the kingdom were squandered in reckless extravagance of all kinds, until poverty, disease and starvation prevailed at the close of his reign.

The reign of Louis XV made no change in the situation. Louis XVI, a stupid but possibly well-meaning man, seriously attempted by the selection of wise ministers to remedy these evils, but he was overborne by the privileged classes and lost control of affairs completely.

In the meantime the treasury had become utterly bankrupt and the government was carried only by loans. The oppressive taxation had the inevitable result of not only drying up the revenues but of ruining business in every way. A large portion of the land was left uncultivated. The people had largely lost their purchasing power. The country was filled with beggars who should have been workers but did not

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ALL READY FOR THE HOP OFF

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Messire François Villon Chideth His Lady of Her Unseemly Attire

TELL me, Perilla, why do you,
When summer suns are blazing hot,
Like some wild beast from out the zoo,
Go pranked in furs? Why do you not
Regard the mercury somewhat
And don a dress of thin dentelle?
You'd move in comfort more, I wot!
Faut-il souffrir pour être belle?

And why, when blust'ring Boreas blows
And snow and hail bedull the skies,
Do you appear in chiffon hose,
And much décolletée likewise?
When you go out for exercise,
Why high-heeled pumps, Chère Demoiselle?
With common sense, no compromise?
Faut-il souffrir pour être belle?

Why do you sport a chapeau-cloche
That blinds like blinkers on a mare?
Why leave the hideous galosh
Unlatched in tempests? Why forswear
The mackintosh that I should wear?
Why coughs incite and colds compel
In unsubstantial teddy-bear?
Faut-il souffrir pour être belle?

ENVOI

Prince, of our garments be not fain
To know so much! It is not well!
And yet, the answer's fair and plain—
"Il faut souffrir pour être belle!"

—John Alan Haughton.

How Not to Bail a Cup of Coffee

How to Know the Seasons

WHAT with the girls wearing the same kind of clothing all year round and everybody living in California, it is becoming more and more difficult to tell one season of the year from another. And that is a serious matter, because if it gets so we can't tell the seasons apart we may be going around wearing straw hats in December, as the butchers do, which would be too ridiculous, wouldn't it? Yes.

The following Meteorological Guide, or Guide to the Seasons, has been designed to meet this difficulty. Let's hope it does.

HOW TO TELL IT'S SPRING

How on earth do you expect me to get this house clean with you always in the way? . . . Hey, pop, kin I have ten cents for marbles, hey, pop? . . . Poems beginning "Spring is coming" and ending "Sprigg is cubbigg!" . . . Good morning, madam, would you care to give our vacuum cleaner which we are just introducing a free thirty-day trial? . . . Hoozis Wins in Final of Indoor Tennis Champs. . . . Pa-a-a-ay kesh clo'! . . . Among those arriving yesterday at White Sulphur Springs were —— Pirate Rookie Shows Big League Form at Training Camp. . . . Oh, well, this shoe ought to go anyway another couple hundred miles till we can afford a new one.

HOW TO TELL IT'S SUMMER

Ah-h-h ya were so out! Wazzeny, mister? Out! Out! Out! . . . We haven't decided yet whether to go by the Mohawk Trail or the straight way through Springfield and Worcester. . . . Among those sailing yesterday on the Leviathan were —— Robins Win Third Straight From Phillies. . . . Stop Here for Skinny's Hot Franks. . . . Hey, pop, kin I have ten cents fer a soda, hey, pop? . . . Buy Now And Be Independent; Large Lots, Easy Terms. . . . The nights are always cool out our way. . . . Hey, Mary, where's that fly book?

HOW TO TELL IT'S AUTUMN

This one is Mame and Joe sitting on the fence. . . . Well, mommer, how about the movies tonight? . . . Say, Eddie, richen up that carburetor a little. . . . This weather certainly does put pep in you! . . . Among those arriving yesterday on the Berengaria were —— Hey, pop, kin I have ten cents for a new roller skate wheel, hey, pop? . . . Giants Take Fourth World Series Game. . . . K. O. Smackem Meets Young Biffo in Title Bout Tonight at New Croquet A. C. . . . Got your coal in yet? . . . No ice in mine, thanks.

HOW TO TELL IT'S WINTER

Among those arriving at the Royal Poinsettia, Palm Beach, yesterday were —— Yanks Give $1,000,000,000 and Three Infielders For Pitcher Outdropp. . . . Hey, pop, kin I have ten cents for a hot choc, hey, pop? . . . After the Play Dine and Dance at the Club Epizootic. . . . This is Station COBI, Fort Wayne. . . . Well, I liked him better as Hamlet. . . . Make it a dollar and keep out the pikers. . . . Minute steak with onions and French fried; coffee with. . . . Pop. Conc. Sunday Eve.; Tu. Thais; Wed. Aïda. . . . Dear Son: Inclosed please find check. . . .

—Baron Ireland.

A Nursery Rime in Movie Time

MOTHER HUBBARD, the Simple Story of a Man, a Woman and a Dog, and the Cupboard That Was Bare

THE CAST

MOTHER HUBBARD—Viola Violet, a woman of the tenements, with a heart as big and warm as the Tropic of Cancer, out of whose wrecked life there remains but one fragment, her wartime pal and savior in the gray days of the mighty world strife, when she mothered the war-torn flowers of American manhood

LOYALTY—Bigheart, a police dog with a glorious past, and lean-looking future, who carried messages between the Allied outposts and the Y. M. C. A. hut fifty miles behind the lines, where his mistress was serving her country and civilization, driving an ambulance through the hell of human passion let loose in a vast cataclysm of hate. Loyalty devotes his days to search of the vast metropolis for

LIEUT. FRISK—Concertino Allesandro, scion of an old American family, who has millions and amnesia resulting from shell shock suffered while following the same flag under which his glorious ancestors bled in all the wars from which Old Glory emerged victorious.

(Continued on Page 56)

How Dick the Dip (Ex-Taxi Driver) Was Captured

"Oh, Pa! Come Quick! The Goat's Eatin' the Fitzgeer!"

Serve Beans as the main dish!

Meat. Fish. Beans. These are the three great foods which are served as the main dish on the American dining table. Do you take full advantage of beans as the main dish? Campbell's Beans are wonderfully appetizing and tempting—your whole family will like them. They come to you already cooked—they save kitchen work. And Campbell's Beans are amazingly economical, considering their Quality and substantial Food Value!

12 cents a can

Except in Rocky Mountain States and in Canada

Campbells' BEANS

SLOW-COOKED DIGESTIBLE

AS A WOMAN THINKS

"You Know," He Went On, "I am Not Supposed to be of Sound Mind. So They Give Me Little Tasks Like This to Keep Me Occupied"

VIII

By Corra Harris

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

DURING the spring and summer of 1914 I put seventy acres of the valley under cultivation, added eight rooms to the old cabin and wrote a serial. The inspiration of love or of any consuming ambition greatly augments the powers of even an ordinary person to achieve. Thus is the reason why men in love frequently accomplish so much for a time, then fall back into their former state of indolence. The illusion of love has failed. It is by nature a brief enchantment. This is the reason why the man fired by ambition frequently accomplishes prodigious tasks far beyond his normal capacity to achieve.

I was inspired at this time with the hope of winning a happy ending to what had been a harsh sentence in living. I was creating a very small world to fit me behind the world at large; and this period, I should say, was about the morning and evening of the third day at the business. Things were beginning to turn green. I could see my little herbs of the field glistening in the early morning dew, and my sun was shining.

I remember a certain notion I had then, which has remained a part of my personal definition of the Lord—that besides being almighty and obviously beneficent He must be a happy God every time He created another world, divided the light from the darkness in that place and set up all the miracles of life there.

This notion was not so blasphemous as it sounds written out in words. One cannot copy His omniscience or His almightiness, but it does not seem to me nearly so profane to give oneself a few airs about having imitated Him in a small way that turns out green and triumphant like a field of corn, as it does to dig down and snoop the heavens with the idea of proving there is no God at all.

I had only to take a whiff around the farm in those days, have an altercation with the carpenters about another window needed to keep the cabin from looking too much like a fortress, then retire to my study upon the farther rim of the forest and copy the green leaves of my thoughts for the next chapter of the serial.

On the first day of August in that year the Great War began in Europe. The editor of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST sent his first batch of war correspondents across the following week. I was to have been one of them, but I had promised another serial for another magazine which was still to be written. The editor would neither release me from the contract nor risk me in the war zone until this copy was delivered.

I suppose it would require one of those latest expositors of the mysteries human beings are, an alienist, to explain why disappointment over being detained brought on the first attack of hay fever I ever had. There is more psychology than pathology in our diseases.

But I was determined to go to France in 1914. I had been living at such a high tension nervously for some time that nothing short of a bloody war could have quieted me and reduced me to a normal condition. The motive here confessed was overlaid with the usual noble emotions; but this is a truthful record of my mind, which is sufficiently nearly related to human minds in general for me to risk the assertion that a great many other people did valiant service in France who were attracted there by a similar motive.

We seek in excitement reactions from what we are. The use made of us under these circumstances proves the shrewd economies of Providence by employing our lower instincts to trap us into the performance of the greatest, most unselfish services, else very few men would volunteer for military service, and very few women would have volunteered for canteen service in France.

I hurried off somewhere, wrote that serial, returned to New York and sailed for Liverpool all within thirty days.

I have written briefly of my impressions during this harrowing period in My Book and Heart. What we know now is that the most victorious battles and the most disastrous defeats never settle the issues involved. The Great War has increased our debts, doubled our problems and added incredibly to the moral confusion of our times. Still, if there should be a call to arms in this country tomorrow, I doubt if I could bear the mortal ignominy of being a pacifist.

There is no sense in war. It is the way we are made that brings on the red fury of arms. Neither the ambition of politicians nor the greed of financiers could draw a nation into war if the people were not so easily moved by an invitation to shed blood. It seems invariably to produce a state of terrific exaltation, similar to a religious revival. I doubt if this is due so much to the survival of brutal instincts in men as to some provision of Providence against the ultimate emergencies of mankind. When law, civilization and the artificial restraints of society fail him, he will still have his fists and a faculty for believing in God. These two capacities alone should reproduce men of better quality than the shrinking creeds of pacifism. Whatever we believe theoretically about peace, we should always be ready by nature to fight.

But another set of youths must grow into the pugilistic period now before we could actually stage another World War. My observation has been that the soldiers who fought in the recent one are more or less shell-shocked. I have employed more soldiers here than any other class of men since the war, because they are more intelligent and better trained; and no matter how brave the record is they have left behind them in the St.-Mihiel drive or the Argonne Forest, they are more concerned than other men to avoid personal difficulties. One must think it out to understand them; their reputation for courage has been established beyond any shadow of a doubt so long as history lasts. There is no reason why a battle-scarred man should prove his courage, which is probably the chief reason why men fight. They are the only admirable pacifists in the world; and if it comes to the test, they will have more to do with

(Continued on Page 37)

Double action
single cost

A "Double Action" cleansing method that sweetens as it scours

Soap and any scouring powder will keep your sink free from visible stain and dirt. But to keep it sweet and free from odors, you need something more.

In one effective cleanser you have the very two cleansing agents you need. **Sunbrite,** the "double action" cleanser! It not only scours and cleans but contains an added element that sweetens and purifies, too! And there are no harsh chemicals in it to hurt hands or mar a fine enameled surface.

This double action cleansing method affords real economy —not only of time and strength but in price. Add to this cost saving a United Profit Sharing Coupon with every can.

In every kind of household cleansing, enjoy the unique effectiveness of "double action." Pots, pans, cutlery; sink, table, refrigerator; bathtub, bowl, tile—keep them all spotless and shining; but more, keep them sweet and free from stale, strong odors.

Swift & Company

Dissolves the dirt— whitens and freshens

Clothes sweet and fresh and white—you can have them so every time with this splendid new flake soap. It is so mild that it will not harm a thread of delicate fabric. Yet it has a wonderful cleaning action. Use it for all household needs—dishes, laundry, woodwork, tile. Perfect for washing machines

One-third of the nation in Fords

To the 8,000,000 Ford owners: *Did you ever think of this?*

IF all you Ford owners turned out at the same time with every seat in your cars occupied, you could take one-third of the whole nation on a gigantic joy-ride. But how about the cost?

Some of you get far more economical service out of your Fords than others. More full-powered miles. Longer life and fewer repair bills. Less tinkering. Less carbon and spark plug trouble. Nearly every community boasts of at least one 10-year-old Ford with the old-time "brass-band" radiator—still in fine running condition.

Mobiloil "E" can do a lot to help you get every dollar's worth of service out of your Ford. The nation-wide experience of Mobiloil "E" users bears this out.

For example, a gentleman living in Hemlock Lake, N. Y., used Mobiloil "E" steadily in his Ford for five years. His motor was in such excellent condition when he came to trade the car in, that he was tempted to keep the chassis and get a new body.

Another Ford owner living in Montrose, Pa., wrote us that he drove his coupe 60,000 miles without having a bearing or spark plug touched. He uses Mobiloil "E" consistently.

A lady living in Red Wing, Minn., drove a 1916 Ford 22,000 miles on Mobiloil "E." The bearings were never taken up or the motor taken down.

The heavy mail we get from Ford owners proves over and over, day after day, that there is no oil like Mobiloil "E" to get long useful life and real economy from a Ford car.

A Dealer in Experience

Near you is a dealer who will supply you with Mobiloil "E" regularly. The sign at the bottom of this page identifies him. Look for it over his door. He likes to sell you Mobiloil "E" because he knows that it will bring you back, a steady, satisfied customer.

HOW TO BUY:

From Bulk 30c—30c is the fair retail price for single quarts of genuine Mobiloil from the barrel or pump.

For Touring Convenience—the sealed 1-quart can is ideal for touring or emergencies. Carry 2 or 3 under the seat of your car.

For Your Home Garage—the 5-gallon or 1-gallon sealed cans—or 15-, 30-, or 55-gallon steel drums with convenient faucets.

All prices slightly higher in Southwestern, Mountain and Pacific Coast States.

Vacuum Oil Company, branches in principal cities. Address: New York, Chicago, or Kansas City.

MAKE THIS CHART YOUR GUIDE

THE correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil for engine lubrication of prominent passenger cars are specified below.

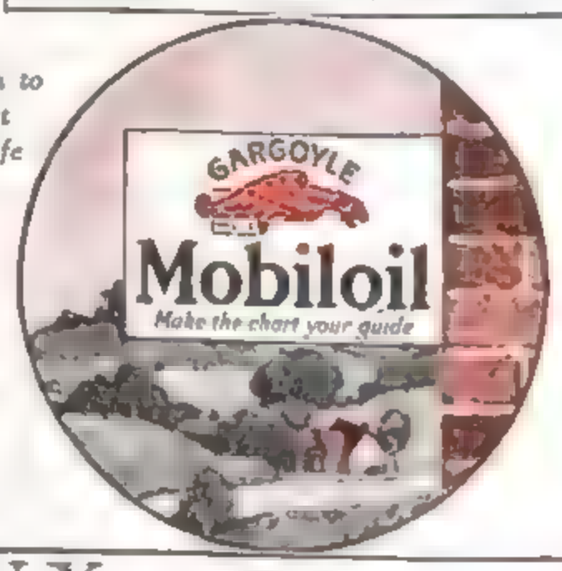
The grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil are indicated by the letters shown below. "Arc" means Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic.

Follow winter recommendations when temperatures from 32° F (freezing) to 0° F (zero) prevail. Below zero use Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic (except Ford Cars, use Gargoyle Mobiloil "E").

If your car is not listed here, see the complete Chart at your dealer's

NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS	1925 Summer	1925 Winter	1924 Summer	1924 Winter	1923 Summer	1923 Winter	1922 Summer	1922 Winter
Buick	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Cadillac	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	A
Chandler	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Chevrolet FB	....						A	Arc
" (other models)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Chrysler	A	A	A	A				
Dodge Brothers	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Essex	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Ford	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Franklin	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB
Hudson Super 6	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Hupmobile	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Maxwell	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Nash	A	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Oakland	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	A
Oldsmobile 4					A	Arc	A	Arc
Oldsmobile 6	A	Arc	A	Arc			A	A
Overland	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Packard 8	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc		
" (other models)	A	Arc	A	A	A	A	A	A
Reo	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Rickenbacker 6	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Rickenbacker 8	A	Arc	A	Arc				
Star	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc		
Studebaker	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Willys-Knight 4	B	Arc	B	Arc	B	Arc	B	Arc
Willys-Knight 6	A	Arc						

The sign to longest Ford life



VACUUM OIL COMPANY

(Continued from Page 34)

keeping this nation out of war than a World Court or any other talking method we can devise, however wise or diplomatic.

War, however victoriously ended, is not a profitable subject to discuss in the retrospect. It dies down in the emotions of men and passes into history. After that, the next generation reads history and discovers what burdens and strange defeats were entailed upon their future by these victories. But I am setting down one incident in connection with my experiences in France by way of proving a theory I have—that merely by living we fulfill more prophecies than the seers of the Old Testament ever dreamed of. We are becoming terrible predicators of the future.

It was in October of 1914. A clear starlit night. A battle was on. News from the front ran through Paris in whispers all day. Now darkness and silence. No one could sleep. I came down from my room in the old St. James Hotel and stood in the street, reaching a long look through this tomb of terrors that had been the gayest city in Europe three months ago. Not a soul in sight, not the sound of a voice or the rumble of a wheel, peopled now only with the shadows of great shapes. Yet in this fearful stillness these very palaces and spires seemed to listen, to be waiting for something about to happen.

Then from the high distances came a rhythmic sound, thunder throttled down, stars purring, a pulse beating faster in the heavens. Now the ominous roar of motors. Swift as swallows in flight, I saw them rise above the horizon and flash by like great silver birds through the searchlights above the city—German aeroplanes coming to drop bombs on Paris! Red blasts, earth-rocking detonations! This tomb of terrors gave up its dead, a frightful population of men and women rushed half clad and disheveled from their hiding places into the open street. They shrieked, babbled, waved their arms, milled and circled, frenzied with fear and hate.

I stood aside like a mere leaf of life not yet caught in this whirlwind of dreadful passions. The scene was no longer linked in my mind with war, but with something else far back in memory, associated with quietness and peace. Then it came back to me, that night so many years ago, the world not yet in sight, the quiet heavens, father thrusting his arm out in a gesture like a scythe aimed at all the spaces overhead; the child I was then, bare feet resting staunchly upon the toes of his boots, clinging to him, face upturned to him, feeling like any other young bird about to be borne aloft upon magnificently gesticulating wings.

Through all this uproar of a panic-stricken people, in a strange city on the other side of the world, forty years later, I heard again the very tones of father's voice: "You will live to see airships up there flying like a flock of birds." Then mother's sharper tones breaking in upon this rumbling prophecy: "Come in and go to bed," calling me away from the temptation of so great an imagination, anxious lest I should be birthmarked mentally with that mad passion to fly which had frequently cropped out in father's family.

Well, I had lived to see his prophecy fulfilled. But what a fulfillment! This happens frequently to the best efforts made by seers. The world twists the tail of their prophecy and makes it come true like a disaster.

On the twenty-third day of December in this same year of 1914 I was at home again in the valley, sitting beside my own log fire, very quiet, but not serene. I was suffering from a curious pallor of the mind, not due entirely to the dreadful scenes I had passed through in the war zone. We were homeward bound from Liverpool when the boat struck a mine off the coast of Ireland. This catastrophe happened in the middle of the night, and I was still convalescing from the peculiarly sickening sensation of suddenly standing on my head in the berth with no such acrobatic intentions. I could not forget the tremors which passed through that ship as if it had been a living body pierced to the heart, the awful heaviness with which it settled back into the sea, the moments like ages of dreadful silence that followed, then the roar and confusion on deck, the sibilant sounds of many voices hushed to whispers by fear, the rush of bare feet along the corridors inside as the passengers fled for the lifeboats, which were not needed after all. And I shall never entirely recover from the recollection of that jagged hole in the side of the boat, so frailly mended, nor from the sound of the water pouring in and the rhythmic strokes of the pumps upon which our lives depended.

I am wondering if the critics who found My Book and Heart the record of a narrow and monotonous existence can claim one year filled with so many varied activities as the year 1914 was for me. And I am merely offering it as a sample of my years in general.

The trouble is that I have been too much concerned in writing the scriptures of human hearts according to the light of my own heart. One cannot be such an interpreter and figure at the same time as the sophisticated heroine of an adventurous and highly colored existence. Will no one appreciate the delicacy and courtesy I have shown in failing to reveal his sins by not recording mine? Then, indeed, I should deserve the charge of having lived a particularly narrow and uninteresting life

No one will bury me on top of a high mountain in honor of my brilliant transgressions or make a pilgrimage to lay wreaths upon my tomb later. Any respectable person could commit them and get away with it. I have a temper which perpetually glows like a coal of fire on my altar. The lies I tell as a rule are good little lies offered to comfort somebody, or to shield myself from the snooping eye of the uncharitable. I have no more conscience about that than softly closing the door of my chamber when the devil passes by.

I am an ungodly, intemperate and uncharitable woman when it comes to bearing with laziness and shiftlessness. I still believe an idle brain is the devil's workshop. If I exposed some of the convictions I entertain along this line, they would forever bar me from polite society. I am so profoundly conscious of my own sex that I cannot endure the license of modern conversation on this subject. Not only that, but I cannot believe that the people who indulge in it have decent minds, no matter how high and noble they look at the time or what excellent diction they use.

I believe firmly in the fig leaves of language and that God still walks in the garden in the cool of the evening, looking for that damned Adam of us all. I believe the mere minds we have lead to mischief. They are roguish and unscrupulous. I believe that we are in touch with something else, spirit, which leads to righteousness, honor and things of good report. I am not pretending, however, to keep up this connection.

Just let me make a good resolution, especially to the effect that I will exercise charity toward all and malice toward none, and I am sure to fly off the handle before that day is done to administer mortal justice merely, you may say, as a public service against a neighbor who has cheated, or beaten his horse unmercifully, or started a scandal, or gone a-fishing while his wife and children remain at home to work in the fields—none of which is my business. Still, I will attend to it as if it was.

I have long since made up my mind that there is more mortal relief in judging people and taking the consequences

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I Stood Aside Like a Mere Leaf of Life Not Yet Caught in This Whirlwind of Dreadful Passions

THE CRISIS IN COFFEE

By Isaac F. Marcosson

THE traditional tempest in the teapot does not belie its meaning compared with the real storm that has raged about the coffee percolator these past twelve months. The North American housewife, alarmed at the increasing cost of the favorite family breakfast beverage, has cut down her purchases to such an extent that the whole coffee market has been affected.

Though this measure is neither strike nor boycott, it is so wide in scope as to precipitate an international drama of immense significance to Brazil, the greatest of all coffee-growing countries and the principal source of our supply. In other words, the coffee beans have been spilled, and governments, cabinets, statesmen, importers and roasters, literal and otherwise, to say nothing of the average man's pocketbook, are involved in the controversy that has resulted.

Just what the crisis in Brazilian coffee means to us, as well as to the republic of its origin, is appreciated when I say that last year our bill for the South American article—we are by far the largest consumer, with France second—aggregated $157,998,788, the price of nearly 1,000,000,000 pounds. Incidentally, this consignment, which practically duplicated the imports for the previous twelve months, cost exactly $35,912,747 more. This year the scale has been higher. The average annual consumption of coffee by each Yankee family is estimated at 40.7 pounds. Hence there is a reason for the protest that has expressed itself in diminished buying and complaint to the Brazilian Government.

The Symbol of Hospitality

THOUGH we could possibly manage in time to worry along without her coffee, Brazil would face great losses as a result of the abstinence of her best customer. What copper and nitrates are to Chile, and beef and wheat to Argentina, coffee is to the largest of South American countries. In 1924 it accounted for 75 per cent of all her exports. The revenues from it are the bulwark of the national income and the backbone of prosperity in the most powerful of the Brazilian states, São Paulo. Here beats the heart of the coffee world.

For years Brazil has intermittently protected her coffee industry through valorization schemes which have kept up prices and safeguarded the interests of the grower. They have ranged from huge purchases by the government to segregation of supplies in warehouses and limitation of entries into Santos, the port for São Paulo. Coffee in Brazil is a monopoly like sisal in Yucatan and rubber in the Malay States.

In consequence an artificial price has been maintained and the small buyer who patronizes the grocery stores in the United States has paid for this safety-first procedure. What helps to make the situation possible in Brazil is the absence of adequate crop statistics. The importer is often in the dark about the invisible coffee supply. So wide has become the outcry against what many consider to be the abuse of valorization that farseeing Brazilians are warning their countrymen that what happened to their rubber through the competition of Eastern plantations, as I pointed out in the preceding article, may conceivably happen to coffee.

Rua Quinze de Novembro, the Coffee Street in Santos, Showing the Coffee Exchange and Coffee Brokers. Above—The Port of Santos

Economically and historically, coffee is a subject of interest, not only because nearly everybody uses it but by reason of its diverting story. It is far more romantic in origin and development than tea or cocoa, the two other long-established temperance drinks.

In many lands it is the basis of the social scheme and the sign and symbol of hospitality. Like the proverbial bread and salt, it binds the Oriental host and guest. Coffee links the tent of the desert sheik with the palace of the king. On occasion it has hurled the market place into confusion and been the making and the undoing of princes of trade. In bygone times it was the forerunner of modern alcohol. Few people know that in Turkey and England the brown bean inspired the royal ban. In Turkey there was bootlegging and surreptitious drinking of coffee.

Before we go into the prosaic analysis of the Brazilian situation and its relation to us, it may be well to get a hint of the romance of coffee, for it is packed with picturesque detail. Its use as a beverage was first known in Abyssinia in the fifteenth century. About 100 years later it spread to Arabia and became, and continues to be, the national drink. Not until the sixteenth century was coffee introduced into Europe and establishments that came to be called coffeehouses opened their doors in Constantinople, Vienna and later London.

About no drink, perhaps, is there such a variety of fascinating legend as coffee. The story is current in Arabia, for example, that a pious abbot afflicted with a household of indolent monks, observed that goats that ate the berry of a certain shrub became animated and cavorted on the green. He tried the berries himself and found that as a result he became exhilarated. Subsequently he boiled a quantity, gave the liquid to his lethargic brethren and they remained awake all night. Coffee was made a regular feature of the monastic menu.

In the Days of Bootleg Coffee

IT WAS in Turkey that coffee first became a national issue. The Mohammedans found it a substitute for the wine forbidden by the Koran and became tipplers. Usage reached the point where refusal to supply a wife with a specified quantity of coffee each day constituted a valid ground for divorce. Many coffeehouses sprang up throughout the country and the male sex congregated in them rather than in the mosques. The Turkish wives protested that their husbands spent too much time imbibing coffee and they were backed up by the religious element, who saw piety going by the board. The bloody Murad IV launched an edict against the use of coffee and for a time the drinkers had to get their supplies secretly. This back-stairs consumption led eventually to a removal of the proscription. Curiously enough, tobacco also came under the ban for a while in Turkey. As with coffee, the habit of smoking became so strong that nothing could stop it.

The coffeehouse remains the most distinctive perhaps of all Turkish institutions. You can get a more intimate picture of the life of the people by spending an hour in one of these quaint establishments than by traveling a whole day or even longer. It is the club of the populace. Here they sip the thick black liquid, pull at the nargile—the water pipe—and have their fezzes pressed while they gossip.

There is such a wealth of anecdote about coffee that it is difficult to know how or what to select. Most travelers are familiar with the Vienna coffeehouse, which is far more alluring than similar institutions in Berlin and elsewhere in Germany. Their origin grew out of a unique incident

Continued on Page 40

THE HUMAN SIDE of CADILLAC

To all present and prospective Cadillac owners:

Cadillac is great as an institution and as a product, not because of plants and equipment, not because of financial resources; but because to these is joined the kind of man-power which is peculiarly Cadillac.

It is probably true that in buildings and equipment, in fine mechanical facilities and their orderly arrangement—in every physical aspect—Cadillac is not equaled anywhere in the world.

But it requires nothing more than money to duplicate these things.

Important as they are to a product of Cadillac quality, an investment of millions comes to naught if the human element is lacking or fails in its part.

The men who build your Cadillac pour into their work more than skill and painstaking precision.

They pour into it their own loyalty to Cadillac and its high traditions; their deep-seated pride in the institution, in the product, and in the part they contribute; their unified will to make each individual Cadillac car worthy to be called the standard of the world.

That is the great driving force behind Cadillac; that is the animating spirit in Cadillac which cannot be duplicated by purchase; that is the living foundation on which Cadillac has grown to greatness.

The men who generate this driving force not only work for Cadillac, but with Cadillac.

They are literally a part of Cadillac, for every executive from high to low, and scores of men in the shops, are Cadillac stockholders. Many of them have grown to their prime, and beyond, in these factories.

They would not, even if they could, relax one iota of the alert vigilance and care they bring to their daily tasks; to them the Cadillac standards of precision and quality are above and beyond all others.

So think of your Cadillac, not as the impersonal product of impersonal machines, but rather as the spirited product of human hearts and hands which earnestly desire and strive to give you the finest motor car in the world.

L. P. Fisher

President

CADILLAC

Division of General Motors Corporation

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When Vienna was besieged by the Turks toward the close of the seventeenth century—it marked the high tide of Moslem advance in Europe—a Polish spy in the service of the Austrians who had formerly been an interpreter in the Turkish army, uncovered a plot for the capture of the city. Soon after, the siege was raised. When the Turks fled they left behind much booty, including 100 sacks of coffee No one knew what the green bean was except this spy, who had been in Constantinople with a party of Austrian merchants and had drunk coffee. He therefore suggested that he be given the coffee as part of his reward. With his loot, he established the first coffeehouse in Vienna.

In connection with the siege of Vienna is another story which relates to the introduction of the crescent-shaped roll called the croissant which is so popular with Europeans and others. A young baker occupying an underground post heard the Turks tunneling. At great hazard he dug forward and located the spot. Acting on his information, the Austrians sprang a countermine with great success. When asked to indicate his reward the youth replied that he wanted a monopoly on the baking and selling of a crescent-shaped roll that he had devised. Hence the croissant.

The Adventures of a Coffee Plant

THE old London coffeehouse was not only the basis of the modern club but it also provided part of the setting for the golden age of English literature. In those musty oak-paneled rooms in and off Fleet Street sat the kings of prose, poetry and painting. Dr. Samuel Johnson's renowned literary club met at the Turk's Head and also at Will's. Here gathered Addison, Swift, Dryden, Goldsmith, Fielding, Sheridan, Steele, Garrick, Hogarth and Sir Joshua Reynolds. Over coffee whole numbers of the Tatler and the Spectator were devised and great poems like Pope's Rape of the Lock had their inception. Many of the most famous present-day London clubs, such as White's, the Cocoa Tree and the St. James, began as coffeehouses which bore the same names.

What concerns us in this narrative, however, is the introduction of coffee into South America. Again you have the element of romantic interest. In 1714 the magistrates of Amsterdam presented Louis XIV, King of France, with a fine specimen of the coffee plant. The Dutch had been the pioneers of coffee propagation in Java From this plant a sprout was sent to Martinique in the care of an officer in the French navy with the idea of introducing coffee in the French possessions in the West Indies. The vessel encountered terrific storms and was carried out of its course. The water supply ran so low that everybody on board was rationed. Animated by what he believed to be his patriotic duty, the young officer devoted most of his scant store to the coffee plant and it survived. It is generally believed that from this tiny source, nurtured with so much sacrifice, began the vast coffee industry of the New World

In 1718 the Dutch colony of Surinam began to cultivate coffee from plants received from Java. They were followed in turn by the French, who introduced it in and about Cayenne. The setting up of plantations in what is now Brazil and especially Maranhão soon came about. It was not until 1774 that a Belgian monk transplanted some Maranhão sprouts in the garden of the Capuchin monastery at Rio de Janeiro, thus inaugurating—for São Paulo is directly to the south—the industry which means so much to Brazil, and likewise to our stomachs, and produces nearly 70 per cent of the world supply.

Clearly to comprehend the coffee crisis you must first know what might be called the fundamentals of the business. Considerably less than half a century ago the North American consumer knew only two kinds, which were called Java and Rio. The former meant the coffee grown in Java, Arabia and elsewhere in the East, while Rio was the Brazilian output. Very little Mocha ever comes to America.

Today, thanks to intensive development both in the East and in the West, the coffee zone has widened. Once more there are two major types—Brazil and mild, but they embrace considerable varieties. By mild coffee is meant the highest priced soft grades which are native to Sumatra, Java, Venezuela, Central America, Colombia and East Africa. Under "Brazil" comes the so-called harder and cheaper coffee produced in the provinces of Bahia, Espirito Santo, Rio de Janeiro, and Minas Geraes. In the trade this is technically known as Rio coffee. The great bulk of Brazilian coffee, however, is of better quality and is raised in the state of São Paulo, where there are more than 1,000,000,000 plants. There are nine grades of São Paulo coffee, but the type traded in on exchange which forms most of the exports to the United States is termed Number Four. For trading purposes it is always referred to as Santos.

Coffee grows on bushes usually from five to eight feet in height. The coffee plantation is called a *fazenda*—there are 32,486 in the state of São Paulo—and the owner a *fazendeiro*. It is no uncommon experience to find 1,000,000 plants on a single *fazenda*, while one has four times this number The late coffee king of São Paulo, a German named Francisco Schmidt, owned forty-six *fazendas*. The coffee pickers are called colonists and usually live on the plantation.

Coffee begins to bloom in the late autumn, and for several months the plantations are like billowy white seas. Both in appearance and in fragrance the flower somewhat resembles the orange blossom. Externally, the fruit of the coffee plant is like a cherry. Instead of a stone in the center there are generally two green seeds—sometimes only one—inclosed in a sort of parchmentlike covering. In its early stages the fruit is red like holly, but with maturity it becomes brownish. The harvesting season is from April to June, and by the first of July some estimate may be gained of the year's crop.

How a Crop is Reckoned

THERE is no need of going into the technical processes save to say that, after harvesting, the fruit is shelled and the bean cleaned and dried. It is then packed in sacks, each one containing 132 pounds—afterward it is resacked at Santos or Rio, as the case may be—and is caught up in the machinery of marketing and distribution.

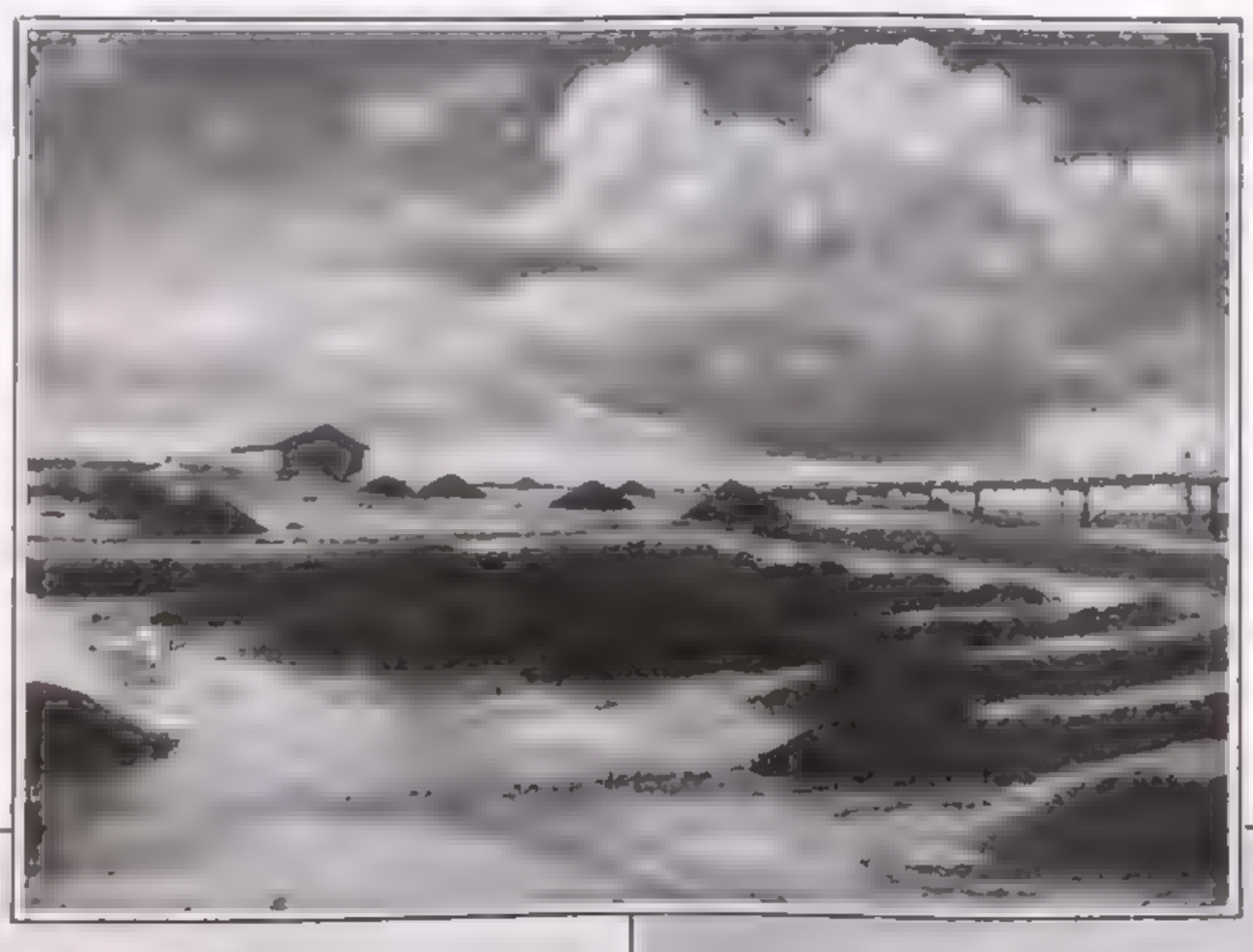
Right here it may be well to explain the somewhat complicated matter of just what constitutes a Brazilian crop. I will deal with the São Paulo output, because it is not only the largest of the country but the one that comprises the greater part of our consumption. The coffee year ends June thirtieth, and the new crop, as I have indicated, starts to be a factor in the market on July first. It means that officially there is no crop of a single year, but of two years. This is why you always read or hear about "the coffee crop of 1923–24," and so on.

This results from the fact that there is always a big hang-over from one year to the other, and especially under valorization. The left-over coffee, whether in government warehouses, in storage at *fazendas* or in the surplus at Santos, must be added to the new yield, or rather the new supply. The sum total of all these, therefore, makes up what is technically known as the crop. You need no diagram to point out that, in the circumstances just described, manipulation by the states is an easy matter.

The Brazilian crop varies because, like other staples, it is subject to the vicissitudes of Nature. It has been as high as 19,654,000 bags, which were the figures for 1906–07, and as low as 9,140,000 bags, in 1918–19. The crop of 1923–24 was 13,945,000. These figures include the crop of both Rio—that is, the harvest in the four northern provinces—and São Paulo.

Because of valorization, which can make hidden stores possible, there is always some degree of uncertainty about estimates. The new harvest will illustrate. According to the most

(Continued on Page 126)



Coffee Pickers at Work on a Plantation
Above—Coffee Drying

A Foot Rule To Measure Quality

There is only one way to measure the quality of a car.
That is, by the things which go into it and by the fineness of its workmanship.

Measure the Chrysler Six by these standards against any car on earth, and you will see that the amazing success of the Chrysler is no accident.

Apply this Chrysler foot rule to measure quality to *any* car and judge for yourself why the Chrysler Six is everywhere the favorite of discriminating men and women:

Manufacture—Built complete in specially constructed, scientifically equipped new plant on the newest of machines.

Workmanship—Chrysler abolished the standard of 1-1000 of an inch tolerance by new standards of precision. In many Chrysler parts there is no allowance whatever.

Materials—No car of any price is built of finer materials. The Chrysler contains more fine alloy steels than many cars that sell for twice as much.

7-bearing Crankshaft—Chrysler introduced this ultimate fineness of 6-cylinder construction in the popular priced field. The result is the complete elimination of vibration.

Thermostatic Heat Control—The motor is kept always at the most efficient working temperature by an automatic thermostatic regulator of engine heat. Hence, more power, greater smoothness, longer life.

Thermo-dynamic Fuel Distribution—All cylinders receive identical charges of gas at identical temperatures. Result—fuel economy, evenness of power, flashing pick-up

Purolator—Chrysler pioneered the use of the oil filter which removes all grit and grume from your crankcase oil as the motor runs.

Theft-proof Numbering System—All Chrysler cars are equipped with an exclusive patented numbering system as a protection against theft. Chrysler car numbers cannot be counterfeited, and cannot be altered or removed without conclusive evidence of tampering.

Motor Heat Indicator—On the dash is an indicator which shows, not simply the water temperature, but the degree of heat *inside* the motor.

Hydraulic 4-Wheel Brakes—Chrysler first adopted the self-equalizing Chrysler-Lockheed Four-Wheel Brakes. They provide a greater factor of safety and are simpler and freer from adjustment than any brake ever made.

Pivotal Steering—Ball bearing steering pins with wheels pitched to give easiest turning. Self-righting after making a turn.

No Side-sway Springs—A new method of spring suspension originated by Chrysler (springs close to hubs and parallel to wheels instead of frame), eliminates side-sway.

Air Cleaner—Chrysler Six is equipped with an automatic air cleaner which keeps all dust and dirt out of your engine, and helps to eliminate carbon.

Watson Stabilators—The highest grade and highest priced device of its type for eliminating the shock of road irregularities.

Fisher Bodies—All Chrysler closed bodies are of Chrysler design and built by Fisher, of the finest materials and with the most up-to-the-minute comforts and conveniences offered by this master builder.

Unusual Accessories—Headlight control integral with horn button for convenience; automatic windshield wiper; gasoline gauge on dash; indirect, non-glare illumination of instrument board; Sparton "S.O.S." horn; vanity cases, smoking sets in closed cars; Fisher crank-controlled, one-piece, vision-ventilating windshield; aluminum running board scuff plates; integral transmission lock.

CHRYSLER FOUR

The Touring Car	$ 895
The Club Coupe	995
The Coach	1045
The Sedan	1095

CHRYSLER SIX

The Phaeton	$1395
The Coach	1445
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Bodies by Fisher on all Chrysler enclosed models. All models equipped with balloon tires.

There are Chrysler dealers and superior Chrysler service everywhere. All dealers are in position to extend the convenience of time-payments. Ask about Chrysler's attractive plan.

All Chrysler models are protected against theft by an exclusive, patented car numbering system, which cannot be counterfeited, and cannot be altered or removed without conclusive evidence of tampering.

These extraordinary features and the amazing results they produce in performance, in smoothness, in riding ease, in roadability, have made Chrysler quality everywhere acclaimed.

You will find your nearest Chrysler dealer eager to demonstrate Chrysler superiority.

CHRYSLER SALES CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
CHRYSLER CORPORATION OF CANADA, LIMITED, WINDSOR, ONTARIO

CHRYSLER SIX

HOW TO READ CHARACTER IN HANDWRITING—By Louise Rice

THREE hundred and three years ago an Italian gentleman of learning and leisure spent a good deal of time and effort in collecting and classifying beliefs, notions and half convictions which were current in his day about the indications of character to be found in handwriting.

He also searched the very extensive libraries of Florence, at that time the repositories of nearly all the worthwhile and rare literature of the world, for references to what people had thought about the possibilities of detecting character in handwriting, and found a surprising lot of them. One was from the court annals of the time of Nero, in which that suspicious monarch stated that a certain erstwhile favorite of his was about to be sent into exile: "I fear him treacherous, as his writing shows it."

Camillo Baldo was the name of this first writer on graphology, and the title of his book was "Trattao come da una missiva si cognoscano la natura e qualita de scrittore"—How to tell the nature and the qualities of a person by looking at a letter which he has written.

Under the heading of graphology this is about the way that the modern dictionary deals with the subject:

"GRAPH-OL-O-GY (graf-ol' o-ji) *n.* [*Grapho-*(write) + *-logy* (science of): cf. Fr. *graphologie.*] The art of judging of a person's character, disposition and aptitudes from his handwriting."

No important books were written on graphology from the time of Baldo to 1873, when the Abbé Michon, a learned French churchman, brought out a graphological textbook which included much that the Italian had first stated, and added a great deal which was the result of the investigations of the many who had been interested in the subject between 1622 and the date of publication.

One of the first eminent persons to bring graphology to the respectful attention of the world was the great Goethe, who, with his friend Lavater, made extensive researches in the science, by studying and comparing some hundreds of specimens of the writing of people well known to them. In England the poetess, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, and her friend, Lord Beaconsfield, wrote each other lengthy letters in the public press about the new and fascinating science, while in Italy Lombroso was examining the handwriting of defectives and degenerates, and in Germany Krafft-Ebing was isolating the evidences in handwriting of specific diseases. A little later Havelock Ellis wrote the first of his many illuminative articles on the meanings of handwriting

Bertillon's Work

THE best work for the furtherance of the science, however, was done by the brilliant criminologist, Alphonse Bertillon, best known for his invention of the system of body measurements as a means of personal identification, which bears his name, but also a master of every possible means of gauging human nature, and one of the foremost graphologists at the time of his death. His keenly analytical mind did much to clear away the inaccuracies in definition which lingered in the terminology of graphology until he suggested better terms.

Books on the subject, in various languages, now number about five thousand, of which fully a thousand are in French and about two hundred in English. In these books we can trace the gradual expansion of the science, from the few very generalized statements of Baldo, down to the detailed and minutely subdivided textbooks written by professional graphologists of many years' practice.

This is the expansion which all sciences attain as soon as great numbers of thoughtful people, throughout a number of centuries, contribute each his quota to it. As in other sciences, too, the scope of usefulness of graphology has steadily widened.

Mental diseases are almost instantly perceived by the graphologist who has had such access to specimens and such association with alienists as will give the training needed for such special work. Dr. William Hammond, in his work on nervous diseases, stresses the fact that in such diseases the condition is frequently to be perceived in the handwriting before it is even acknowledged by the sufferer. A nervous breakdown is often seen in a sudden change in the pressure of the pen, or in a dropping of the last word or two on each line, or in an unusual sagging of the line of writing, so that it runs downhill.

Insanity, concealed with that cunning which is part of the condition, is glaringly apparent in the handwriting, and this is something which is sometimes of the most vital importance. One of the cases in which I was concerned some time ago will show what a help graphology is in discovering the dangerous lunatic.

A rich old man who had been an invalid for years was found strangled in his wheel chair, in the big lonely house which was shared with him by his nephew and his housekeeper, both of whom seemed to be supplied with cast-iron alibis; and neighbors who had been within sight of the house during the probable time of the deed were firm in declaring that no one was seen to enter or leave it then. The nephew was rather a wild fellow, but the housekeeper was a very prim, self-centered woman toward whom not a breath of suspicion was directed. The nephew, being a big hulking chap, was finally suspected, especially as it was known that his uncle had often threatened to disown him for his bad conduct; and he was more than suspected after the funeral, when he professed to be amazed at finding among his uncle's papers a will leaving everything to him. The forgery was so clumsy that he was immediately arrested, and the handwriting experts were called in. They soon established the fact that the writing was not that of the dead man, but had difficulty in showing that it was the writing of the accused.

I approached the matter from the other angle. Instead of trying to pin the forging of the will on anyone, I asked myself what were the indications of character, as shown in this rather lengthy specimen of handwriting, affected, of course, by the effort to write like someone else, but having a good deal of its individual tempo left. It seemed to me that in this specimen I dimly perceived suggestions of the real writing and that in that writing there was something irregular and fitful, not to be likened to anything, but calling up the word "unnatural." Concentrating on the will, then, for all of one day, I came out to look among the writing of all those who could have had access to the house for long enough to have used the old man's distinctive paper, and his pen and his ink, and whose handwriting showed that same quality.

Tracing a Forgery

THE court allowed me to sit behind the district attorney and to direct, somewhat, the cross-examination of the one witness in the case who had had that opportunity and whose handwriting had seemed to affiliate with that of the real script of the person who had forged the will. The questioning was so directed that it first alarmed her and then stirred those awful passions which had seethed within her and made her what she was. Exultingly and not conscious that she was defeating her own ends in all save the death of the old man, she told of a very real wrong done her by the dead man, which had started her madness, of her hate for him, of her determination to have revenge on him and his, and of how she had forged the will, trying to make it look somewhat like the writing of the nephew. She is spending her life in a padded cell.

Age is not indicated in handwriting by the reckoning of years which we use because that reckoning is entirely inaccurate; a fact well known to us all, so that guessing ages is something at which most of us are frankly inapt.

That which handwriting does accurately report on is the vitality of the writer. So true is this and so delicate is that mysterious mechanism which makes the record through the hand, that many illnesses and weaknesses of the writer appear in the handwriting before even the physician sees the evidences in the person. President Harding's "sudden" death was not a surprise to the graphologist, who saw it before he was

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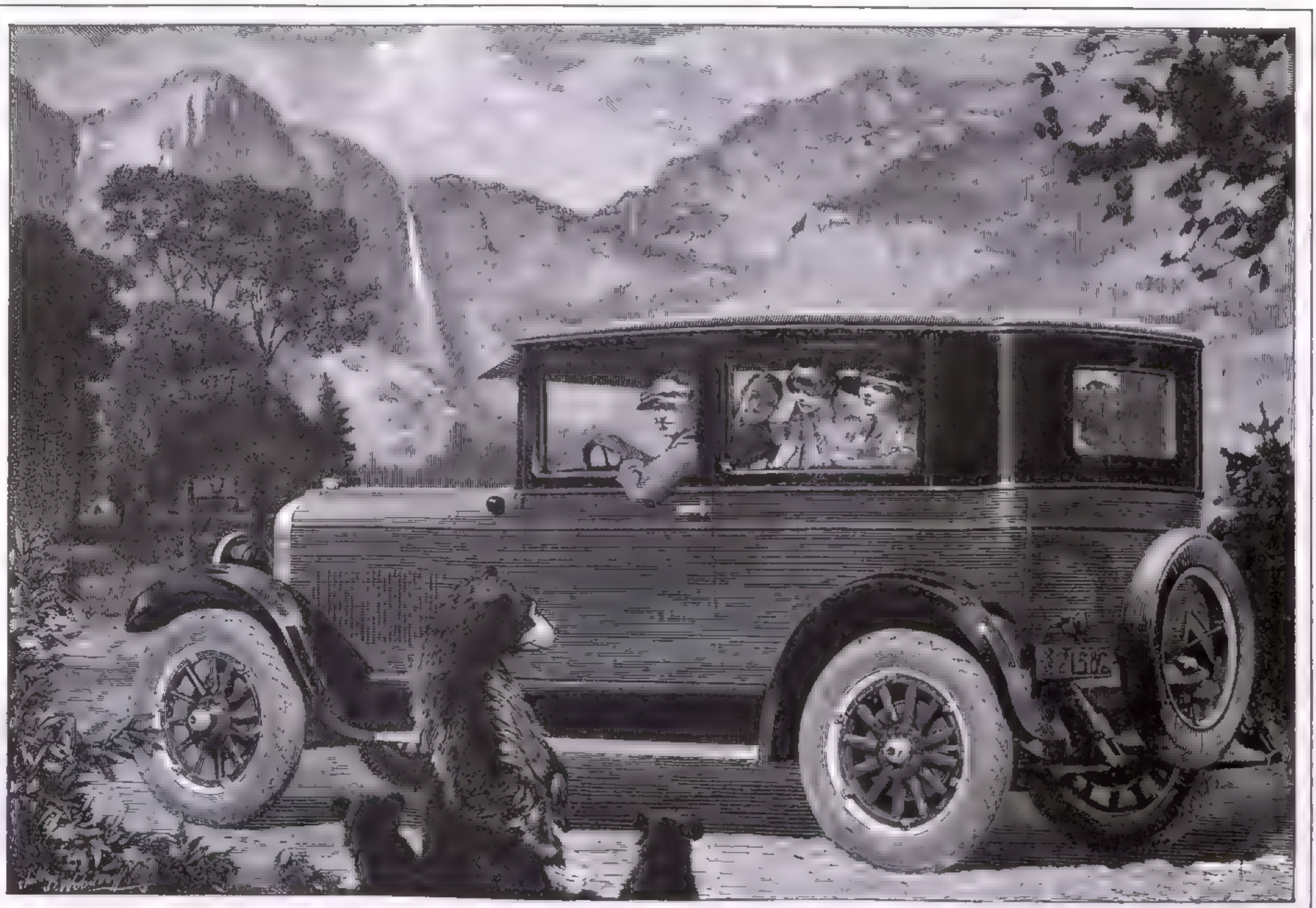
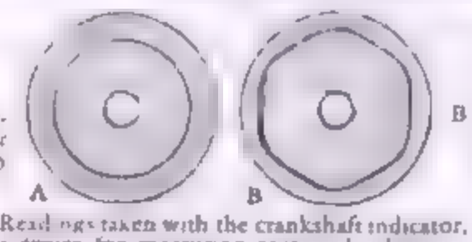
Trees at Night

Beauty and the Beast



The Oakland Harmonic Balancer

This new and exclusive feature imparts an unmatched freedom from vibration to the Oakland Six engine, and in a manner that is simplicity itself. Torsional vibration in any automobile engine is caused by the twist of the crankshaft under repeated piston impulses. The Harmonic Balancer — built into the Oakland crankshaft — exerts an equal twisting force in the opposite direction, which counteracts the twist of the crankshaft, thus stopping vibration at its source. This means new thrills of motoring pleasure, longer car life



A *New Oakland Six engine with Harmonic Balancer — unfailingly smooth at all speeds.*

B *Six cylinder engine without Harmonic Balancer — not sufficiently smooth — causing vibration periods.*

Readings taken with the crankshaft indicator, a device for measuring torsional vibration

All over America, good will for the new Oakland Six is ripening into positive preference. State after state is calling for cars in unprecedented volume. Everywhere, people are uniting in the conviction that the new Oakland, embodying more than 100 improvements and priced $70 to $350 lower, stands without equal in the field.

Roadster	*Touring*	*Coach*	*Landau Coupe*	*Sedan*	*Landau Sedan*
$975	$1025	$1095	$1125	$1195	$1295
(Old Price $1095)	*(Old Price $1095)*	*(Old Price $1215)*	*(Old Price $1295)*	*(Old Price $1545)*	*(Old Price $1645)*

All prices at factory — General Motors Time Payment Rates, heretofore the lowest in the industry, have been made still lower. We can now save you as much as $40 to $60 in your time payment costs

WINNING AND HOLDING GOOD WILL

OAKLAND SIX

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

(Continued from Page 42)

heard of as a presidential candidate and when he seemed a big, rugged man typical of the Middle West. His constitution was always a weak one.

President Wilson showed in his handwriting serious nervous trouble long before he seemed to be ill at all, a fact which was commented on by graphologists all over the world, especially by those of France, who, throughout all the trying times when Woodrow Wilson meant so much to their country, watched for the frequent reproductions of bits of his handwriting with the keenest interest, for they saw early that the man was keeping on his feet only by a tremendous exertion of that iron will which was one of the salient points of his character, as shown in his handwriting.

Observations based on the examination of many thousands of specimens of the writing of men and women would seem to show that both sexes have been overestimated in some particulars and very much underestimated in others.

The typical man's handwriting is not the large size which would show his alleged capacity for dealing with rough and difficult things, nor is it marked by the long t bar of aggressive will, nor the heavy pressure of materialism. Among educated people, men's handwritings are typically small, with fine letter formations, light pressure, small capitals, many breaks between the letters of words, showing intuition as a strong element in their characters, and very beautiful letter formations, indicating instinctive love of the arts and of culture.

Specimens of the writing of women, taken from the same social stratum, show bold strokes, long t bars, eccentric letter formations, strong to heavy pressure—all indications of the pride, ambition, independence and courage which these various points indicate. Of all men's writing and all women's writing, the proportion which will conform to the small fine type of writing of men and the strong bold writing of women is about two-thirds. This is true, even when we get into the company of those who are illy educated, in which stratum the wife usually has less of education than the husband, the sisters less than their brothers. This would seem to justify a good many people who think that men are the more ideal sex and women the hard-headed one. It is, however, impossible ever to be absolutely sure of the sex of a writer save when the proper signature is appended to a specimen. Graphologically speaking, sex is variable.

The casual observations of handwriting with relation to the expression of character through it are more or less made by all people, whether they know that they do it or not.

"I don't like a writer who uses flourishes," one business man said to me. Prejudices against too heavy or too light writing, against cramped or too large writing, against writing which runs downhill are all persistent in business circles, and with good reason, for flourishes in writing show conceit, cramped writing shows stinginess, too large writing lack of concentration, and downhill writing despondency or illness or both. These are exactly the faults which the business man cannot afford to tolerate, and the expression of them in the handwriting is exactly the thing which even the very average man will notice, although I have never found many who had any intuitive perception of what these disliked formations meant. Hard-headed business men, when pressed for the reason for such instinctive aversion, have confessed that they could not explain them to themselves. Graphology explains them at once.

Comfort for Poor Writers

SOME instinctive reactions to handwriting are not only inaccurate according to graphology but are opposed to all its conclusions. Thus, it is not true that fine-looking handwriting shows a good character, or that clear, legible handwriting shows honesty. Specimens I have in my possession from men now in prison for serious crimes against property are all exceedingly legible and on the surface have nothing to tell the observer which is not good, or at least ordinary. As a matter of fact, in each of these specimens there is some evidence of the moral weakness which has brought the writer to his present plight.

Illegible handwriting, on the contrary, is very often the expression of very interesting, unusual and highly moral characters. Graphologists know that when a specimen of writing is somewhat illegible and the writer is educated, the mind, talents and personality are apt to be rather exceptional. The fact is that as we become more and more individualistic our handwritings will depart more and more from the model set by the writing master, just as our convictions, manners, mode of speech and mental reactions become more and more our own. Anyone may verify the fact that the famous ones of the world write what seem the most erratic of hands by observing the facsimiles of them which are so frequently to be met in newspapers and magazines. The truth is that as soon as we strike out, mentally, for wider waters, we begin to construct our own letter forms. To us a form which is hardly more than a shadow of the recognized one may be "g," but anyone else, trying to read what we write, will have to become acquainted with that form and with others equally individual before they can read the writing which seems so legible to us. Graphologists call such individualized writing cryptic, and distinguish it very sharply from that illegibility which is the result only of unfamiliarity with the pen. It is a rule of graphology which has absolutely no exceptions that unusual people write unusual scripts, and that unusual people who have won success, so that they occupy prominent places in the news of the times, never have anything but distinguished scripts, which will attract the attention even of those who, as a rule, pay no attention to what any specimen of writing is like.

Extremely eccentric individuals can carry this too far. It is said that Horace Greeley could not read his own handwriting, the sole individual who had mastered it being the head of the Tribune pressroom. In handling thousands of specimens over a long period I have naturally gotten to the point where I can succeed in reading almost any letter which may come to me, but occasionally there is one which leaves me baffled. I start off with the greatest of assurance with the date and the salutation, and then bump my nose, as it were, against a word which absolutely will not be deciphered, and then, as my eyes travel along, I discover that not one word of that very legible-looking writing can I read. Doctors, as a class, seem to write most illegibly, and singers with the least distinction of any successful and interesting folks.

Interpreting Your Handwriting

NO MATTER how odd and unusual the writing though, the letter forms will be found to belong to some well-marked type with which graphology deals. The science now has more than three hundred catalogued and classified points on which all graphologists are agreed, with some hundred and fifty more which are in the process of being given authority. Many of these indications of character as expressed in handwriting are simple in themselves, as when an i dot becomes a dash and thus expresses humor; or a Greek d shows culture, innate and acquired; as when a downward-slanted t bar shows stubbornness; as when a loose-lipped b signifies credulity; as when a small open spot at the bottom of a, o and g shows a love of money which is dangerous to honesty; but when all these indications—one added to the other, a little of this quality abstracted, as the indication is faint, a little of another added, as the indication is strong, each reacting on each other—are estimated, so as to form a true character portrait, the mathematical precision and minute exactitude required are such as to make the usual algebraic stunts seem like child's play.

A graphologist who aims to do his job properly really ought to know a good deal about a great many things; psychology, as applied to mental and emotional twists of humanity, for instance. One of the cases which came under my observation several years ago will illustrate this point.

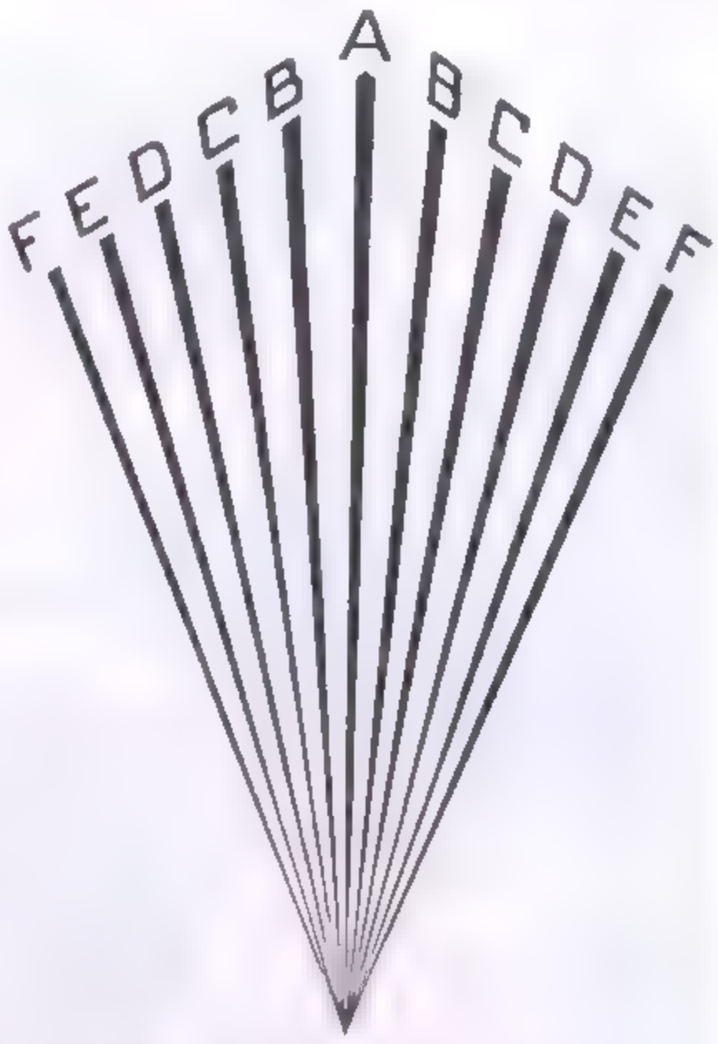
A very beautiful young woman was brought to my office by her distracted mother, who had heard of graphology through something done for a man who was slightly unbalanced mentally. The girl had repeatedly declared that she was so bored with life that she would kill herself, the mother stated, and yet she had everything that a girl could want; she was not really ill, her physician declared; she had no love affair; there was nothing that she seemed really to want to do. The fact was also clear, although only the mother's eyes said that, that the girl was in a serious condition mentally and physically. She could not be induced to raise her eyes for more than a moment and she was totally indifferent to anything that was said to her.

I asked her to write me something, and with her bored and listless air she wrote me a quotation. If I had not seen her do it I could not have believed that she wrote it, for it was bold, aggressive, dominant, selfish, but powerful—the writing of a ruthless man. After some time for cogitation I suggested to the mother something which brought the girl's eyes up, greedy, ravenous and suddenly alive. The suggestion was considered an unnatural one, but in three months' time it was acted on, as the girl never gave her parents a moment's peace about it. That suggestion was that she should be released entirely from all girlish modes of living, that she should have a suite of her own in the house, that she should not be troubled by chaperonage, and that she should be allowed to have about ten thousand dollars from a trust fund left by her grandmother.

With this money she went into business with one of the hardest-headed elderly men it was ever my fortune to see through his handwriting, but he is no match for her. With her pansy eyes and her blond hair and her pretty skin, she is as hard as nails. She never looks at a man, cares nothing for dancing, loathes the theater; does not care to read, except financial news and news that will affect it; is coldly dutiful to her parents and entirely indifferent to all her other relatives; is beginning to be a little eccentric about her dress, and grows more secretive every day.

This girl did not know what ailed her until graphology told her. As a matter of fact, in that exquisite woman's body there lives the coldest, the least emotional, the shrewdest and the most dominating of men. The handwriting shows it and the outcome has dramatically proved that the demonstration was correct.

One of the things about which we make so many mistakes concerning one another is in the matter of our estimate of the affection which we possess; its degree, kind and mode of expression. A sort of crude love register can be made by drawing lines leaning to right and left of a perpendicular line at the various angles usual with handwriting. Let A be the starting point, as it were, of the emotions



on this register, for the upright handwriting which leans not at all is almost always the softly rounded writing, of an even pressure, which expresses the nature having almost no ardor. A may be normally good and not without human kindness, but will never know what it is to have the heart beat faster for the presence of another. Friendship, of a mild and unexciting kind, will be the greatest height to which the emotions can climb.

Adventurous Blood

THE B angle which leans backward from A is more apt to be motherly and fatherly and protectively kind than A, but the B which leans at the same angle forward to the right is a warmer friend and more ardent lover than the backward B, while the leftward C is perhaps ardent but surely secretive about it, and the rightward C is frankly ardent in a whole-hearted, sunny, normal way which is apt to give intense friendships as well as close attachments.

D, E and F which lean leftward grow in ardor and intensity with the increasing angle, and also in secrecy, reticence and emotional oddities. D, E and F, leaning to the right, increase in ardor and intensity and in the inclination to show what they feel.

There is a tremendous difference in the ages at which human beings mature. Some people are still groping toward maturity at thirty and forty. If they have the patience to hang on they will be dropping into success at fifty, when others are thinking of retiring. Those who mature very early have the compensation of escaping this long waiting time, but they are also apt to settle into a groove too young and therefore fail of more than mediocrity. The graphologist can do a great deal to help in this matter of the decision as to talents possessed. For instance, the very boys and girls who have not a drop of the real adventurer's blood in them usually suffer a period when they are drawn by the thrill of adventure, and instead of taking it out by reading detective yarns and going to the movies they run off to sea or try to go on the stage, often waking up far from home to wish that they were back there in the furniture business with father or married to the nice boy they left behind. The real adventurers, who cannot be kept at home by any method known to parents, had just as well go and learn early their lessons of self-reliance. The graphologist can often suggest to parents how to take the baffling youngster, or whether to give serious attention to what seems to be his bent.

One of the earliest of talents to develop, as far as handwriting is concerned, is the art of drawing, painting, sculpturing. The latest is that of literary talent, which cannot be positively determined, save in the rarest of instances, before twenty-five, if then; of course this corresponds to the fact that the author has to have not only the one talent but the maturity of heart and mind with which to handle it. The musician may play although knowing little else, and the painter may have an instinct for color

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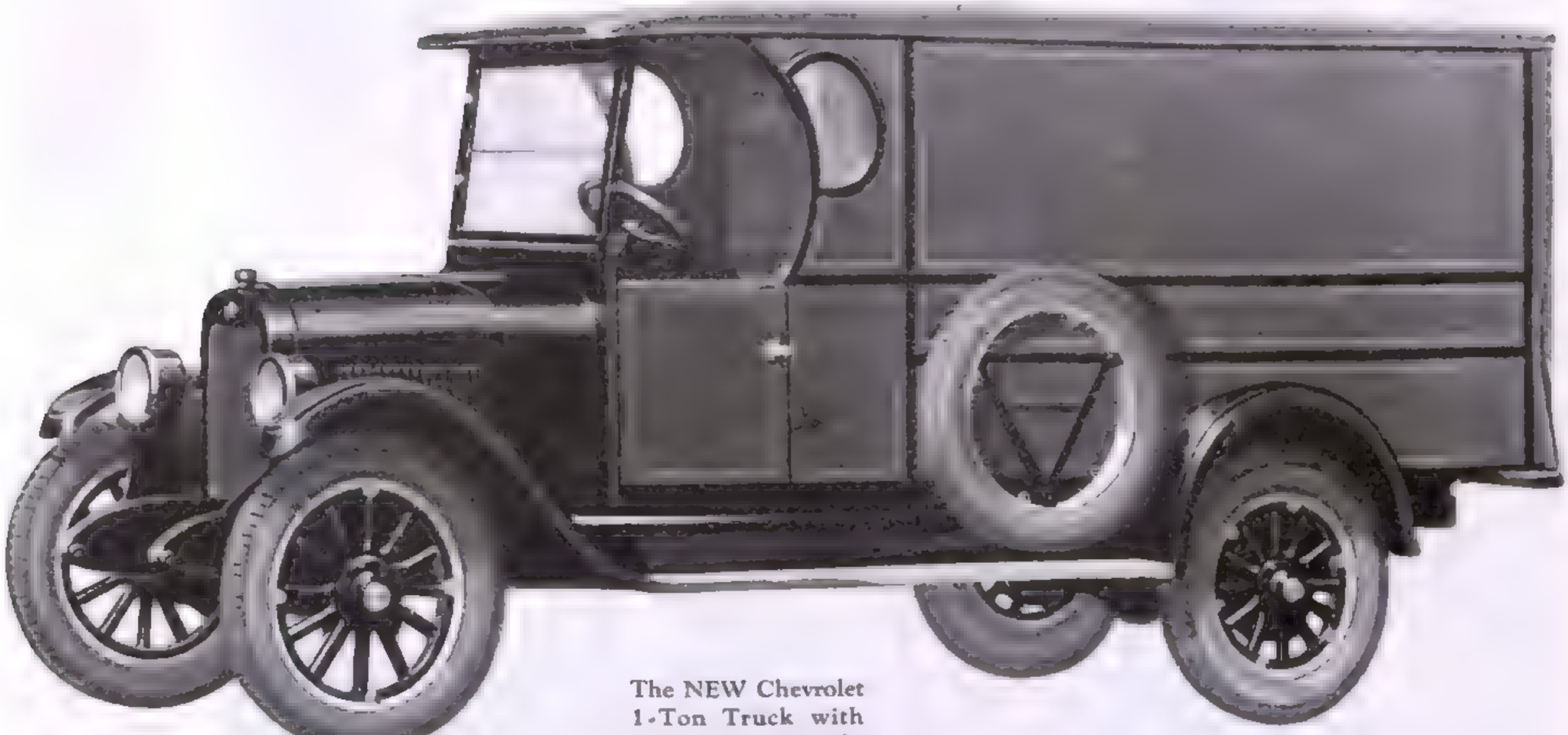

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QUALITY AT LOW COST

HULAS AND HUMMING BIRDS

By Salisbury Field

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. MOWAT

OF ALL the bachelors I have ever known, my friend Remington Phipps is positively the most sincere. Rich, not bad looking, and fairly young, he quite frankly enjoys being a bachelor, and hopes, after a long and beautifully useless life, to die one. Of course, personally, I'm not at all in sympathy with this cloistral attitude. More and better wives for men—absolutely!

On the other hand, it's not so easy to remain a bachelor. A few wonderful years, then on with the chains and no more skidding—that's the common lot. And that Phippsy had managed to retain his state of single blessedness was nothing short of a miracle, for he had a distinct talent for falling in love and a decided complex against running away. As a matter of fact, it was barely three days since I'd rescued him from a pursuing Diana, and only then by using the old bean so freely that I'd fairly sprained it. So now, sailing through southern seas on our way to Honolulu, where I'd promised him high romance, hulas and humming birds, it was my moment to relax.

As She Stood There Like a Blessed Martyr, With the Holy Light of Renunciation in Her Eyes, My Heart Absolutely Melted Within Me. All I Could Think of Was to Comfort Her

Even so, when Parker, Phippsy's man, approached me each morning, I was jolly careful to learn if the sun had really crossed the yardarm. For you can say what you please, a chap who takes a gin fizz before that time is positively not a sailor. I said as much to Phippsy.

"It's very kind of Parker to want to buck me up like that, but the only glass I'm interested in at present is the weather glass, and that's falling."

"Let it fall," said Phippsy; "I've got my sea legs on now. If you ask me, Bill, I'm enjoying this. I counted fifty-three flying fish today, which makes seventy-nine so far for the trip. Not bad, what? And did you notice the sunset this evening? It was all red pepper and scrambled eggs. I showed it to that girl with a blue tam o' shanter and she got a tremendous kick out of it. Wonder what her name is. I forgot to ask her."

Fortunately, the sunset Phippsy had admired was the advance agent of a severe storm, and the only important thing in Phippsy's life for the next three days was the bell in his cabin with which one called the steward. Indeed, by the time he appeared on deck again, the girl in the blue tam o' shanter was forgotten and he was taking a most intelligent interest in the islands.

"I've got to find out two things," he said: "Whether they're really wearing them higher in Hawaii, and where a chap I know is whose people come from there. By jingo, Bill, he may be there himself! I believe I'll shoot him a wireless just on the chance. Another thing: I've been talking to the first officer, who tells me there isn't a humming bird in the islands. And it was really the humming birds that sold this trip to me. How about it?"

Now, naturally, when a high-minded chap like myself writes hulas and humming birds into a contract, he does it purely as figure of speech. I explained this to Phippsy.

"What I tried to do," I said, "was to convey to your untutored mind some faint hint of the rippling iridescence of the islands."

"Oh!" said Phippsy. "Well, why didn't you say so? At that, you won't be far off—not if that chap I was telling you about happens to be in Honolulu. He's a hummer if there ever was one."

And he positively was. For he not only met us at the dock but insisted on taking us home with him. And if the Carnegie Foundation has any funds lying idle, they ought to subsidize that lad. I mean to say, when you find a talent that can do such priceless things with a few limes and a tot of rum, it's better than a whole row of libraries.

Tod Warburton, this friend of Phippsy's, was a strange, saturnine sort of chap. When he wasn't exercising his devastating talent, he raised cane. Not in Honolulu, of course, but on a sugar plantation on another island—Maui. But he had a house in Honolulu; or rather his Uncle Bender had—an extraordinary old boy with white whiskers, who used to be a sea captain. And what with being welcomed so warmly by them both, and the weather and the swimming and those flowering trees—pink, red and blue —— By Jove! Stretched out on a long cane chair on Uncle Bender's *lanai*, I was saying as much to Tod.

"There must be a catch in it," I said. "Where are the snakes in this earthly paradise?"

"They wear petticoats," said Uncle Bender. "Here comes one now." He nodded toward the garden.

"By jingo!" said Phippsy. "If that's a sample, I'm going to make snakes my life study."

And I absolutely agreed with him. For in spite of Uncle Bender's old-fashioned ideas about petticoats, there, approaching us across the lawn ——

"Drat the woman!" said Uncle Bender. "I wonder why she's coming here."

We waited in breathless silence.

"I've dropped in," she said, "to pay my respects to the distinguished strangers."

Now she certainly wasn't beautiful. But there was something about her. . . . Take the languor of the islands, the sophistication of the Rue de la Paix, add enough come hither to equip a whole Ziegfeld Follies, and you'll have some idea of Mrs. Douglas Trequair. What she really hoped, she said, was that we'd allow her to give us a party.

"I've been dying to give one for ages," she explained, "and when I heard two of Tod's friends had arrived, I thought, Here's my chance! Will you both come?"

"Rather!" said Phippsy. "Bill, here, though, may take a lot of persuading. Tell you what I'll do. If you'll let me call on you this afternoon and tell you how it comes out, I'll put in the rest of the morning trying to persuade Bill."

Mrs. Trequair smiled.

"That's very generous of you," she said. "Suppose you both come to tea at five."

To give Phippsy credit, he actually did spend a little time persuading me that morning.

Getting me off in a corner, he said, "You don't have to call on Mrs. Trequair at five. I'd really rather you didn't. Do you mind?"

"Not at all," I said. "But Tod may."

"Why should he?"

"I've an idea there's something between those two."

"Well, of course, if there is, that's different. She's wonderful, Bill, wonderful! But I wouldn't tread on old Tod's toes for the world. Just wait a second and I'll ask him." With that he marched over to Tod and said, "Look here, old boy, I like your friend Mrs. Trequair a lot."

"No friend of mine," said Tod.

"Certainly not," said Uncle Bender.

"That's fine," said Phippsy. "Is there a Mr. Trequair?"

"No," said Tod. . . . "Going swimming this morning?"

"Rather! How about you, Bill?"

"I think," I said, "I'll stay here and have a yarn with Uncle Bender."

You see, I wanted to learn all I could about Mrs. Trequair, for it was quite evident she was going to raise hob with Phippsy. Not that I minded that part. Only when Phippsy is raised hob with, I'm the lad who does most of the suffering; and if I knew my way about a bit, perhaps it would come in handy later.

So Phippsy and Tod having now gone swimming, I turned to Uncle Bender and said, "Nice woman, that Mrs. Trequair."

"G-r-r-r-r!" growled Uncle Bender. "I ain't saying she ain't personable. She's got brains, too, Ellie has. But she's a menace to navigation, Bill. There's half a dozen families on the rocks this minute on account of her. The way she goes after the men is simply scandalous. Don't seem to make any difference if they're married or just out of the cradle or as old as I be. Why, she even aimed, a while back, to catch Tod! But I soon put a stopper on that. 'Tain't right, maybe, to talk that way about a lady; but that's what she's like, son. So you'd better tell that friend of yours to watch out."

I must say, though, that the party Mrs. Trequair gave us was as pretty a party as I've ever attended; palms and a moon, sighing breezes, the Southern Cross swinging sweetly overhead; the plaintive call of the ukulele to its mate; a fish-house punch. . . . It ended by our all going in swimming, which accounted for my being late at happy

(Continued on Page 48

Packard Six Owners Are Loyal

PERHAPS you have wondered why so few Packard Six cars are offered for sale by used car dealers.

The reason—98 out of every 100 Packard Six owners remain loyal to Packard, never giving up their cars for any other make.

For example—of the Packard Six cars sold during the last five years in the following cities (51 of the 873 in which Packard cars are sold and serviced) only 2 out of every 100 have been replaced. And these generally for reasons having nothing to do with either car or service.

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Aurora	Grand Rapids	Portland
Baltimore	Hartford	Rochester
Boston	Houston	Rockford
Bridgeport	Indianapolis	St. Paul
Brooklyn	Jacksonville	Salt Lake City
Buffalo	Jersey City	Savannah
Camden	Kansas City	Seattle
Chattanooga	Louisville	South Bend
Cincinnati	Milwaukee	Stamford
Cleveland	Minneapolis	Toledo
Columbus	Montreal	Toronto
Davenport	New Orleans	Trenton
Dayton	Omaha	Washington
Denver	Oshkosh	Williamsport
Duluth	Peoria	Wilmington
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Evidently, the chances are *really* 100 to 1 that you too will be satisfied if you buy a Packard Six.

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—of a distinguished family

PACKARD

A S K T H E M A N W H O O W N S O N E

(Continued from Page 46)

gatherings for days. I mean to say, if one will wear one's watch in swimming, how can one hope to be on time?

Not that anybody minded. As a matter of fact, I never met with so much Christian charity in my life. Indeed, it was so perfect I began to wonder why it was that we had nothing like it at home.

I pointed this out to Phippsy one morning when we happened to rise, dewy-eyed, from slumber at approximately the same time. Then dropping into Hawaiian, I turned to Parker. . . . We'd left Uncle Bender's and were now installed in a bungalow of our own. Turning to Parker I said, "Wiki wiki with another Mocha, and tell the cook if he can't send in toast off the fire instead of out of the refrigerator, he's jolly well pau." Surprising how quickly an intelligent chap can pick up a language!

When it came to such serious things as social engagements, however, "pilikea" is the only word that can possibly describe it. For what with my watch being out of commission, and somebody having stolen the pencil off my engagement book, I hadn't an idea whether the next move in the social chess game was to take a queen to a *luau*, or sit down with the army to curried prawns. I mean to say, I must be lunching with someone. But who? And why? Or had I, in one of my rare moments of hospitality, invited someone to lunch with me?

"What's the program today?" I asked.

"I'm lunching with Eloise," said Phippsy.

"You mean Mrs. Trequair?"

"Check."

"So you're calling her Eloise now?"

"Certainly. I called her that the second time we met. It's the correct thing in the islands, Bill. I've met dozens of people, and I'm hanged if I know half their last names. Dashed awkward, if you ask me. Look at last night! I completely forgot Tom was married to Edith and I told him exactly what I thought of her."

"And now I suppose it's coffee and pistols for two?"

"Not at all; Tom absolutely agreed with me. Just the same, one doesn't like to go faux-pas-ing all over the place. Where are you lunching today, old thing?"

"I haven't decided yet," I said.

Luckily the army officer I'd invited to luncheon was detained by a court-martial or something; and when you don't know a guest is coming till he telephones he isn't, you hardly miss him. Calling Parker, I told him to bring me a bowl of poi.

In the meantime, what of Mrs. Trequair? Were my worst forebodings bursting into bud? Apparently they were, for Phippsy couldn't have been more in attendance if he'd been her paid dancing partner; they were inseparable.

I noticed one thing, however. He didn't talk to me about her. Now usually when Phippsy is in love he tells the world. Did this strange silence on his part denote a more enduring passion—one that would last through eternity, or for at least a month?

As a matter of fact, I didn't have to wait long for the answer.

Turning to me suddenly one morning, Phippsy said, "I'm disappointed in Eloise, Bill."

"Too bad," I said.

"I thought she was perfect."

"No woman is, old boy."

"Oh, I don't mind that. But she's hollow, Bill—hollow like a high hat; all shine on the outside and nobody home."

"You amaze me," I said. "Is it possible you've met someone you like better?"

"Check," said Phippsy. "She arrived on the Matsonia yesterday—Mary Sampson. There's a girl that is a girl. If I ever do crash the gate and get married, it will be because I've met a girl just like Mary. If you can manage it I wish you'd turn up on the beach at eleven; I want you to meet her."

To tell the truth I'd been up a trifle late the night before. And when you feel like a rosebush with a gopher gnawing at your roots, the fact that your pal is changing cars and catching the one ahead is negligible. I mean to say it doesn't interest you. But you don't tell your pal that, because if you did you wouldn't be his pal.

"All right, I'll be there," I said.

So I met Mary. If we had one idea in common, I failed to discover it. But she wasn't hard to look at—I'll give Phippsy credit for that; a swaying reed of a girl, with a face like a magnolia blossom and the eyes of a fawn. Not a startled fawn, but a fawn that's very sure of itself. You can take it from me, if ever a girl flicked a wicked eyelash, that girl was Mary. She had a certain style too; wore her clothes with authority, if you know what I mean. Put a red hibiscus flower behind her ear and she looked half Portuguese; which I'm firmly convinced she was, though she boasted of being part Hawaiian. She'd been to San Francisco on a shopping expedition and had apparently returned empty-handed. That's why she was now flying her kite for Phippsy, and that she flew it successfully was only too evident.

They swam, they rode, they danced; they danced, they rode, they swam—always together. And when they weren't, Phippsy talked about her; talked fervently, foolishly, regularly. It was more than a symptom; it was a calamity; for I'd been as predisposed to like Mary as anyone could possibly be. But after two weeks of listening to Phippsy's ravings —— All I can say is, if you ever want to learn to dislike your sweetie and find you can't make the grade, just hire Phippsy to sing her praises to you for an hour or two each day. I said as much to him that fatal morning:

"I quite agree with all you say about Mary. But must we go on and on and on?"

"There never was a girl like Mary," he replied firmly.

"Is that a statement," I demanded, "or the words of a song?"

"Both. That's just what Mary is—a song."

"Have it your own way," I said. "Only I'd take it as a personal favor if you'd stop singing her for a minute and talk sense. Are you going to the dance at the country club tonight?"

"Yes; I'm taking Mary."

"Guess who I'm taking."

"Who?"

"Eloise."

"What?"

"Absolutely!"

"But why?"

"When it comes to that, why not?"

"No reason at all, Bill. I feel just the least bit guilty about Eloise. Seen anything of her lately?"

"Rather!" I said. "I've seen her almost every day."

As a matter of fact, though I wouldn't have trusted her within the three-mile limit, I'd developed a decided liking for Eloise. She was one of those cozy souls who never nag a chap. She was good company too; always ready for a lark—or a swallow. And she didn't seem to mind Phippsy's defection one bit. Note the word "seem." It's important.

(Continued on Page 60)

"That's Very Generous of You," She Said. "Suppose You Both Come to Tea at Five"

Who's the man who can't sit in front of an open window?

(This isn't a riddle—it's a common-sense question!)

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HATS FOR YOUNG MEN

WILLIE WAS HIS NAME, SIR

Continued from Page 21

was a blotter when it come to taking up spots on the jaw. For three rounds Willie hit the hick with everything excepting the referee's watch and chain, without getting a return hard enough to dimple a soup bubble. In the fourth, Wasem catches Swanson with a right to the jaw that splits it wide open, following it up with a left to the pit of the bread basket that jackknifes the boy with pain and gives him the ague in the knees. Instead of finishing the job right there, Willie walks up to Swanson, pats him on the back and helps him steady himself. The Swede suddenly pistons a couple of stiff ones into Wasem's tummy and then a flock of 'em to the jaw, and out goes Willie. Yak had bet a grand that his boy'd win by a knockout within five rounds, so you can imagine his feelings if you've got nothing else to do this evening."

"Just where," inquires Dante, who's been listening closely, "does the yellow come in?"

"Isn't it yellow," snaps Kennedy, "for a bimbo to quit cold when he's copping?"

"Didn't you say," returns Jones, "that Willie hadn't been hurt any and that there wasn't a chance of his getting bumped if he'd have played ball?"

"That's what makes it yellower," growls Sinner. "There maybe is some excuse for a cuckoo quitting when he's all dressed down and no place to go but the canvas, but ——"

"There are a lot of shades of yellow," cuts in Dante, "and gold's one of them."

"So's lemon," sneers Kennedy, and beats it over to the bar.

"I gathers, little playmate," says I, "that you're still strong for taking a flyer with Wasem."

"You gathers neat, my petite," replies Dante. "Even you should have enough gray to see that there's no streak in the lad. He needs scientific handling, that's all. Out in the brush here, unless you climbs into the hay with your kicks on, sloshes up on corn juice and sews yourself in for the winter, they figures you're peculiar. How do you expect a mob like that to do right by a high-sprung boy like Willie? They think he quits because he's scared ——"

"If he's such a delicate orchard," I interrupts, "what's he doing in the leather trade? Wasem's all washed up with me. I'm going to hunt up another meal ticket."

"While you're doing that," shoots in Jones, "you'd better scout around for another poet lariat as well."

That slows me up. In the years Dante and I've been trouping together I've developed a kick-in on the bobo and the idea of him leaving me is a tough jolt.

"You'll cut me," I demands, "unless I take hold of Willie?"

"Yep," he returns. "I'm not pretending to know as much about fighters as you do, but something tells me that Wasem is the harbinger of porterhouse steaks and mushrooms."

"What gives you the notion he'll deliver for us when he flopped for Yak Tracy and the rest?" I grunts.

"Like I told before," answers Dante, "it takes the soul of a poet to understand these kind of natures, and I'm a poet, am I not?"

"A darn good one I'd say," I comes back, "if missed meals is the ruler you measure it by."

III

FIGURING that Willie's rabbited away any chances of a golden gate in his own hole in the ground, I snags a quick touch out of Sinner Kennedy and the three of us hits a rattler for a joint a couple of hundred miles away. Wasem's still got his sad suit on and all I got to do is to mention knockouts to get that crying look in his eyes.

"I think," says I to Dante, when we're gassing alone in the smoker, "we could make more wampum out of Willie hiring him out to the farmers around here as a drought breaker. All you'd need do is stick him out in the desert, shoot gloomy gags at him and there'd be eight crops of alfalfa a year growing around his feet. There's a cloudburst in that kid's lamps."

"Let him be," returns Jones, "and you will see, he'll pile up shekels for you and me."

"That's the rime, all right," I growls; "but where's the reason?"

"The reason," explains Dante, "lies in the facts that I'm beginning to get a right of way into the lad's terminal facilities and pretty soon I'll be running trains of thought right up to his think tank. Lay off that pug prattle of yours and let me handle him exclusive. What say?"

"Very well," I agrees. "He's your horse; you ride him, cowboy."

The first good break in luck that's crashed us in months meets me when we gets off the train at Roaring River. At the station I bumps into Harry Simms, a fight handler, with whom I've matched wits and half-wits at different times.

"Well, crook," I greets him, "still got Spud Gilligan in tow?"

"Sure, bandit," returns Harry, "but he hasn't been working much lately."

"What's the trouble?" I inquires. "Shortage of set-ups?"

"They're all set-ups with Spud," comes back Simms. "Show me somebody he can't lick."

"Take it a look," says I, pointing to Willie, who's walked ahead with Dante.

"I mean," sneers Harry, "in a fight, not a postage-stamp contest. Gilligan'd kill that Boy Scout shaking hands."

"Ever hear of Willie Wasem?" I asks as a feel-out, and when Harry looks blank to my great reliefs, I adds, "Known to the trade as Wild Willie Wasem."

"Where's he been battling?" Simms wants to know.

"Various places," I side-steps.

"Nice town, that," grins Harry. "Old Man Spellacy still running the Gliff House there? Now listen, dip. There's a stockmen's show in town next week and I can rig up a good gate if I can get somebody that'll make it interesting for Spud. You know as well as I do that the steer wrestlers hereabouts are no suckers, and you've got to give 'em raw meat or they'll tear the roof off of the house and push the rafters down your throat. You haven't double-crossed me lately ——"

"Fellow," I cuts in, "Willie maybe weighs ten or fifteen pounds less than that flat-foot of yours, but ——"

"That's enough," interrupts Simms hastily. "I wouldn't believe anything you'd say about him, anyways, so you might as well save your breath for a quick run out of town in case he doesn't deliver. Can you get him in shape in a week?"

"You can put on the row last night," I comes back, "as far as we're concerned. How'll we split, sixty-forty?"

"The fight's off," snaps Harry, "if that's all you think of your horse."

"I was just trying to let you down easy," I says, quick. "Personally, winner takes all suits me."

"Me too," returns Simms. "Let it lay that way."

I'm far from being suited, my mind being on the size of the loser's end; but I've edged myself into a blind alley and I leaves Harry, getting what comfort I can out of the idea that Willie might slip a knockout over too sudden to be sorry about it. Besides, I'm really anxious to see Wasem in a mill with a regular pug before lugging him further around the circuit.

When I gets to the hotel to spring the news on Dante, I finds him in his room with Willie and another lad. On Jones' knees is something that looks like a flattened hot-water bottle with wooden tubes sticking out of it.

"I'll bite," says I.

"It's a bagpipe," answers Dante. "I just bought it from McGregor here and he's throwing in a few lessons."

"What's the idea?" I demands.

"My soul," returns Jones, "craves music. Listen!" And he squeezes a few wild screeches out of the bladder.

"Your soul doesn't crave music," I assures him. "What it craves is a buzz-saw cooing to its mate in a planing mill."

"Play some more," urges Wasem, and I see his eyes glisten.

"Can that stuff!" I barks. "I got some business with you and Dante."

McGregor exits after borrowing a match to light a cigarette that Jones had loaned him. I expect the Scotchman to come back any moment and touch me for the habit. In the meantimes I tells the boys about the set-to I've framed with Spud Gilligan.

"Well," says I, turning to Willie, "will you flatten him for me?"

"Don't worry," comes back Dante, as Wasem hesitates. "We're as good as in."

"All in," I yelps, "or in?"

"They've counted eleven on Spud already," returns Jones, "if you'll do like I say. Stay away from Willie and don't go near him until you get the word from me."

"Don't you want him to do any training?" I inquires.

"I'll take care of that," says Dante. "You just arrange for a place to work out in and try to hustle up a sparring partner—any bum'll do—but you stay away from us."

I does like I'm told, and it's the day before the fight when I'm invited for my first peek. Willie and the hack I'd picked out of the sawdust of the hotel bar are sparring when I comes in. It's the first time I've seen the kid stripped, and he stacks up pretty sweet despite the fact that he's slimmer than a whisper. What heft he's got, however, is in the shoulders and chest, where it ought to be, and it's easy to see where that rock-crushing wallop comes from.

"Watch Wasem and me," suggests Jones.

Willie makes a few fancy passes, gets the other bird uncovered and jolts a six-inch right to the has-been's chin. The old-timer's hurt badly and slopes against a ring post, sick looking. My lamps drift to Wasem. I see his arms drop to his sides and he steps back, his eyes soft and full of pain.

"Now!" shouts Dante.

I glances over his way. From under a sweater on a bench he's taken the bagpipe and is tearing off a succession of wild shrieks and catcalls. Jones shakes his head and nods me toward the ring. A change has taken place in Willie—some change! His lamps have turned hard and cruel and his teeth are bared to the top of the gums. The sparring partner's still sagging, half dazed against the ropes.

With a kind of animal growl, Wasem tears into the poor bird. A rain of wallops to the heart and jaw sends the old fellow halfway to the floor, but Wasem doesn't stop. He leans down and shoots rights and lefts into the helpless vet until I can't stand it any more.

"Cut it!" I yells, but my voice doesn't carry over the yowling of the bagpipe.

Dante stops playing suddenly, and at almost the same second Willie straightens out and backs away. He glances around the ring, kind of shamefaced and shaky, then stooping over, he gently helps the battered spav out.

"What the hell!" I gasps.

"Sorry," grins Jones, "that we had to treat the old bird so rough, but we're through with him, anyhow, and I wanted you to see our horse take the hurdles. How'd he stack to you?"

"All right," I mumbles, "but ——"

"Simple," says Dante. "I've had several talks with the kid about his family and he comes from a line of Scotch fighting men going all the ways back to Robert Bruce. He almost killed a brother once in a scrap

(Continued on Page 54)

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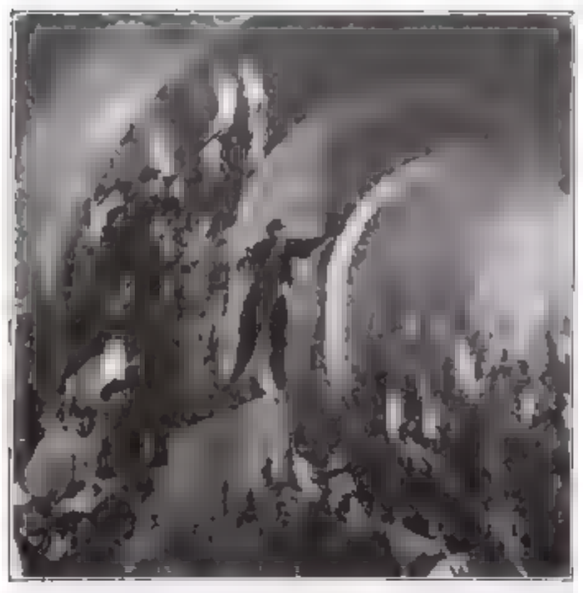

MOB CHASING THE PHANTOM THROUGH THE SUBTERRANEAN VAULTS IN THE GREAT SPECTACLE, "THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA"

Do you splendid people of America realize that you are members of Universal's Advisory Board, and that you really are responsible for the kind of pictures Universal is making? This may sound like bunk to you, but it happens to be absolutely true.

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Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

Would you like an autographed photograph of Reginald Denny? One will be sent you on receipt of 10c in stamps.

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

730 Fifth Ave., New York City

(Continued from Page 52)

and that's where the quitting streak comes from, see?"

"Go on," I urges.

"Remember that band of kilties," goes on Jones, "that was playing in the station when we stopped at Omaha?"

"Yes," I recalls.

"That," continues Jones, "gave me the hunch. I happened to be looking right at Wasem when the bagpipes did their stuff, and you should have seen the vicious flare-up in his eyes. It's bagpipe music that makes the Black Watch and other Scotch regiments forget they're tired and everything else and turn into such hellers. It's now making Willie forget the mess he got into with his brother. That's all there is to it."

"What," I seeks to know, "was the idea of keeping it all secret from me?"

"I didn't want to spill anything," explains Dante, "until I was sure the scheme'd work. For a while I thought it'd fizzle out on account of not being able to get the pipes. For a flyer, I asked the landlord if there was a bagpipe in town and he tipped me to McGregor. While you were palavering with Simms I put over the deal."

"How'll you work the gag in a regular mill?" I asks. "Going to get into the ring and give a recital of Scotch battle songs?"

"There's nothing to prevent me from slipping it under my overcoat, is there?" comes back Jones. "And pulling it out as needed? And that'll only be once."

"I see," I remarks; "you don't play all the time the fight's going on."

"Heavens, no," comes back Dante. "The music makes Willie wild, and he'd be a sucker in that condition for a good boxer; but it's all right for him to get wild when the other bim's ready for the count. The only danger is he forgets all about rules and everything else when the bagpipes are on and he's likely to foul himself out of a purse."

"I'd rather have him do that," says I, "than yellow-streak himself out of one. Have you stopped to think what a cuckoo the crowd'll think you are, jerking a bagpipe out of your sleeve in the middle of a fight."

"Science," returns Jones, "is always misjudged."

Seeing's believing, I suppose; but even so, I'm not believing in Dante's ballyhoo enough to make any side bets the night of the fight. The row's put on right in the town on account of the sheriff being a wide-open guy himself, and there's easy five grand in the house. I goes to the corner with Willie while Dante takes a ringside seat, all wrapped up in a bulging overcoat, which works in pretty good on account of it being a cool evening.

At the bell, Wasem leaps at Gilligan like he was shot from guns. Spud's taken by surprise, and before he can get set Willie's lashed him with rights and lefts and smacked him against every post in the ring. Spud, who doesn't look so well trained to me, finally manages to get into a clinch and cover up for a bit; but toward the end of the round my boy pushes Gilligan out of a hug, steps in and short jolts a vicious one to the jaw. Gilligan falls flat on his face, but even before the count begins the bell rings.

I pipes the old sympathy look in Wasem's eyes when he goes to his corner, but it's not there when Spud comes to scratch in the second stanza, looking fresh and pert. It's all flash though. In half a minute Gilligan's fighting flat-footed and breathing heavy and an early curtain is written all over his bruised map.

A few seconds more and a right cross beats Spud to his knees. He staggers up at the count of five, still wabbly and with his arms hanging limp by his sides. He's an engraved invitation for a knock-out, but Willie doesn't accept. He takes a couple of steps back and then ——

There's a wild screech of bagpipes that comes cutting through the din like lightning through a cloud bank. I don't get no chance to see how the pay customers take the interruption, my peepers being glued on Wasem. The first thing I notices is the stripped teeth; then Willie kind of shakes himself and plunges into Gilligan. Spud tries to clinch, but there's not a chance. Wasem belts him away with wild swings and jolts, a few of which land on Gilligan, but a few's plenty. A blow to the heart sets him spinning around and he falls flat in his corner, like a sack of wet flour.

Willie keeps right after him and it takes all the referee and Spud's seconds have to keep him from jumping on the prostrate Spud. I motions frantically to Dante to cut the bagpipes, he not being able to see what's going on in the ring on account of the press about it.

When he does get my signal and stops, Wasem switches from a tiger to a lamb. He kneels down by Gilligan, who's been lugged to a stool, and I'll swear there were tears in the kid's eyes as he pats the beaten boxer on the back. Before Willie can do anything more foolish, I drags him out of the ring.

When I sees Simms later he yelps murder, claiming that Wasem didn't play fair, hitting Spud before they'd done shaking hands at the beginning of the fuss. I calms him some by offering to give him a return match whenever he wants it.

"What was that nut friend of yours doing with that bagpipe?" asks Harry, after we gets to talking amiable.

"Oh," says I, "it's just his Scotch way of making noise. Some folks use whistles, some ——"

"He must be a cuckoo," cuts in Simms. "What have bagpipes got to do at boxing bouts?"

"You should know," I grins.

IV

SIMMS and Spud do so much howling about their being double-crossed by Wasem on the handshake stunt, and the stockmen are so anxious to see Willie in action again, that we have no trouble in framing up another fist fiesta for the following week. In those days guys didn't wait a couple of years to give a lad a second chance, and I've even seen return bouts pulled the night after the first one.

We keeps the boy of ours kind of under cover, not wanting him to do any talking that might crab the act. Without the bagpipe, Willie is the same Willie that he always was, the knockout of Spud Gilligan not having made any difference in him.

"Is there any danger," I asks Dante, the evening of the return fight, "that Simms has got wise to your bagpipe stunt?"

"I don't think so," he returns; "but what if he has? What's he going to do about it? There's no law against bringing a bagpipe into a fight arena, is there?"

"Well," I remarks, "he might bring in a fife-and-drum corps for Gilligan. That's a great trick you've started. First thing you know, Battling Oscar Schmidt'll want a leetle German band in his corner and Frenchie Ledoux'll insist on a piccolo playing the Mayonnaise every time he gets groggy."

"Music wouldn't hurt the bruiser business any," comes back Jones.

"It's got enough sharps and flatheads in it now," says I. "You call that stuff you're dragging out of that Scotch bladder music?"

"Maybe not," admits Dante, jingling the jack in his pockets; "but what it made for us makes music; and," he adds, "it's going to compose a whole opera for us tonight."

"I hope so," I tells him, "but I'm a little nervous. Lightning don't strike twice in the same place."

"Lightning," returns the poet dryly, "doesn't have to."

The crowd for the encore is even bigger than it was at the opening performance. Spud's worked some of his bay window off and looks a whole heap more fit than he did the first time. I'm looking him over when Simms pops over my way.

"If you've no objections," says he, "we'll cut out the handshaking tonight."

"Sure, sure," I agrees. "It'll make the row that much shorter. Wasem was complaining to me only this afternoon about the length of the last scrap."

"For how much," growls Harry, "was he complaining?"

"A grand's worth," I returns, dragging the roll from my pocket. "Want to talk back to it?"

"And one," yelps Simms, and he and I've got two thousand bet on the side.

I looks over to the ringside seats and I sees where Jones has taken the same seat he occupied the last time. Next to him I notices the pug that we used for Willie's sparring partner when we first hit Roaring River. He's still scarred up from the beatings Wasem had given him and when I waves at him he slips me a scowl.

Gilligan's the burned child and puts up a cagy, runaway fight in the opening rounds. Willie lands a good many wallops, but Spud's always moving away from them and escapes without any damage. Hardly a glove touches Wasem, he's that fast; but speedy, clever boxing doesn't mean anything to the crowd of ranchmen in the house. They want gore and more gore.

The pay-as-you-enters don't get any real action until the fifth round, and then they get enough to keep their nerves hopping for a year. In that session both boys start slugging.

Spud puts over a lucky one to the jaw and rocks Willie from his toe nails to his pompadour, forcing him to cover up. I sees Jones reaching into the inside of his overcoat, but he pulls his hand out empty. Wasem's trading blows again; but he's still not himself, and Gilligan keeps driving him back. I'm beginning to get worried.

Suddenly Willie throws himself against the ropes and on the rebound drives a terrific right at Spud's chin. Wasem's worked an old gag, but Gilligan's missed the play and catches the wallop solidly. He staggers away, his knees buckling under him, and is just about to fall when Willie reaches under Spud's arms and holds him up.

I throws a quick look over to where Dante's squatting and I pipes the bagpipes inflating. At the same moment I sees the flash of a blade in the hand of the pug next to him, and rip! There's a squeak from the bagpipe and then silence. The heart's been cut out of it.

I don't know what to do. I turns to the ring. Spud, dead to the world, has slipped from Willie's arms and slid to the floor, and kneeling beside him is Wasem, petting Gilligan and crooning to him.

"Three," I hears the referee say, in a daze. Then he repeats, "Three." He's counting 'em both out!

I rushes over to Jones.

"Can't you do something?" I gasps.

Dante points to a rip in the bag a foot long.

"Six," says the referee. "Six."

"Here," I cries, desperate, "I'll hold the two edges together and ——."

"Eight," droned the referee. "Eight."

Dante and I work desperately at the punctured bag. I throw a look over my shoulder. Both boxers are still on the ground, and the crowd's looking on, quiet and stunned.

"Ten," says the referee. "Ten, and they're both out."

The next thing I knows, a howling mob is swirling around the ring with shouts of "Double-crossers!" "Crooks!" "Trying to frame another return go!" "Let's get 'em," and the like.

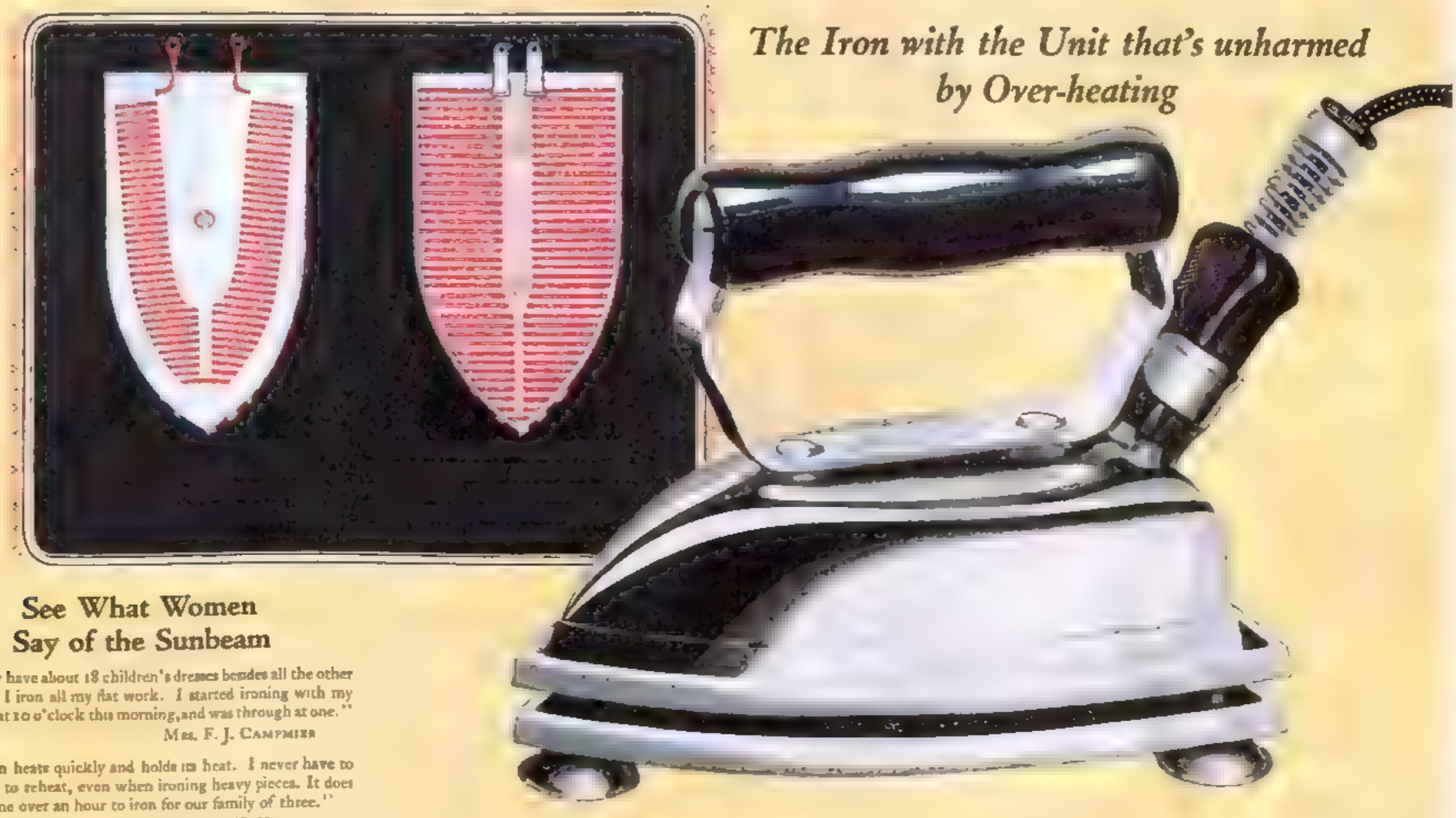
I got a date elsewhere, and makes a wild dash to the door. Luckily, I'm not far from it; and the gang, which is set on getting to the fighters, doesn't make much of a try at stopping me. I gets clear and beats it to the hotel to grab my other collar before taking to the wide-open spaces. Jones, in some way, has got there ahead of me.

"What a braw nicht this nicht turned out to be," I pants. "Where's the bagpipe?" I adds, sarcastic.

Dante shrugs his shoulders.

"Too bad," says he, "the Scotch didn't go in for the flute."

Tested 5000 Hours on Steady Current —Equal to 20 Years' service on the ironing board



The Iron with the Unit that's unharmed by Over-heating

See What Women Say of the Sunbeam

"I usually have about 18 children's dresses besides all the other pieces and I iron all my flat work. I started ironing with my Sunbeam at 10 o'clock this morning, and was through at one."
MRS. F. J. CAMPMIER

"Sunbeam heats quickly and holds its heat. I never have to wait for it to reheat, even when ironing heavy pieces. It does not take me over an hour to iron for our family of three."
MRS. RAY N. NORTEN

"There are six in our family so I have pretty big ironings, but they only require about two hours with the Sunbeam. It holds the heat, so I never have to wait for it after I get started."
MRS. JOSEPHINE THIESBERGER

"We have big ironings, including 10 or 12 shirts every week—more in summer—besides four or five house dresses. But our ironing does not take more than two hours because the Sunbeam gives uniform heat, and I keep ironing right along."
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"There are three in our family; and it does not take me over an hour and a half once a week, to do my ironing."
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ONE of the largest Public Service Companies tested the Sunbeam Iron on steady current for 5000 hours running, 208 days and nights. The iron grew red hot, the nickel discolored, the wooden handle burned away—*but the Sunbeam's heating unit did not burn out!*

Not twenty years of actual service would equal this test in severity. For this was *continuous* heat. When you have finished ironing, you turn off the electric current and let your iron cool. But in this test the Sunbeam was not allowed to cool once. That is a far greater strain on a heating unit than it ever receives in ironing.

Do you wonder we can guarantee the Sunbeam Iron to give more years of good service than any other iron made?

If a woman permits it to over-heat—it will heat thereafter as quickly as before—*and hold its heat like new!*

Read in the adjoining column what women say—and bear in mind that most of them had used other irons first.

Not one but states that the Sunbeam saves her many hours.

The reason is this—the Sunbeam's All-Over Heating Unit comes not only to the point but also to the edges where an iron meets the damp cloth first. Thus it KEEPS the edges *hot!*

Irons not built this way will soon cool off. Then a woman must press until her arm aches, or stop her work until the iron heats to ironing temperature.

It costs us double to make this All-Over Unit, for it has to be wound by hand to follow the shape of the iron.

Moreover, our engineers regulate its heating capacity—thus preventing a rush of violent heat that scorches clothes.

Repairs on cheap irons make them cost you more than the Sunbeam and Sunbeam Fire-Proof Case combined. And 70% of the repairs to irons are due to over-heating.

So let no one persuade you to accept any other. Sunbeam is regarded by engineers who know as better than the best iron previously made. Write us if your dealer is out of Sunbeams and we'll arrange for him to get more.

CHICAGO FLEXIBLE SHAFT COMPANY
35 Years Making Quality Products
5542 West Roosevelt Road · Chicago, Illinois
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Delft-Blue Art-Steel Fire-Safe Case, $1

Case approved by the Underwriters' Laboratories of the Nat'l Board of Fire Underwriters and Good Housekeeping Institute

To help introduce the Sunbeam Iron, this beautiful, practical case at less than cost. A $2.50 value for $1, but only when bought in combination with the Sunbeam. Enables you to put away iron hot—no waiting while it cools. Keeps iron, cord and stand clean and safe. And always ready, always together when you want them.

Sunbeam $7.50
THE GUARANTEED ELECTRIC IRON
IN ART-STEEL FIRE-PROOF CASE $1 EXTRA

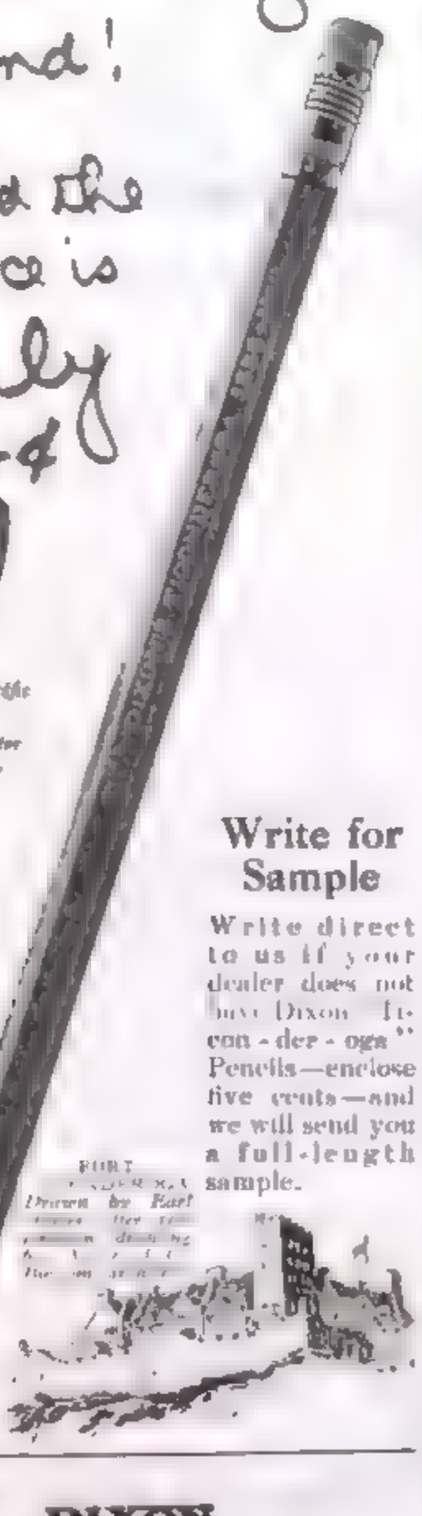
There never was a pencil so easy-to-write-with as the Dixon "Ti-con-der-oga"

It speeds along so smoothly that you hardly realize that you have it in your hand!

And the price is Only 5¢

Higher on Pacific Coast.

5 for a Quarter in Canada.



Write for Sample

Write direct to us if your dealer does not have Dixon "Ti-con-der-oga" Pencils—enclose five cents—and we will send you a full-length sample.

DIXON

"TI-CON-DER-OGA"

The Business Pencil

Made in the U. S. A. by

JOSEPH DIXON CRUCIBLE CO.

Pencil Dept. 8-J Jersey City, N. J.

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Continued from Page 32

Came Another Day, and Mother Hubbard,
Destitute But Cheerful, Went to
the Cupboard to Get Her
Noble Four-Footed
Pal a Bone

Alas! Her Trip to the Refrigerator
Was All in Vain. But Yesterday
She Had Used the Bone for
Soup, That Body and Soul
Might Not Part

Hope Springs Eternal in the Human
Breast, and in the Soul of
Loyalty, Who is Just
as Human as You
or I

Bighearted Loyalty Departs, and
in His Soulful Eyes is the
Promise of Better Days
for the Despairing
Mother Hubbard

Came the Night, and With It None
But Loyalty. He Had Found
No Food, But in His
Iron Jaws Was the
Coat of a Man

"Ah, You Have Come at Last, My
Brave Soldier. I Knew You
Would!" For It Was None
Other Than Lieut.
Frisk, U. S. A.

"Now I Remember! And It Really Is
You, Dear. We Owe It All to
Loyalty. He Showed Me the
Way and His Bite Gave
Me My Memory"

Another Day and the Brave U. S.
Soldier, Well in Mind and
Body, Has Retrieved
His Fortune and
Sweetheart

While Loyalty, Dumb But Always
Faithful, Receives His Just
Reward, as Do All Good
Doggies in the
End

Fade-out shows wedding scene, with Loyalty carrying basket of flowers in iron jaws. Final fade shows cupboard in Riverside Drive apartment with chicken bones, ham bones, steak bones and dog biscuit fashioned in the shape of a bone.

—*John Forbes.*

Goodnight!

I'M UN-MIT-I-GAT-ED-LY tired;
These eyelids are heavy and achy.
My feet move as though they were mired,
My hinges are wabbly and shaky.

"Have a Heart, Mister! How Can We Pay the Installment on the Piano-Player When We've Just Begun to Buy a Radio?"

I'm useless for going and fetching,
My lips have no hymn for the dawning,
My arms have no mission but stretching,
My mouth has no purpose but yawning.

Though worshipers throng to Apollo,
Not I would be one of their number.
The god whom I drowsily follow
Is Morpheus, the patron of slumber.

I care not who else may be working,
I care not who else may be playing;
I care not who thinks that I'm shirking,
I care not whatever they're saying.

I praise not your sowers nor reapers
Nor paladins eager for combat,
But honor those glorious sleepers,
The dormouse, the bear and the wombat.

I envy the petrel renewing
Her nap in the trough of the billow,
For all that I want to be doing
Is making a dent in a pillow.

Now, free of the fetters that bind you,
I'm leaving the toils that appall you,
So shut the door gently behind you
And don't wake me up till I call you.

—*Arthur Guiterman.*

Gifts and Givers

HARRY is a spender; brings me gifts of splendor,
Rings and things of platinum and gold,
Silk-lined dressing cases from the smartest places,
Webby stockings lovely to behold.

Harry's gifts I treasure with a lot of pleasure,
But—they make no inroads on his hoard;
One as rich as Harry can be lavish, very.
Jimmy gives me gifts he can't afford!

Cyril is a highbrow, tall above the eyebrow;
Cyril gives me esoteric books;
Spends his bright sesterces on thin books of verses
Which are very nobby and de luxe.
On me Cyril showers Nietzsches, Schopenhauers,
With the deepest dogmas underscored;
They are gifts expensive; still, his roll's extensive;
Jimmy gives me gifts he can't afford!

Jimmy has no money, yet with smile that's sunny
Jimmy fetches little lovely things.
Pawns his watch and buys me presents to surprise me,
Beauty in each token that he brings.
They're not rich or showy, but I chance to know he
Bought me gifts—and stinted on his board.
So, I choose the whimmy, spendthrift, reckless Jimmy—
Jimmy gives me gifts he can't afford!

—*Berton Braley.*

Mathew Moth

HERE lies Mathew Moth,
Slain at his post
By a super moth ball.
His life work was to make men generous
About giving their wool garments
To others.
He was a devoted worker
For charity.

—*Bertha Stephenson.*

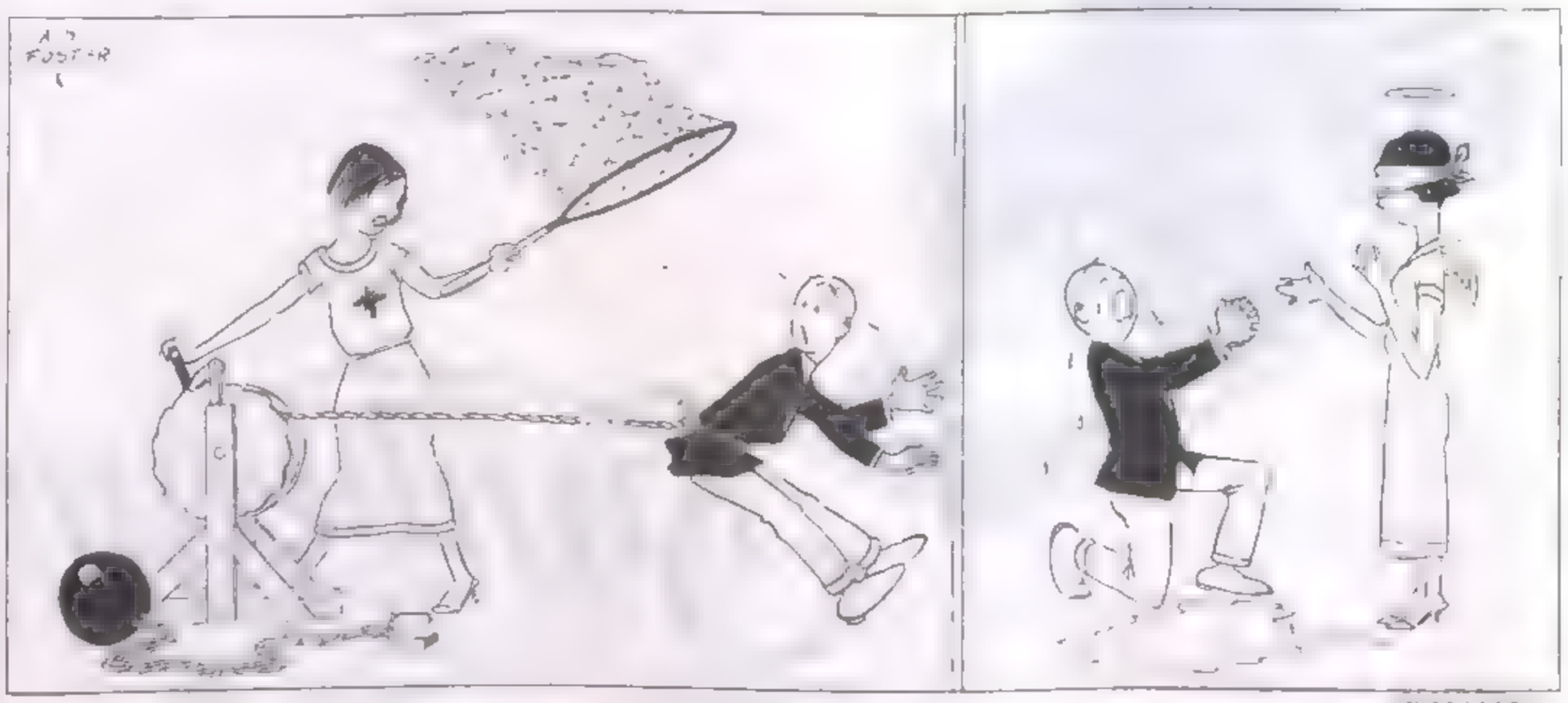
To a Telephone Ringing the Wrong Number

RING out, wild bells! Ring loud and long,
Tolling my number—which is wrong.
Ring in the hope you'll get me flurried,
Catch me bathing, make me worried.
Darn you, go tintinnabulate,
Hoping I'll get there just too late,
So when you've roused me from my ease,
You'll taunt me with, "Excuseitplease."

Ring till you shake your own receiver,
You one-eyed, green-tailed, black deceiver!
You'll hail me from no downy couch
And sink me all day in a grouch.
By gosh, you'll tinkle till you're tired
And have with one last ding expired.
For I'll not hear upon the line,
"Hello! Is this M. Blauenstein?"

I'll never heed your invitation.
I'll be away on my vacation!

—*Fairfax Downey.*



WHY THEY MARRIED

His Story

Her Story

Buy CHAMPIONS NOW!

Hundreds of thousands of motorists enjoyed better car performance and saved in oil and gas during the past summer because they installed new sets of Champion Spark Plugs as recommended during *Champion National Change Week* last May.

Your local dealer will gladly tell you why a new set of spark plugs at least once a year will assure you greater power and speed from your car and will actually save their cost in oil and gas.

If you have not renewed your spark plugs this year, or if your set has been used more than 10,000 miles, you will benefit by installing a new set now.

With winter approaching they will make starting much easier and aid engine performance in every way.

And, of course, you will, as seven out of every ten motorists do—buy Champions because Champion is known throughout the world as the better spark plug.

Genuine Champions have the double-ribbed sillimanite core. They are fully guaranteed.

Champion Spark Plug Company, Toledo, Ohio
Champion Spark Plug Company of Canada, Ltd., Windsor, Ontario

CHAMPION

Dependable for Every Engine

Champion X for Ford cars, trucks and Fordson tractors

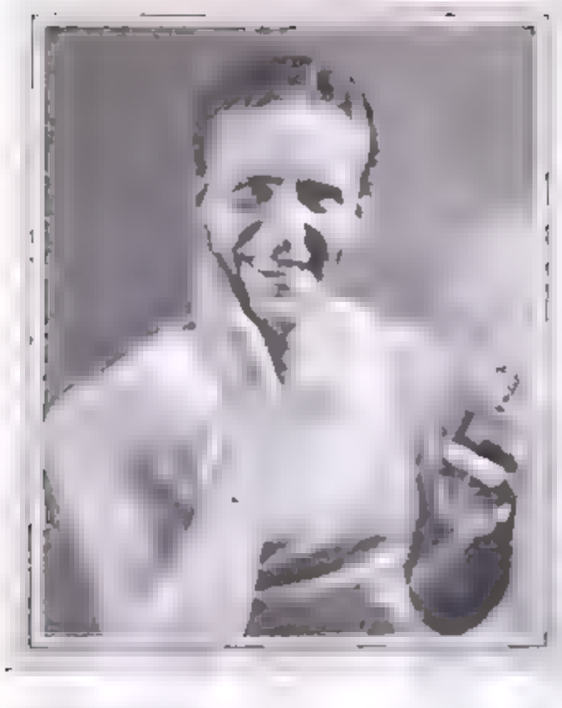
60c

In Canada 80 cents

Blue Box for all cars and engines except Fords

75c

In Canada 90 cents



24 hour
shaving
comfort

Read the offer below that puts the last touch on a perfect shave

YOU know how your fingers approve the velvery feel of your skin after your morning shave with Williams Shaving Cream.

No lucky accident about it, either. Williams Cream was specifically made to leave your skin *conditioned* as well as smoothly shaved.

Wouldn't you like to keep that "just-shaved-with-Williams" feeling all day long? Read the offer below. This offer will allow you to enjoy an after-shaving comfort that you may have thought impossible.

Made expressly for after-shaving

Williams shaving specialists created Aqua Velva, a pure amber liquid, to *keep* your skin as soothed and velvery as Williams Shaving Cream *leaves* it. So successful were these specialists that Aqua Velva has become as necessary a part of the well-appointed shaving kit as the cream, brush and razor.

Designed solely for use after shaving, it benefits your skin in these five ways:

—it tingles delightfully when applied
—it gives first aid to little cuts
—it protects the face from cold and wind
—it prevents face-shine
—it delights with its man-style fragrance

The large 5-ounce bottle at your dealer's is 50c (60c in Canada).

Williams
Aqua Velva
for use after shaving

For a limited time, we will send you a handsome one-ounce bottle of Aqua Velva upon receipt of 4 cents in stamps. This size costs us much more than 4 cents.

FOR SPECIAL 1-OZ. BOTTLE SEND COUPON BELOW

HOW TO READ CHARACTER IN HANDWRITING

(Continued from Page 44)

although otherwise ignorant, but only a rich mind and a full heart produce the writer, so that this lateness of the talent showing in the handwriting is but another bit of evidence tending to show the accuracy of the science.

The question of talents includes, of course, the matter of business talents, and in considering business talents we have to remember that the general character and often some one trait of character will have a tremendous effect. A case which amusingly illustrates this is that of a young cashier of a suburban bank who suddenly and inexplicably found himself short several thousands of dollars at the end of a day. He declared that he could not imagine how, when or where the money could have gone.

He was suspected, of course, the president accusing him with spirit; but the board of directors had their ideas about the president too. The handwriting of everyone who had any business at all in the bank was sent to a graphologist by one of the board who had had some experience with the science. The president turned out to be rather gayer of disposition, in the light of graphology, than one would have expected a man in his position to be.

In making the report the graphologist reported that there were none in that bank with the kind of qualities which ought to be possessed by the person who so cleverly got away with a considerable sum of money—sorry, but graphology had not indicated the thief. In a separate note to the cashier, however, and just as a matter of professional routine, the graphologist said to him that it was really dangerous for a man with his responsibilities to have such a poor memory and that it would be the part of wisdom to seek some occupation less open to danger on account of the weakness.

When the cashier read that, standing in his cage, the other employes thought that he had suddenly gone crazy, for, half crying and half laughing, he ran to an old coat which was hanging in the space back of the cage; but they understood when they saw him pull a big package of bills out of the side pocket.

On the day when the money had disappeared the weather had suddenly turned colder and the light alpaca coat which the cashier had worn at work all summer had been too cold. He had put on the coat of his suit, forgetting that in the pocket of the old coat was the package of bills which he intended to place in the vault, and totally forgetting it thereafter.

Unrecognized Talents

A letter which has come to me so many times that I have come to look on it as all but a form sheet runs about as follows:

"I wish that you would tell me of some talent that I have, something that I can do to help the world. I feel so unimportant. We live on a farm eight miles from town with our four children, all of whom are small. I have chickens and eggs which I sell, and I do all my own sewing and all the housework. I dearly love flowers and in the summer my garden is considered real pretty and if we have any of the small vegetables for the table I have to raise them. My life seems so petty and worthless that I do wish I could have some talent."

You may think that I am merely amusing you, but the truth is that that letter rolls in about once in so often to every graphologist. I usually write back that with four children, a husband, a farm eight miles from town, chickens and two kinds of garden to look after, with all the sewing for six people to do, I would consider that I was being of about four people's use to the world already. As a matter of actual fact, until the thing is put in that way to them, many of these farm women never realize what they do or know in all its intensity and astonishing variety.

The persistent wish of the totally unfit to write short stories is a baffling thing. Every graphologist with whom I have ever talked has been struck with this. From certain conditions prevalent one would think that the desire to write motion-picture scenarios would be the ruling passion, but it is not, if graphological correspondence has anything to show about it. Yet in the past ten years there are five people, some young and some older, who had never thought of selling anything they might write, to whom I suggested that career because of what I saw in their handwriting and who are now doing more or less well with it.

Another stock letter which young people continually write graphologists is:

"Please tell me my talents. I find it so hard to choose what to do. I sing beautifully and have always been able to draw, and the boys love to dance with me. I recite a great deal and like to play the piano."

These singularly gifted young people need—and get—a hard bump which is designed to awake them from their dreams.

A Graphologist's Mail Bag

A query often found in the letters of young girls is "Shall I get married or go to work?" My reply is "If you marry you will inevitably do both."

Jealous people who have refused to believe themselves afflicted with the disease are sometimes convicted of sin when shown the ugly angular formations which show that quality, and that is the first step toward conquering it. When both parties to a marriage are jealous, bringing that fact home to them will sometimes give them the ability to laugh at themselves, which clears the air wonderfully.

The question which men ask the graphologist, when presenting a specimen of the possible future lady of their heart and hearth is "Is she loving and devoted and will she be interested in me?" The question which women almost invariably ask about a man in whom their affections are concerned is "Can I make him happy?"

Most of the people who write the graphologist really want advice about character, but after that is rendered there is a tendency to look for guidance in vocation, in business, in education, and in many of the purely personal affairs of life. The graphologist has to have a large fund of very odd knowledge. From the correspondence files of one week I take the following questions:

How much money should I have to go to the South Seas, where I want to enter the new industry there of raising hogs? Do you believe that a baby a year old should be spanked? Is gray becoming to brown-eyed people? Where can I buy books on infant paralysis? What does it cost to go to New York from Florida? Do persistent headaches show the danger of insanity? Can you send me a chart of what foods a person should eat who is bilious? Why don't we write like the letters that are printed in the newspaper? Can you tell by looking at a piece of handwriting whether this man loves me? Am I going to have any children? Do you think that I could learn to be an air pilot? What is the best way to control a jealous man who is jealous of your dog? Why can't I draw people to me? What's the reason that my wife and family dislike me, although I am popular with everybody else? Is graphology something that my clergyman would approve of? Can you tell from handwriting whether it is wise to marry young or late? What is the salary of a woman librarian and how does one become a librarian? What are the opportunities for physicians of Saxon birth, speaking Spanish, in South America?

The indications of racial characteristics in handwriting are most interesting. The American is characteristic in not having any racial stamp at all, save in not having it!

Specimens of handwriting in this country are the most baffling of all, from the racial standpoint, since individuality is so strong that we have no well-set type which we can follow. The specimens have a tremendous range, too, since in script which is obviously that of rather an uneducated person we can see a strong character and a tremendous force showing through. This is by no means so common in European hands. American writing, in the mass, lacks the beauty of letter formation which is almost universally found in Europe, for if a person writes there he writes well. A great many do not write, or at least write only their names, but in America it is rare to find the individual who does not write, which accounts for the many poor scripts, but which also allows of more freedom and individuality in American handwriting.

The French script is small and fine, with suave but very exact letter formations. It is expressive of the keen, cold mind which is France's, no matter how emotional and excitable she may seem to be on the surface.

The English writing is marked by a characteristic incurve which is the expression of that clannishness which is one of the outstanding traits of our cousins. Scandinavian writing is apt to be tortuous, twisted and involved in its letter formations, a true expression of that race which could give us such a thing as Peer Gynt, by far the most involved and tortuous play ever written.

The heavy pressure and awkward letter formations of German script are the expression of that slow and ponderous mind which is still Teutonic and powerful. Spanish writing is flowing and gracious but stately, and after the first impression of openness the graphologist perceives that the letter forms are very reserved. This is characteristic of the Spanish, who wear their manners nobly, but at heart are cool and critical.

One's Signature

Oriental nations invariably use either curved or wedge-shaped letter formations, which are infinitely beautiful. Arabic or Chinese, for instance, merely written on a wall, is a decoration. So it is not surprising to remember that we owe nearly all the art which concerns itself with the eye to the East.

The use of graphology is spreading and even enthusiastic graphologists do not know how far it will go, but of one thing they are certain, and that is that it will often afford a clew to much that otherwise remains dark.

The difference between the personality and the actual character is something which has done more to baffle the world than any other one thing. In handwriting, the signature will often be so different from the body of the writing that it is hard to believe that the same person has written both, but this is the graphological illustration of the fact that the personality and the character are more often truly two than really one, the signature of a writer being his personality and the body of writing his character, from the standpoint of graphology.

Some of the results of this difference are bad and some merely confusing. Some people, impressed by the falseness of their own personalities, feel that they will never know themselves at all. A good many are drawn into occupations for which they are not really fitted by some accident of the personality. A pretty face is undoubtedly responsible for the misery which we suffer, often, when we pay good money for an evening's entertainment, and a deep, resonant voice, combined with inability to do anything else, has sometimes filled our pulpits. In marriage this is true, too, for most men marry, not the character of a woman, but her appearance, and many a woman marries, not the man, but his broad shoulders, which she soon discovers can carry nothing heavier than a sense of his own importance.

Graphology is really a clew to these difficulties and may, in time, be as common with us as medicine.

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Low-pressure comfort with high-pressure mileage

The balloon tire has passed the experimental stage. As built by Kelly-Springfield, it is giving car-owners the same long carefree mileage they have been accustomed to get from Kelly high-pressure tires, and with it a degree of comfort such as only the true low-pressure tire can give.

To ride on a set of Kelly Balloons is to gain a new conception of the pleasures of motoring.

On request we shall be glad to send you free a 32-page booklet entitled "The Art of Driving," by Ralph de Palma.

Kelly-Springfield Tire Co.
250 West 57th St. New York

Byrd Found a Way to Make New Blades

Shave Better!

"What's the idea! stropping a new blade?" asked Byrd as he saw me take out a new blade and put it into my trusty Twinplex.

"Foolish question number one," I answered. "It's plain you don't know how much better a new blade shaves if it is stropped before being used. Here, try this."

You should have seen Byrd's smile as the Twinplexed edge of that blade went caressingly over his face leaving a velvety smoothness that was new to him.

Of course Byrd got a Twinplex forthwith and now he wouldn't sell it for $100.00 if he couldn't get another one. He has thanked me a dozen times for putting him wise. Only yesterday he said: "I've used the same blade now for a month. It's a marvel the way that little Twinplex saves time and money and, Oh boy! what shaves I do get."

Don't wait for some one to hand you a new blade stropped on Twinplex—let us do it.

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Once inside this tiny house with green blinds, blades can't get out to harm anyone. Send 10¢, name your razor and we will send you a Dull House and a sharp new blade, made keen by stropping on Twinplex. We would just like to show you what Twinplex will do to a new blade.

For fifteen years Twinplex Stroppers have been sold on approval at leading stores all over the world. Ask your dealer for one.

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1640 Locust St., St. Louis
New York Montreal London Chicago

Twinplex Stropper
FOR SMOOTHER SHAVES

HULAS AND HUMMING BIRDS

(Continued from Page 48

The party that evening was one of those affairs that afflict a community when the country club happens to be running behind. I mean to say, why pretend the jolly old slogan, We Must Use Our Club Oftener, is inspired by loving kindness, when the answer is in the ledger written in red ink?

At that, it was quite a party. All the first families were there, and a number of the seconds.

Toward the wee sma' hours, as the Scotch so wonderfully put it, I noticed something queer about Phippsy; he wasn't at the party. Mary was there, dancing. But Phippsy was missing, and so was Eloise. What did that mean? I cut in on Mary, determined to find out.

"It was entirely his fault," said Mary.

"Naturally," I replied.

"I told him he ought to be ashamed of himself."

"You were undoubtedly right. Only what ought he to have been ashamed about?"

"He told me he was running home to fill his cigarette case and would be right back."

"What's wrong with that?"

"He was gone for an hour. And he didn't go home, because when I asked him for a cigarette his case was still empty. He was with that Trequair woman all the while."

"Well, why not? Mrs. Trequair is a tremendously attractive woman; I'd like nothing better than to spend an hour with her myself. Besides, why shouldn't Phippsy buzz around a bit if he feels like it? It isn't as if you two were engaged."

"Oh, but we are!"

"What?"

"Certainly. He proposed to me this morning. Didn't he tell you?"

"Er—no. But I haven't happened to see him since breakfast. Of course, if you're really engaged, Phippsy has behaved very badly. I'll see what I can do."

Now I ask you. Here was Mary telling me she and Phippsy were engaged! Frankly, I didn't believe a word of it. Neither did Phippsy when I ran him down in the card room a moment later. Yes, there he was, the old pirate, as cozy as you please, playing piquet with Eloise for a dollar a point.

"May I have a word with you?" I asked.

"Ninety-four, ninety-five, ninety-six—— Hang it all, Bill, I'm Rubiconed."

"You most certainly are." Then dragging him into a corner, I said, "What's all this about your being engaged to Mary?"

"Who says I am?"

"Mary."

"But that's rot, you know."

"Then you didn't pop the silly old question?"

"Positively not!"

"But you must have said something. If your head will pardon the liberty, please try to use it to think with."

"Don't be so dashed superior," said Phippsy. "I am thinking."

"She said you asked her this morning. Where were you this morning?"

"On the beach. Can you see me proposing to any girl in the morning—on a beach—in a bathing suit?"

"No; nor in the afternoon in flannels, nor in the evening in a dinner jacket. That's where the mystery comes in."

"No mystery at all," said Phippsy. "Mary's just trying to get even because I was A. W. O. L. for an hour. I'm disappointed in her, Bill. The way she's acted tonight is positively an eye opener. I'm sorry now I ever let her steal me from Eloise."

"Never mind the petit-larceny part. The fact remains that Mary told me you were engaged to her. She may be telling the same thing to somebody else this minute. She might even take it into her head to tell everybody at the party before she's through and then where will you be? What's more, it's my opinion she really believes it. So you must have done something to put the idea into her head. Think, old boy—think as you've never done before. In short, think."

As Phippsy stood there cudgeling the old bean, I was reminded of that other Thinker by Rodin—it was so different. At last, however, a glimmer like the first faint flush of dawn appeared on his face.

"By George," he said, "I have it! It was that Vogel woman."

"You mean the Hun lady who appears on the beach every morning plastered with diamonds?"

"That's the one. I remember now I was just asking Mary if she cared for diamonds when Parker turned up with a cable and I had to beat it—answer it, you know. And we weren't lunching together, and I was afraid I might not see her again till this evening, so just as I left I asked her if I might give her a ring. Get that, Bill? 'Do you care for diamonds?' And right on top of that, 'May I give you a ring?' If you ask me, that's the answer in a nutshell."

"Was that all?"

"No, by jingo! She called me darling and said this was so sudden. I've been wondering ever since what she meant."

"Well, you needn't wonder any longer. She took your declaration of diamonds seriously and is out to make a grand slam. Something's got to be done."

"Check," said Phippsy. "And you're just the lad to do it. If you'll tell Mary politely but firmly that I'm not, never was and never will be engaged to her, you'll be doing me the sort of favor a chap remembers in his will."

Quite an order, what? But I couldn't see my pal gobbled up like that. So with that sublime good nature which is at once my chief charm and my undoing, I agreed to carry Phippsy's banner to the front.

"I'll tell her," I said, "that she hasn't a leg to stand on. I only hope she doesn't remember I've seen her in swimming."

As for my interview with Mary, did you ever try to take a stick of candy away from a spoiled child?

"Though Phippsy respects you enormously," I said, "he has positively no intention of marrying you."

"Then why did he want to give me an engagement ring?"

"He didn't. The ring he offered was worth only five cents, and the price was to have been paid into the coffers of the telephone company."

"I don't believe it. Why, he'd just got through telling me I was the most wonderful girl in the world!"

"So you are—and the most beautiful and the most unselfish. That's why I've come to you like this. Ordinarily Phippsy's entanglements leave me cold. But you're so different, Mary. It would be like a nightingale mating with a sparrow for you to marry Phippsy; he isn't good enough for you, my dear. Besides, from the rate he's been running through his money, he'll be a pauper before the year is out."

"But I understood he was very rich."

"Not at all," I replied. "It would surprise and pain you to learn how little he really has. As a matter of fact, I'm the moneyed member of the firm. He'll always have a home with me because I'm fond of him. But you could hardly expect me to support his wife or any subsequent little strangers who might arrive to cluster round his knee, now could you?"

"Er—no," said Mary. "Since you put it that way, Bill, I can see I've had a narrow escape. That's the trouble with the islands. The last millionaire who was down here turned out to be a window dresser from a Los Angeles department store. . . . Are you doing anything tomorrow night? Because if you're not, I'd like to have you come to dinner—just the family, you know."

"Why, thanks," I said, "I'd love to."

And if I made a mental note to have Parker ring up in the morning and say I was ill or something, who can blame me? I was out to do the very best I could for my pal. That I'd only succeeded by taking away his really tremendous fortune and transferring it to myself didn't disturb me in the least. Nevertheless, as I hastened to the card room with the good news, I

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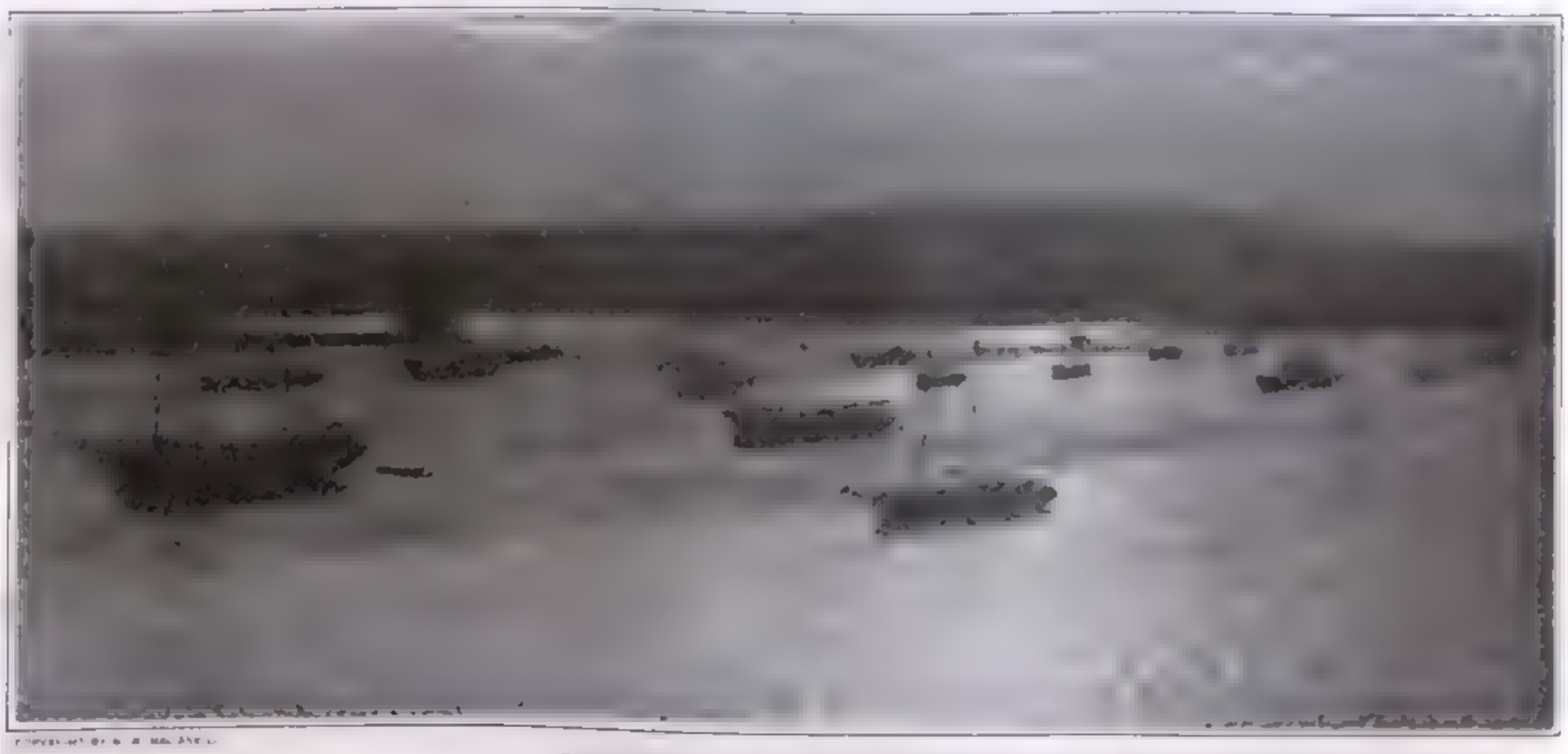

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They know that the saving on distribution is put into the tire.

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Many millions of men have bought Mennen Shaving Cream on my say so, and their morning tears of pain changed to tears of gratitude.

More millions took my tip that Mennen Talcum for Men was the real he-stuff that wouldn't show on the face because tinted to match masculine skin.

This is addressed to those who have followed my advice and found it reliable. At your earliest opportunity exchange half a dollar at the drug store for a large tube of Mennen Skin Balm.

Tomorrow morning, after your shave, open up that tube and get ready for a new sensation!

Rub a little of the magic balm into the area just shaved. The balm disappears, but not its effect.

First there's a business-like bite that shows antiseptic work is going on. Then a flood of delicious coolness. The fresh, flowery odor peps you up for breakfast. For hours afterward you look better groomed than ever before.

Try this remarkable new discovery at my risk. If you're not wild about it, shoot the tube to me for a full refund.

Jim Henry
Mennen Salesman

MENNEN
SKIN BALM

(Continued from Page 60)

determined if I ever did go on another trip with Phippsy, it would be to Alaska, where the gold diggers get it out of the ground.

On the whole then I was distinctly pleased with myself. Had I delivered the message to Garcia? I jolly well had. And as a result, Phippsy was free as a bird. I felt precisely like that chap who sent a boatload of hickory posts to the starving woodpeckers of Armenia—virtuous in fact. The very novelty of it appealed to me. For I'm not a Boy Scout by nature; I've seen too many good deeds come whizzing back like boomerangs. I mean to say, a chap who doesn't first qualify as an Artful Dodger is bound to be a washout as a philanthropist—he can't stand up to it.

Anyway, there I was, approaching the card room, the afterglow of a good deed still warming my heart. If you remember, I'd left Phippsy playing piquet with Eloise. I found him. . . . I give you my word I couldn't have been more surprised if I'd been the first rabbit that laid an Easter egg—or more appalled. For much as I liked Eloise, my candidate for the presidency of the Better-Dead Club would be the chap who married her. And if Phippsy didn't intend to marry her, why in heaven's name was he announcing his engagement to her?

Can you match that for a picture to greet the weary traveler's return? Having barely freed him from one trap, here he was gayly putting his foot in another. I could hardly credit my ears. As a matter of fact, I think everyone there was almost as surprised as I was; the card room buzzed like a swarm of bees. And since everybody had to congratulate the happy pair, it was a good hour before I could get Phippsy alone and find out what it was all about.

"What ever made you do it?" I asked.

"It's like this," said Phippsy; "I was afraid you wouldn't succeed with Mary, and I thought if I beat her to it—I mean announced my engagement to someone else before she announced hers to me—why, then I'd be perfectly safe."

"But I did succeed with Mary. She's off you for life, or till she gets a glimpse of my bank book, which isn't likely, because I haven't any. As for your being perfectly safe, if your idea of safety is being engaged to Eloise, it isn't mine. Personally, I'd just as lief be engaged to a man-eating tiger. I'll bet my hat it was she who talked you into this in the first place. Now wasn't it?"

"Er—yes. But she only did it to protect me. She's a good sort, Eloise—one of the best. You can say what you please, Bill, Eloise has more character in her little finger than Mary has in her whole *tout ensemble*."

"I absolutely agree with you. But if you think it's the women without character who are dangerous, you're greatly mistaken. The more character they have, the more dangerous they are. It takes character to play a waiting game, old boy, and that's exactly what Eloise has done. If you ask me, you're in for Trouble with a large T."

"There you go—always croaking! Can't you see the bright side?"

"No, I'm blessed if I can."

I'm bound to admit, though, that the ensuing days brimmed over with good feeling and serenity. Eloise made no demands on Phippsy, and as a result, he was with her almost constantly. It amused me to see how she deferred to him. Should she put Sally next to Walter at dinner? Was he quite sure he approved of her new gown? Because if he didn't she'd give it to the Salvation Army. The new gown being rather a startling affair, I couldn't quite see the Salvation Army wearing it. But it all made a decided hit with Phippsy.

"Eloise is so helpless," he'd say. "I have to be very careful what I tell her to do, because she does it. She's a woman in a thousand, Bill. I'm hanged if I don't wish sometimes we were really engaged."

About this time Tod returned to the sugar plantation at Maui. He'd had a row with Uncle Bender, it seems. What it was all about, nobody knew; but it must have been serious or Tod wouldn't have left like that without saying good-by to us. You see, Uncle Bender occasionally told Tod where he got off. And since he was in complete control of Tod's fortune, he was positively in a position to get away with it.

"It's like this," said Phippsy: "Tod doesn't come into his money till he's thirty, and if Uncle Bender feels like it, he can keep him whistling for it till he's forty. A dashed awkward arrangement, if you ask me."

And so the days slipped by. I remember them all perfectly—they were so unimportant. For say what you will, it's the unimportant things that count. I've completely forgotten the name of my first sweetheart, but the first time I ever tasted *fraises des bois* will linger in my memory as long as I live.

A pleasing note in this symphony of days was Mary Sampson, who was as cordial as if she'd never cast a possessive eye toward Phippsy. Fisherman's luck! Besides, she'd now hooked a rich widower from Seattle; and this time, playing her line more carefully, she landed him.

If you think, however, that during this period of calm I wasn't on the lookout for storms, you're jolly well mistaken. As a matter of fact, I was scanning the horizon all this time, as full of apprehension as a ship's cat. But it wasn't till Phippsy received a cable from his lawyer that the storm really broke, and even then we only got the outer edges of it.

The cable read:

"Your engagement announced in all New York papers. Congratulations."

"By jingo!" said Phippsy. "That's going a bit strong."

"If a person of your social prominence will get himself engaged, what can you expect?"

"Well, I don't like it. Looks to me, Bill, as if it were about time for us to pull up stakes. What do you say we hop the next boat? I'll have Eloise tell everybody I'm called home on business. That will make it official."

It might have too. Only the very next day, at breakfast, "Great Jupiter!" said Phippsy, handing me the morning paper. "Look what's here!"

By Jove! You could have knocked me down with the well-known feather! For there, staring out at me, all surrounded by little cupids, were pictures of Eloise and Phippsy. And the ensuing text announced that their wedding would take place in exactly three weeks. Three weeks! Talk about a bolt from the blue! When you get it from a newspaper at breakfast, it's a bolt from the yellow, and twice as poisonous!

"If you can laugh that off," I said, "you're a wonder. You're hooked, old boy—teetotally and everlastingly hooked."

"I don't see it," said Phippsy. "Eloise will be as upset by this as I am. I'll have Parker get her on the phone."

But Eloise wasn't at home; she'd gone out.

"Did you ask when she'd return?" demanded Phippsy.

"Yes, sir."

"Well?"

"She didn't leave any word, sir."

"Oh!" Then turning to me, he put a question that has never been equaled for pathos. "What'll I do?" he asked.

It got me. If it had been that chap I admire so tremendously, Irving Berlin himself, I couldn't have been more affected. For what could poor old Phippsy do? There's an authority about the printed page that makes it seem like gospel. I mean to say, it's all very well for people to tell you they don't believe what they read in the newspapers. Just talk to 'em for ten minutes and you'll find out that's about all they do believe.

Certainly, as far as Honolulu was concerned, it was now gospel that there was to be a wedding in exactly three weeks. And naturally Phippsy couldn't go round denying it; a denial of that sort simply has to come from the lady. But would the lady deny it? Not if I knew my book. A dashed awkward situation, if you ask me.

"What'll I do?" moaned Phippsy.

"Nothing," I said. "There's only one thing you can possibly do, old boy—sit tight."

"But I've simply got to see Eloise."

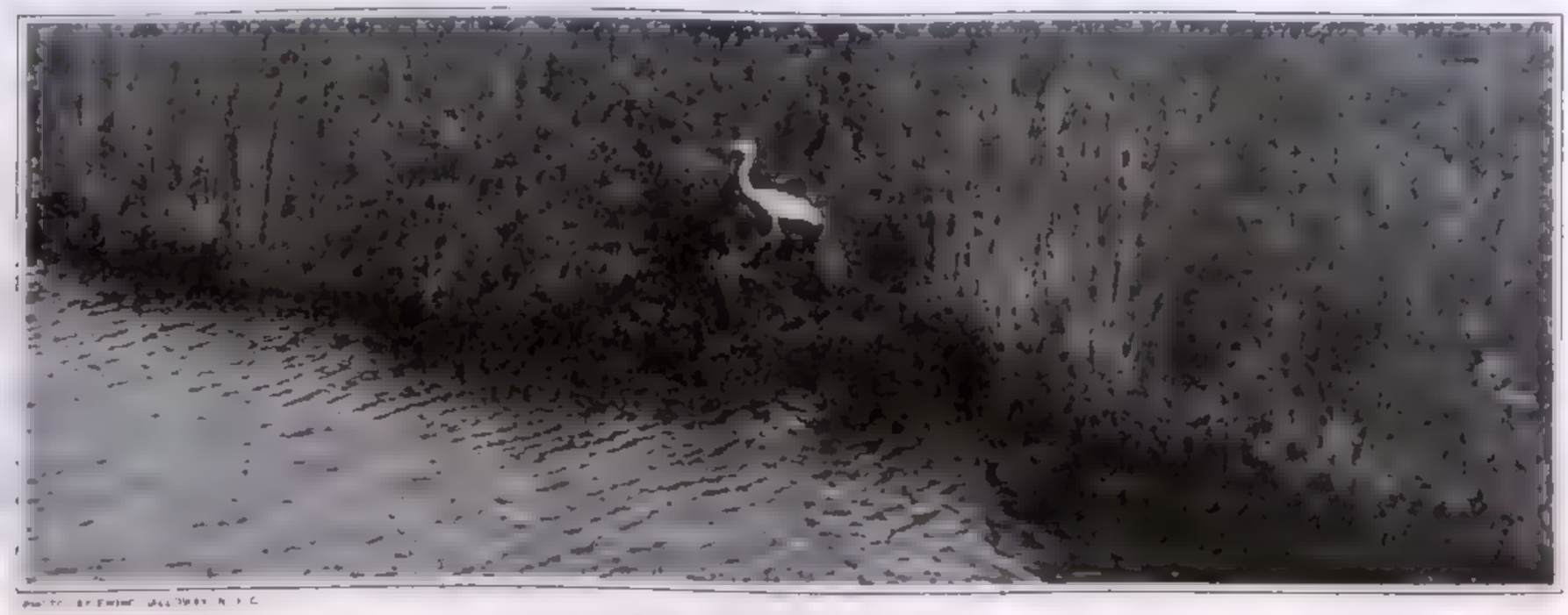
"Do me a favor. Let me see her first."

"No, Bill, this is my job. I may need you later, but now I'll just run up to her house and wait till she comes back." With that he was off.

But I gathered it was beginning to dawn on him what he was up against. For no matter how the intelligentzia might view it, public opinion would be all with Eloise. And the worst thing about public opinion is, it's generally about two-thirds right. Personally, I'm all for the right. I'd rather be right than a Roosevelt—oh, infinitely!

As I sat there smoking my after-breakfast cigarette, it struck me there was something very peculiar about the whole affair. Suddenly, without warning, Eloise had exercised her option on Phippsy—and in a newspaper. Moreover, if brought to task,

(Continued on Page 64)



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There is more to farming than corn and hogs. There is romance in it—adventure that spurs the imagination .... *The Country Gentleman* is telling some of these stories, along with thoroughly practical articles to help the farmer in his business. Every manufacturer and sales manager should read the 164-page October issue of the new monthly *Country Gentleman* to see for himself how the romance and the practice of agriculture combine to make this interesting publication.

The Country Gentleman

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

(Continued from Page 62)

she'd probably deny she'd had anything to do with it. Well, I'd soon find out. The editor of the paper was by way of being rather a friend of mine. I rang for Parker to tell him to get the editor chap on the phone.

But when Parker came, as I thought in answer to my ring, I forgot all about telephoning; for, fairly treading on his heels, all dressed in white and carrying an apple-green parasol, was—Eloise.

"I told Mrs. Trequair I wasn't sure you were at home, sir," said Parker disapprovingly.

"And I told Parker I was coming in anyway. Good morning, Bill."

"Good morning. You're the one person I wanted to see. That will be all, Parker."

Eloise sank gracefully into a chair.

"Seen the morning paper?" she asked.

"I certainly have. Was it you that gave 'em that story?"

"It was."

"Well, if you'll take my advice, you'll publish a statement in the evening paper denying it."

"Why?"

"Because you're not going to get married in three weeks."

"No?"

"Not if I have anything to say about it."

"But you haven't. I don't think I like your attitude, Bill."

"When it comes to that, I cordially dislike yours. Who told you you could print all that rot about you and Phippsy?"

"That's what I came to explain."

"You don't need to explain. Anyone with half an eye can see what you're up to. Well, you won't get away with it, I promise you that."

"Aren't you taking things with rather a high hand? You'd better be careful, Bill."

"I am careful—careful for Phippsy. He's my pal, and he's not going to be shanghaied into matrimony, not if I know it."

"Then you expect me to give up all idea of marriage?"

"I most emphatically do."

Eloise sighed.

"It seems very simple to you, doesn't it?"

"As simple as A B C."

"Well, it isn't. I want very much to get married."

"But why? There's no sense in getting married unless you really care."

"I do care."

"What?"

"Yes, Bill, I care—frightfully."

By Jove! I was prepared for anything but that. I'd thought all along it had been just a game with her. She actually cared for Phippsy.

"There, there," I said, "I didn't understand. But I'm afraid it's a washout, my dear. For though Phippsy admires you tremendously and all that, he's not the least bit in love with you."

"Are you sure?"

"Quite sure."

Eloise arose.

"Then there's only one thing for me to do," she said.

"You'll give him up?"

"Yes, Bill."

As she stood there like a blessed martyr, with the holy light of renunciation in her eyes, my heart absolutely melted within me. All I could think of was to comfort her.

"I'm sorry," I said—"more sorry than I can ever tell you. But this will pass. Sometime, somewhere, you'll be as happy as you are unhappy now. I hope you will, my dear. I truly hope so."

With that, I took her in my arms—quite fraternally, you understand. How was I to know Phippsy would come in just then?

"What's the big idea?" demanded Phippsy.

"Just a moment of human sympathy," I replied, removing the fraternal arms from round Eloise. "That's all, old boy, positively all."

"Well, it certainly looked human," said Phippsy—"dashed human." Then turning to Eloise, he asked if they were still engaged. "Because if we are," he said, "we're not. And if we're not, we never were."

"We never were," said Eloise. "I told you you'd better be careful, Bill." And with that, she fled from the house, hopped into her motor car and beat it.

Now I ask you. Had I been betrayed by all that is fine and generous in my nature, or hadn't I? With sympathy and understanding I'd tried to comfort the afflicted; I'd fought like a tiger for my pal. And here he was, gazing at me as if I'd been something the cat had brought in.

"Look here," said Phippsy, "what do you mean by stealing my sweetie away from me like that?"

This was too much.

"If you let that confounded woman come between us," I said, "you'll regret it till your dying day."

"I suppose she deliberately threw herself into your arms!"

"She did nothing of the sort. I was sorry for her. She'd just staged a scene full of nobility and renunciation. She loved you madly—she realized you didn't love her—she gave you up."

"Is that really what happened?"

"On my word of honor."

"Why, the poor little thing! I didn't realize she cared for me like that. What do you think I ought to do about it, Bill?"

"I think ——" I began; but I never finished the sentence, for just then Tod blew in.

"Hullo!" I said. "When did you get back?"

"Last night. How's everything?"

"Fine," said Phippsy.

"Same here. I'm giving a party tonight. Will you both come?"

"We can't," said Phippsy. "We're dining with Jimmy Wilder."

"Oh, that's all right. Jimmy's coming to my party. It's going to be some party too—today's my birthday."

"By jingo!" said Phippsy. "Here's a perfectly good excuse for a celebration. Oh, Parker!"

"Not for me," said Tod, "I'm on the wagon. You see, this is more than a mere birthday—it's my thirtieth—and I've just wound up things with Uncle Bender."

"What's that?" I said. "Do you mean to tell me the old boy came through?"

"Like a million dollars; all signed on the dotted line, the family fortune in the sock. I'm no end grateful to you, Phippsy. It was that announcement in the paper this morning that did the business. You see, Uncle Bender suspected I was sweet on Eloise, and if I came into my money I'd marry her. But when he read in the paper that you were the lucky chap, he came through like a lamb."

"Well, I'm glad some good has come of it," said Phippsy. "Between ourselves, old boy, that stuff in the paper this morning was the bunk. I'm not going to marry Eloise."

"You're darn tootin' you're not," said Tod. "I'm marrying her myself—exactly three weeks from today."

Of course, Phippsy and I went to the wedding. We even persuaded Uncle Bender to bury the hatchet and come along. After the ceremony, though, Phippsy was a trifle sunk.

"It's a queer thing, Bill," he said. "I never really love 'em, but I always hate to lose 'em. . . . What do you say we go home?"

"The Queen of the White Slaves"

THROUGH an error in Miss Spitzer's article entitled Ten-Twenty-Thirty that appeared in a recent number of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, the authorship of The Queen of the White Slaves was incorrectly attributed to Charles Taylor. This play, which was successfully produced in 1904, was written by Mr. Arthur J. Lamb. We greatly regret the error made in attributing its authorship to Mr. Taylor.

People are STEPPING INTO BANKS

"SEE," said the banker, "there are no front steps. The people walk right in from the street, as they do into a store." He was showing us a sketch of his new branch, just opened in a growing section of the city.

It is noticeable that steps and obstructions are disappearing inside the bank too. Old formalities and old customs are being cleared away. People are stepping directly and naturally into the trust department to invest their savings safely. Depositors are walking freely into the vaults to leave their securities and worries under lock and key. Millions of Americans who never went to a bank now go as a matter of course, to be greeted with courtesy and welcomed with sincerity. They are learning how their banks can serve them. They are realizing that these specialists in finance are ready with sound advice and tested counsel.

For the banks have been telling people about the advantages of thrift, the wisdom of investments, the security and happiness that spring from a well-planned financial program. They have pointed out the service that a bank renders and the trust that a good banking connection inspires. In short, the banks have been advertising themselves.

And they have been doing it well. Though one of the last big businesses to join the ranks of the advertisers, the banks have advertised with foresight and with skill, as anyone who reads the newspapers may easily see. For just as the bank is almost always the most substantial building in town, so bank advertising is apt to be sound and attractive.

And when a manufacturer brings his problems before a bank's officers or directors, he finds that they are already familiar with the power of the printed page. Perhaps a new product must be presented. Or an old product must be sold to new millions. Or perhaps sales resistance and expense are mounting. In any case, the banker is now able to discuss advertising from the standpoint of a user. He knows how it works. He knows when it is needed. He recognizes that good-will is an asset and that advertising is an essential part of modern business promotion.

N. W. AYER & SON

ADVERTISING HEADQUARTERS, PHILADELPHIA

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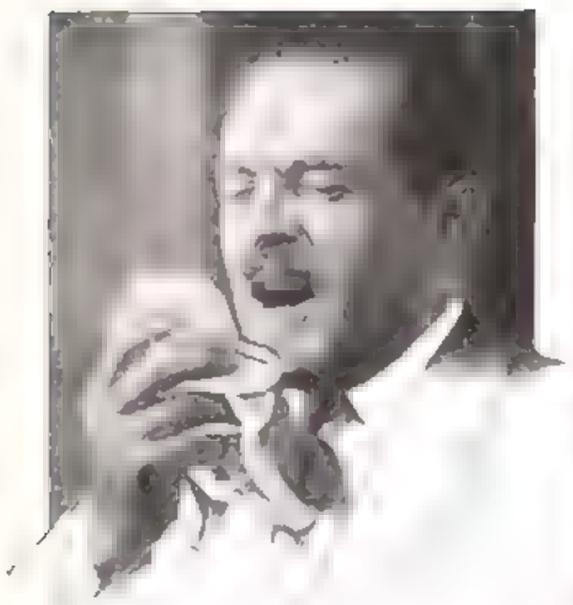

Sneezing?

That's nature's warning of a coming cold. The delicate lining of your nose, mouth and throat should have been protected.

A-CHOO-O!

This is nature's warning that a cold is on the way.

That sneeze tells you that you have been neglecting a very important duty—the regular, systematic care of nose, mouth and throat.

It requires even less time and trouble than you devote to cleaning your teeth.

Glyco-Thymoline, used morning and evening in an atomizer, nasal douche, or as a gargle, strengthens the delicate lining of your nose, mouth and throat. It washes the membrane clear of dust and irritants which form weak spots in the tissue. It is chiefly at these irritated places that the germs of cold and sore throat make their attack.

Used regularly, Glyco-Thymoline prevents these weak spots from forming.

Glyco-Thymoline is not merely an antiseptic. It is an *alkaline* antiseptic, the ideal kind for counteracting acid irritations of the mucous membrane. Any doctor will tell you that the most effective healing agents for infections of the mucous membrane are *alkaline*. The reason is that alkaline solutions are especially *cleansing* and counteract acid conditions.

Glyco-Thymoline cleanses the irritated or congested membrane thoroughly. It removes excess mucus. It washes away the germs and objectionable matter which the mucus contains. At the same time the antiseptic properties make it hard for germs to multiply.

Make up your mind today that you are going to enjoy greater freedom from colds. Get a bottle of Glyco-Thymoline from your druggist. It has an agreeable taste. It refreshes. It soothes.

And, what is most important, it keeps the membrane of nose, mouth and throat in sound, vigorous condition. Thus it gives you added days of precious health and comfort.

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THE ALKALINE ANTISEPTIC

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Send me free of charge a trial bottle of Glyco-Thymoline.

Name

Address

QUIET AFRICAN DAYS

(Continued from Page 22

the sunset gods; and so we seem already to have been here for years.

A few paragraphs back I spoke of the rashness of predetermining the course of one's day. It is my personal belief that a very powerful god sits around here somewhere—probably on top of Kubukubu, where I have never been—whose disposition is informed with a spice of malicious humor, and whose pleasure it is to set our plans at naught. Twice only have I announced firmly what I intended to do. Never again! Hereafter I shall play the game as it lies.

The first time I remarked that I had a slight headache and did not feel like doing anything. I would, however, go along with the archers and sit in the car and watch them shoot arrows at flying roebuck. The roebuck is a pretty and graceful red animal, about deer size, that lies doggo in high grass until you fairly step on him, and then goes bouncing and cavorting away at a high rate of speed and with a most disconcerting gait. The archers first shoot arrows at him and then hunt for the arrows in the high grass, which is an amusing spectacle.

We sent the gun bearers on afoot to meet us at a certain point. After a suitable interval we followed with the car. A mile out we saw a lot of big birds sitting rather grumpily on the ground, and as we stopped to examine them became aware of the gun bearers about half a mile away and not at the appointed place. They seemed excited, so we drove over to investigate. They reported that as they had approached the spot where we had seen the birds eight lions had withdrawn slowly in the direction of the river. In earnest of their tale a lioness came into sight on the opposite bank and stared at us.

We all ran as far as we could go in that direction and counted four lionesses and their three-quarter-grown cubs, all moving quietly away. We did not especially care for lionesses, so we contented ourselves with counting them. Our strong impression was that this was a part of a bunch of ten well known to us, and always hanging around in that vicinity. They were more or less of a nuisance to us, as several were always showing off and threatening attack when we happened near them. We had nicknamed them the Ten Foolish Virgins, and strongly suspected that some day they would force us into battle. Only the week before, Art, coming to get the car where he had left it for a short while, looked up to find the Ten Foolish Virgins not fifty yards away and his rifle out of reach. Art hied himself promptly into the car and tried to look peaceable. They switched their tails and growled and generally bluffed at him for a while, and then withdrew. Art felt relieved.

Ladies' Day on the Veldt

So we listened with considerable doubt to the gun bearers' positive statement that there had been two fine-maned lions with the lot when first they had seen them. Natives are always eager to tell a tale that will please. Still, they insisted so strongly that it seemed worth while to take a chance. Reaching out from the river like long fingers into the plain is a series of dongas, or narrow bushy and wooded ravines. They are a mile or so apart and from two to four miles long. One of these was just opposite us. If there were two lions, it was as likely a direction as any for them to have taken.

So we worked that donga. That is to say, we walked slowly up its edge, throwing stones and opprobrious epithets into bits of likely cover. We flushed all sorts of other game, but no lions. Near the end, and sitting under a tree out in the plain, we did come on five; but these, too, were all lionesses. It seemed to be ladies' day on the veldt. This lot, after looking at us all they wanted, trailed away across the open plain. They went in single file, evenly spaced, about five yards apart. A hyena joined the procession on speculation, walking also in the line, but at a very respectful distance in the rear. He didn't know where they were going, but it looked to him like a good gang to follow; there might be something doing.

So we were that far, three or four miles from the motor car and the sun getting stronger. We consulted. The chance of meeting these two maned lions had gone, but we might as well do something. So we agreed to strike across country to the head of another donga and along it return to the river. But when we were about halfway, and at the head of a small stringer, Doc thought he had had about enough. This was his first expedition since a bout of fever, and it was well to be careful. Art went with him. Suleimari, my gun bearer, and myself continued on to the other donga. You see how already this "quiet day" had acquired a ten-mile walk.

How to Receive a Lion

We worked down this donga rather listlessly. It was only a way back to us just then. It produced nothing but the usual roebuck, monkeys, dig-dig and parrots. We were almost back to its junction with the river. And there in the open, along the delta, sauntered those two fine-maned lions, one behind the other. They were a royal sight, walking with the loose-muscled, easy swing peculiar to these animals, their maned heads high. Apparently they were just strolling along. At the moment I caught sight of them a roebuck jumped up just ahead of them and dashed frantically away. Now, lions do not kill in the daytime, but here the temptation was too great. The one in the lead made three great springs. It was a wonderful exhibition of suddenly unleashed power. Then, realizing what he was doing, he stopped short and looked back at his companion, I thought a trifle foolishly. The latter had not altered his slow and stately pacing. When he had caught up, the two proceeded as before.

Suleimari and I plunged hastily but cautiously into the bushy bed of the donga and out the other side. We found ourselves about a hundred yards directly behind the lions. They had not seen us.

It now became a question of hustling to catch up. I had come out for a quiet day, it will be remembered, and was armed only with the .30 Springfield. The .405 was in camp. Therefore it would be well to get as close as possible and to deliver as accurate a shot as possible. The rear end of a lion is not a particularly happy choice as a mark. Hitting it annoys but does not seriously damage him. When I had shortened the distance to seventy yards, however, I realized that they were nearing a jungle of waist-high grass and something must be done about it. So I shouted "Hullo!" at them.

At the sound of my voice they both turned broadside to look back. Instantly I shot the nearer just back of the shoulder. The bullet knocked him flat, but he bounced to his feet, lowered his head and charged.

I have been, at this writing, just twenty-four times at the receiving end of lion charges. There is a great thrill in it. The instant the beast starts, you realize fully two things: One is that he has made up his mind to get you and that he's coming to do it just as fast as he can; and the other thing is that it is now up to you and to you alone. If you don't stop him in the next four seconds, he's going to do just that thing. Furthermore, he's not going to change his mind about it. And still furthermore, he is a cat weighing somewhere near five hundred pounds. There is no chance, absolutely none, for fumbling or wavering off the mark, or snatching at the trigger or doing any of the other fool things that ordinarily with a rifleman result merely in a temporary mortification. This mortification is going to be permanent. Your job is to shoot; to shoot quickly and to shoot very straight. There's no good "shooting at the whole animal."

The lion is very heavily armored forward. His brain is protected by bulging masses of muscle and plates of bone. I have seen a heavy bullet apparently in the center of his forehead do little more than daze him for the moment. I have seen a 220-grain bullet, misplaced by an insignificant six inches in his chest, shatter itself to pieces so small they could hardly be dissected out, against the massive bands of muscle and the heavy shoulder bones. You must pick your exact spot and you must hit it.

My second shot caught him favorably, and again he went down; but again he got to his feet, this time pretty groggy. Down once more to the third shot, roaring and growling. All this took place very quickly. Out of the corner of my eye I saw the second lion stop at the edge of the tall grass. Urged by an irresistible impulse of battle, I swung the sights on him and let drive just as he turned away. We heard the bullet tell and saw his tail switch—sure sign of a hit—then the grass closed around him. The first was by now again showing signs of life, so I gave him his quietus with one more. I slammed open the bolt of the nearly empty rifle.

"*Risasi!*" I snapped to Suleimari, and reached up my hand for the cartridges.

But he was better than that. A brown arm shot over my shoulder. Chik! Chik! Chik! Chik! Chik! The cartridges shot home into the magazine. We were ready for another round.

We walked over to where the other lion had been last seen, and found ourselves on the edge of a waist-high belt of coarse bunch grass. At its farther side lay a jungle of small bush, thorn trees and palms which formed the river belt. It seemed most likely the beast must have taken refuge there; and it looked to me absolutely certain that it was no place for one man alone armed only with a .30 caliber rifle. I so expressed myself to Suleimari.

"Bwana Young has heard the shooting. He will come. We will wait for him," I concluded in Swahili.

The End of a Quiet Day

But though we were willing to wait, the lion was not. He had not gone to the river jungle at all, but was lying in the grass about fifty yards distant. At the sound of my voice he uttered a roaring growl which Doc and Art heard a mile or so away—and charged.

This was a more difficult situation. The grass did not in the least interfere with the lion's movements, but did obscure my sight of him. All I could see at first was the violent movement of the vegetation and an occasional glimpse of the top of his head. For this reason my first shot missed him. The second, however, was a hit; and the third stopped him just fifteen paces from where we stood. He was coming very fast; so fast that his momentum caused him completely to change ends when the bullet put him out, so that he came down flop with his tail toward us.

The next time I called for a quiet day, I meant it. I meant it so firmly that I stayed in camp and let the rest of them go out. That humorous god on Kubukubu could not get at me, but here is what he did to the rest of them:

They drove out over the open plain and came across a lioness. Her they approached. The idea was to give the archer—meaning Doc this time—a chance to launch a broadhead or so at her. Leslie was driving, Doc, with his bow, was in the seat alongside ready to hop out, while Art sat on a box in the open truck back with his rifle—just in case. The lioness trotted slowly away. The car followed as slowly. When she stopped and squatted, as she surely would, the car would swing to one side, Doc would hop

(Continued on Page 68)

A QUARTER MILLION MORE *users in eight months*

This remarkable growth of Diamond Tire sales during the present season is not merely a circumstance but another upward step in a progressive success covering 32 years

It is the public's recognition of the economic soundness of the Diamond policy, which provides—

{1} *A Simplified Tire Line:* a superfine tire for every class of transportation—not a clutter of grades and variety of quality which only confuse and make difficult the selection of true value.

{2} *Economic Distribution:* Direct shipment from factory to the Diamond merchant, a procedure that eliminates several links in the usual chain of distribution and the costs of maintaining them.

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Thus, by basic economies, Diamond has given to its products an even greater value—a value that the public not only has been quick to recognize but to patronize.

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FOR PASSENGER AND COMMERCIAL VEHICLES

Re*Creation
— *the triumph of genius*

RE*CREATION could not come in a day. Nor in a year. Mere mechanical skill could not produce it. Just as no wonderful painting can be turned out by any machine. For re*crention is something intangible.

Mechanics and acoustics enter in, but artistic genius, itself, must guide the creation of an instrument capable of re*creating the tonal arts of the world. That instrument must be in intimate sympathy with every expression of music and voice.

Rola is the one Re*creatur. And once you hear it, you too will say: "Here is a truly marvelous thing. *Now* I can get all I have longed for from the miracle of radio." The Rola Company, 4250 Hollis Street, Oakland, California. Marketed nationally through

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Rola
RE ★ CREATOR
$36

(Continued from Page 66)

out and the program would proceed from that point along schedule plans.

By an unfortunate oversight the lioness had not been sufficiently instructed. Also Leslie pressed her much too close. She stopped, the car swung and Doc stepped blithely off the running board prepared to do his stuff. She charged, and very fast. Leslie turned on the gas with the mistaken impression that a flivver can run away from a lioness. It cannot. If the flivver had been standing still she would not have overhauled it any the more quickly; she would merely have been saved a little extra exertion. And Doc in his leap for the running board had caught one of the awning supports and was hanging on by two fingers only in that exact state of equilibrium where the pressure of an additional ounce—which he could not command—would have pulled him into the car; and the drag of another ounce of gravity would have dumped him off on the veldt straight into the lioness' jaws. In that case he would have been gone, for these animals tear and maul with incredible ferocity and fury.

It was entirely up to Art, and nobly did he acquit himself. He had no easy job, trying to shoot from that bumping, swaying car. It was not a case of sighting; no man could even look through a pair of sights in these conditions. It was not even a question of pointing the gun by instinct without the sights; the jolting threw the muzzle to cover twenty feet of ground. He had to snap-shoot. His first shot missed. His second killed her dead as she took her next to the last spring. Her next leap would have landed her in the car, and then there would have been a mess!

A Leopard Playing Possum

Immediately after that we constructed a very comical manikin of gunny sacking and grass, which we resolved to throw overboard to the next lion that tried to eat our flivver. Unfortunately, no lions happened to charge the car when we had the dummy aboard.

Even this did not reveal to me the existence of the Kubukubu fellow. I was very stupid. For the third time I arose on my hind legs and decreed a quiet day.

"I'm not going hunting today," said I; "I'm just going to take a peaceful stroll up the river to see if the wildebeest have gone that way."

So myself, Suleimari and Kisumu strolled up the river, with a savage to carry anything we might find desirable. He returned to camp shortly bearing a very beautiful type of stork which I shot with the .22 as a specimen. It was an ideal day, not too hot, and all the bright sunbirds and parrots were astir and voluble. The air was heavy with the fragrance of the flowers that followed a recent rain. Then we looked across the little stream and there on the opposite bank and about forty yards away sat a very fine large male leopard. So close was he that I resolved to give him a sure shot through the head, and drew a very careful bead for that purpose with the Springfield. Just as I took up the slack in the trigger he turned and bolted. A brief half second later the bullet would have sped and this tale would not have been to tell.

I fired as he ran, and hit him. He turned to the left, swam the river and emerged on our side about a hundred yards away. I got a snapshot as he plunged into the grass, and both men were positive I had registered another hit. A trained gun-bearer is pretty expert in identifying hits and misses, even to the exact spot where an animal happens to be struck. I did not know myself whether I had hit or not—it was snap-shooting.

We worked out his trail in the grass very cautiously, throwing stones ahead and shooting it up with the .22. This little magazine rifle is invaluable for this purpose. Thus we found a blood trail which we followed to the point where it entered a small patch of thicket situated on the slope toward the river, and perhaps seventy yards long by thirty wide.

This was serious, and it behooved us to go about matters in a systematic way. So the boys gathered stones and we peppered that thicket thoroughly from one end to the other. Invariably in the case of a lion, wounded or otherwise, a stone falling near him will elicit a growl and probably a movement. The movement may be away from you and out the other side, in which case you have him located and may get a shot; or it may result in a charge. In either event you at least have him in the open. The men threw the stones, while I covered them with the heavy .405. No results. Next we shot up the whole thicket foot by foot with the .22. Still no results.

Our next procedure was to look the ground over to see whether he had come out on our side. He had not. We now crossed the river to assure ourselves he had not done the same. When this was finished we knew certainly that the leopard must be in that limited area, hit certainly once and perhaps twice. As the river was very narrow here, we again stoned and shot up the cover from this side. The opportunity was very favorable, for the ground sloped toward us. We must have thrown two hundred stones and certainly fired nearly a box of .22's, so that it seemed there was hardly a square yard untouched by some sort of missile. All remained quiet.

The men were by now absolutely certain the beast was mortally wounded and had died. I thought so myself, but reflected that he would be just as dead two hours from now. So I ordered Kisumu to return to camp and bring back two men with pangas—a sort of machete. Safety first.

While he was gone, about two hours, Suleimari and I twice more volleyed that tiny thicket with stones. Suleimari insisted that my second bullet had passed broadside through the beast's lungs. In that case he must certainly be dead. Nevertheless, when Kisumu and the panga men returned, we went about things properly.

The thicket was of the sort whose top is thick, but underneath one could, by stooping, see through bare stems for ten or fifteen feet. This was quite far enough to permit of an effective shot, especially as those stems must hamper any animal's free movements. The only problem was to move forward among them oneself. Here is where the panga men came in. I got to a good position, squatted to where I could see and covered operations with the heavy rifle. The panga man cut out a clearing to my left and a yard in advance. When that was finished I moved over to it, and the panga man repeated operations on my right.

Thus we moved forward by a series of staggered steps. It was slow and laborious, but it was at least comparatively safe.

At Close Quarters

Now my job was one of intense alertness and concentration. I had to catch the first glimpse of that leopard before he could get into effective action. Naturally I had no eyes or ears or attention for anything else. Therefore I did not notice that Suleimari, whose position with the other rifle should have been immediately behind me, had been overeager and had worked his way out on our left flank. He was beyond the panga man, beyond our painfully acquired little clearings. He had no vantage ground from which to spy through the thicket stems, but was facing a dense leafy screen not four feet in front of him. I did not know these things until afterward. All I knew at that moment was that the leopard uttered a roar, and as I leveled the rifle toward the only spot from which harm could come to us, there was a flash of yellow as the beast leaped, bearing Suleimari down. He let off the Springfield, but of course missed.

There was no chance for me to shoot, although they were by now fairly at my feet. Rolling over and over as they were, I should almost certainly have killed the man with my heavy bullet. It was a horrible sight. Never had I imagined such fierce, quick ferocity. The beast tore and bit and scratched at him as you may have seen a domestic cat in the height of its greatest ecstasy worry a catnip ball.

And all the time Suleimari was crying out, "*Piga, broana! Piga!*"—"Shoot, master, shoot!"

All this was incredibly fast. I don't suppose he was on the man more than ten seconds. Kisumu, who was at a slightly different angle from myself, either saw an opening or—as I strongly suspect—took a chance. He barged off with the poor, futile, inadequate .22. The leopard leaped without pause or transition straight at Kisumu. It was a flash, but it was a fractional-second opportunity, and I fired as he sprang. The bullet, we found afterwards, passed through the chest only just above the heart. At the moment it seemed to have no effect whatever. At the instant the gun went off the leopard had seized Kisumu's forearm. Again without pause or transition, in one great catlike spring, he was on me. I had no time for a second shot. The one vivid recollection I have is of the pinned-back ears and the absolutely demoniac fury that blazed in the beast's eyes. Then we went down together.

Patching Up the Wounded

Doc subsequently asked me what were my psychological reactions when I realized I was "it." The only thing I thought of was to fight that leopard. It was a sort of answering fury that rose to meet his own.

So as we closed I reached for his throat and luckily got hold of it with both hands and drew my knees up to protect my belly against being ripped by his hind legs. My last shot had weakened him. Indeed, it is my belief that this was a dying flurry, and that the bullet wound rather than my own earnest efforts on his windpipe was what really killed him. Be that as it may, we had a very lively tussle there on the ground, he trying to get at me and I holding him off and squeezing for all I was worth. To my great relief, I felt him weaken, then relax to limpness. He was dead.

I got to my feet and looked about me. We were scattered, as the cowboys have it, from hell to breakfast—guns, hats, knives, cartridges. Suleimari half sat up, covered with blood, his scalp half off, apparently one eye gone. Kisumu was afoot, nursing an arm. I was no picture gallery myself, from what I could see, for both the leopard and I had contributed to a gory effect. The panga men were just venturing back from whatever justifiedly remote position they had without hesitation assumed.

My first care was to find my hat—bareheaded under the equator is worse than leopards. My next was to hunt up the Springfield and from under its butt plate to get a .405 cartridge case full of permanganate crystals which I always carry there. The danger from a peculiar sort of very fatal septic poisoning is very great in the case of wounds inflicted by any of the large cats. With this I went over Suleimari very thoroughly. His scalp was torn and furrowed by a dozen long gashes down to the bone, and was in one place ripped loose. A fang had gone in next the eye socket. A flap of flesh hung down his cheek below the eye. His arm was torn and mangled. I did the best I could with bloody, sticky hands to get at least some of the crystals into each wound. Kisumu's injuries were confined to his forearm. He had there several deep fang marks. These also I doctored. My own injuries were fang wounds on my left forearm and right shoulder, and claw wounds on my right hand and my face. The limited amount of permanganate in the little cartridge was now exhausted, but I managed to collect enough that had stuck to my bloody fingers to get some into each cut of my own.

Here Suleimari first showed his quality. I had stripped off my shirt to doctor myself. Bleeding profusely and in great pain and shock, he lay on the ground. His one

(Continued on Page 70)

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One could live with but a roof, four walls, a table and a chair, but no one wishes to. As we prosper, we surround ourselves with better things, for our human instinct is to improve, grow, build—attain higher levels.

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Be as comfortable and safe in your car as you are in your home by equipping your car with Stewart-Warner Accessories. The fall and winter seasons especially call for these essentials.

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Stewart-Warner Accessories

(Continued from Page 68)

good eye saw what I was doing. Feebly he began to fumble at his shirt pocket.

"What is it you want, Suleimari?" I paused to ask him.

"*Yko cigaretti qua bwana,*" he gasped feebly; "*hi mizouri kama una sana*"—"I have cigarettes here for bwana; they are very good when one is badly hurt."

He certainly had enough to think about for himself, but his thought was for me.

The two panga men half supporting, half carrying Suleimari, we made our way out of the thicket and to the shade of a tree about a hundred yards away. There he asked for water. I gave him my canteen and he drained it to the last drop. One of the panga men I sent to camp for Doc and some more men. That seemed to be all for the moment.

But Suleimari roused himself to ask if the leopard was dead. When informed that our late antagonist had passed on he expressed great satisfaction. I have heard some very worthy people claim that the savage African is callous, utterly incapable of sympathy. It would have done me good to have them present to witness the solicitude of the native wild panga man. He supported Suleimari in his arms, waved off the flies, eased him in every way possible, and a beautiful and tender concern transfigured his countenance. Nor was the other panga man a laggard by the way. He ran to camp and had the relief party back in an hour and a quarter, though the distance each way was three and a half miles.

There was nothing to do but roast. We did so.

I bound up Suleimari's head as well as I could with my handkerchief, then sat with my back against the tree trunk.

"Bwana! Bwana!" Suleimari at length called my attention.

I looked. He was feebly holding out toward me his good arm. I went to him and held his hand. This seemed to give him great comfort, for he perceptibly relaxed. After a few moments his poor mangled face contorted in a grin and he chuckled.

"Ah, he was a very bad leopard!" said he.

Next he inquired what had been done about the leopard. I replied emphatically the Swahili equivalent of "To hell with the leopard!" This aroused him to vehemence. He insisted strongly that that leopard must be skinned, that it would be very bad luck not to skin him, and both he and Kisumu worried so about it that to quiet them I sent the panga men to attend to it, and also to collect the various articles from the scene of battle.

In the meantime Doc was lying down in camp. By the time the news came to him diluted through several translations, all he got was that I had a wounded leopard in a thicket, that one of the men had scratched his head and that he was to come to help me get the leopard out. He took his medical bag almost as an afterthought. So when Doc came to our tree and found us tattered and torn and covered with blood from end to end, he had quite a little surprise.

Nothing like a good surgeon. He went at things in the most businesslike way, without a superfluous word of inquiry or comment. That could wait. He mixed a permanganate solution inside a rubber glove and went at Suleimari with a syringe. When he finally got through with me I realized thoroughly what Suleimari had had to stand. If you want to know what raw permanganate feels like in a deep wound, try it. Don't attempt to get the idea by applying a red-hot iron to yourself, or some such feeble subterfuge. The Spanish Inquisition certainly missed a trick there. Then he offered me a drink. Once upon a time he had given me a beautiful yew bow and a boxful of arrows, and I thought I was as grateful to him as mortal well could be. But this drink of warm canteen water proved differently.

Suleimari was carried to camp on a litter made of poles and coats. The rest of us made it afoot. Once in camp, Doc had a little field day of his own, sewing, splinting and compressing. This is being written on the sixteenth day after. Suleimari is still groggy, but is going to be all right except for the loss of one eye. If it had not been for Doc, he would most certainly have lost his life. Kisumu and I are practically healed.

Kisumu rather loves being an invalid, and I strongly suspect his exploit with the .22 may be ascribed to the valor of ignorance. But Suleimari's spirit is unquenched.

The very next day, while he was, of course, in great pain and still sick from the chloroform, he looked at me bravely and said, "Bwana, soon I shall be well; and then we will go kill another lion."

So three days after the fight I bandaged my shoulder with a heavy pad and did go out and kill one lion and got the first bullet into another. It burst open the shoulder and bloodied my shirt, but it was worth it. Suleimari and I wanted to show those damn cats!

But now I'm on to that Kubukubu god. Never again will I state that I want a quiet day. On the contrary—and I announce it in tones loud enough to carry convincingly at least as far as Kubukubu—I want 'em rough!

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles by Mr White. The next will appear in an early issue.

LADIES OF LEISURE

(Continued from Page 26)

negroes on their place. Moreover, her house was always full of visiting relatives, some of whom stayed for months or even years at a time, and she personally supervised the servants and kept everything going. But as for my mother," she declared, "what in the world did she do? She had practically no education of course, she sang a little and played the piano and painted in oil and had a smattering of French. She took great care of her complexion, and always wore high shoes as a child so that her ankles would be slender when she became a young lady. She grew up with no greater ambition, so far as I can see, than to marry well—as if marriage were the end and aim of a woman's life! She met my father when she was eighteen, and they were married and came North to live. After that she apparently never had the slightest desire for any kind of self-expression."

Bored by Society

"But when I was growing up I always looked upon your house as a wonderful place to go," one of her friends protested.

"Oh, mother was a good housekeeper. And she entertained beautifully. I don't mean to belittle her personal charm. Her dinners were better than mine can ever be. But think of the differences the last thirty years have made in a woman's activities. My life is much too full to spend the time on details that she did. Why, when my mother gave a dinner party she—or sometimes even father—went to the market to select, personally, the ingredients for the dishes which made their dinners famous. The food for my parties is ordered by telephone, and so are the flowers. Moreover, my mother had the same cook for twenty-five years. I'm lucky if I can keep one for that many weeks. But when it came to anything outside the purely feminine sphere, mother was perfectly contented to let someone else do her thinking for her. If anyone even asked her opinion of political or public affairs, she would always say, 'I'm afraid I don't understand these things myself, but my husband thinks ——' She didn't know the meaning of the word 'independence.'"

She went on to say that she and her own husband not only voted different political tickets but that during the last campaign they had been scheduled to appear as opponents in a debate.

"Are politics your chief interest?" asked the foreign woman whose presence had evoked the discussion.

"Oh, politics is only one of the things that interest me." She counted off the others on her fingers. "I own a half interest in a shop, for instance, and I try to look in there once a day; I'm an active trustee of a home for working girls; I'm chairman of an important committee of a women's club; I do a good deal of work with the alumnæ of my boarding school, and am on the advisory board of the school my daughters go to. Just now I've been lobbying at the state capitol in behalf of the child-labor bill."

The visitor looked bewildered.

"But can you ever find time for reading or gardening or any of the relaxing things?"

"Well, I attend two different courses of lectures every winter—one on current events and the other on modern literature. I belong to a French conversation group; I'm a member of a garden club and the Drama League, and I go to a good many symphony concerts and often to the opera."

The foreigner said afterward that the thing which struck her most forcibly about this detailed testimony, as well as that of many other American women, was the lack of emphasis upon the social side of their full days.

"I have learned that they go out a good deal," she said. "Most of them, in fact, dine out almost every night. But they seem to regard the social end as of much less importance than their participation in business or politics or charitable work. One gets the idea that most of these women who, by reason of their wealth and position, might lead society are rather bored by it."

There are exceptions, as she had seen, but she said that she believed these were recruited largely from the *nouveaux riches*, who, while young, had imbibed the social aspirations of their parents and still believed that it was important to be known as a leader of society.

A witty foreign diplomat was discussing, not long ago, an American woman of this sort. Her great wealth has been recently derived, but she has made for herself a sumptuous background for her extensive entertaining. Her demeanor is correct to the last degree; she leaves nothing undone in the social game, which appears to be her sole concern.

An admiring friend said, in speaking of her to the foreigner, "There's nothing of the modern hoyden about her. She's a lady!"

"Ah, no!" retorted the foreigner. "She's much more ladylike than any lady."

Society cannot flourish in the hands of pretentious women of this sort, for, whatever one may think of the value of purely social interchange, it ceases to have vitality if the best element in a community is not interested in it.

According to many observers, the majority of the best women in America today have turned their backs upon it. Society no longer dominates their days; it has become only incidental to their varied and more absorbing activities. In part this may be attributed to the fact that we have no leisure class of men. To be sure, neither did we in the golden age—that period at the end of the nineteenth century when entertaining was brilliant and consequential. But it is significant that this was the transition stage in the development of women

Choosing Their Social World

We Americans, through heredity and selection, are on the whole an energetic, restless race; and our women, as well as our men, have always sought for some means of expressing their inherent energy. During the pioneering era, as well as in times of war, women have had an outlet which has been parallel to that of men. But toward the end of the nineteenth century wealth had begun to flow freely; mechanical inventions had removed much of the labor from the household; and most important of all, the days of large families were drawing to a close. Women therefore turned their attention to the simplest expression of leisure plus wealth. And when they did direct their forcefulness into the channels of society, there was nothing mediocre about the results.

This is well illustrated by a close observation of the careers of that minority of contemporary American women of ability to whom society is still an end in itself. First of all they usually show their good judgment in the selection of a social world to conquer. More and more they migrate to Europe, where there are courts and fixed boundaries of society. And having decided upon the particular citadel which they wish to attack, they advance by means of astuteness, shrewd strategy and, in short, competent and even brilliant generalship.

"I used to be perplexed as to the characteristics by which so many of your American men built up great fortunes," said someone who has watched a number of our women in London. "But after a good many years I've concluded they might easily have done it by merely using the same methods which their granddaughters and daughters employ when they determine to be presented at the Court of St. James."

The fellow countrymen of these women, if they are contemptuous of the results obtained, are apt to overlook the skill which has been demonstrated. The goals toward which people struggle are largely a matter of chance and environment; the ability with which they achieve their goals is of much more significance. The most farseeing of the leaders of the woman-suffrage movement in America saw and utilized this important point.

In most countries where there has been much agitation for equal political rights the basis has lain in a feeling for feminism. Feminism has never been satisfactorily defined, but by and large it arises where women feel they are unjustly treated by men. Therefore women in countries of this sort have desired power to remedy their inequality. To them the vote has been only incidental, a means to an end.

In the United States, however, the vote for women has been considered an end in itself. If our women had desired to use political power as a weapon, there is nothing they could not have gained. But after they had achieved the right to vote, for which they had worked so splendidly, the bulk of their organizations melted away into the old political alignments.

This is in part a tribute to the sagacity of the men, who still control these parties, and have been clever enough to persuade the new women voters to cast in their strength with them. But it is an even more fundamental tribute to our men in that it demonstrates that our women by and large have neither felt a sense of antagonism nor of deep injustice.

Assuming then that the woman-suffrage movement in our country was not the result of these factors, it is interesting to trace its bright thread in our new social pattern.

"Those spoiled American wives" is a phrase heard so often abroad that it has become a commonplace. But a new point of

(Continued on Page 75)

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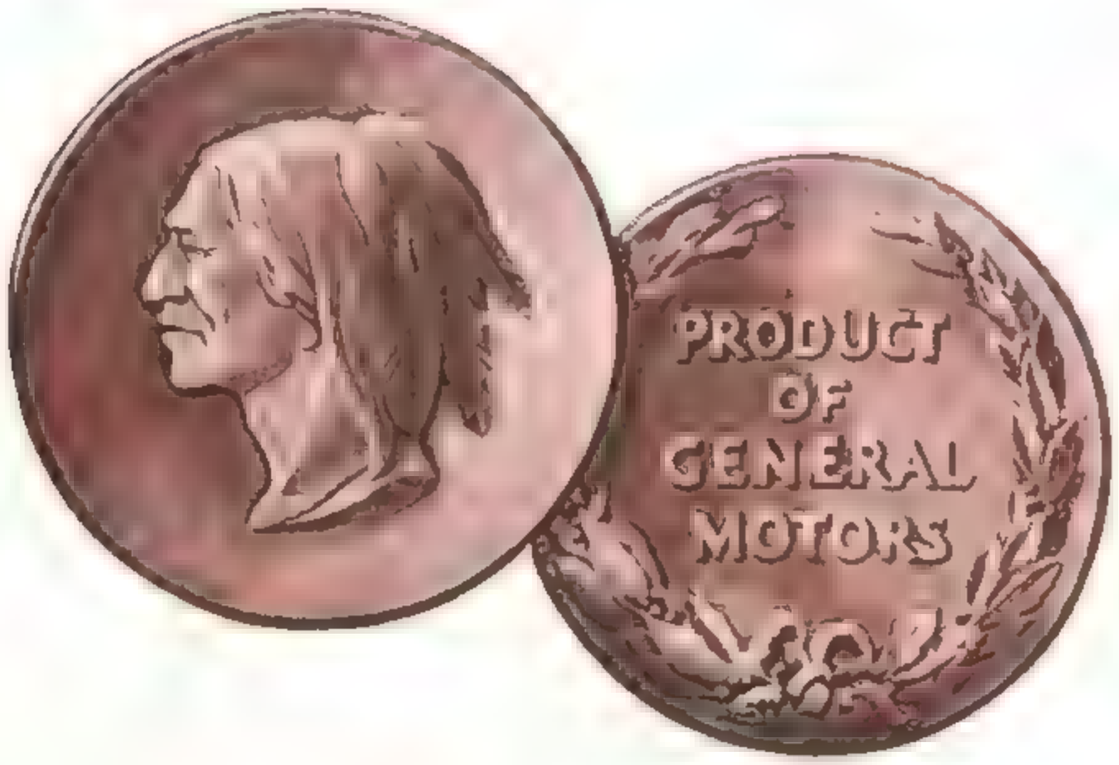

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(Continued from Page 70

view about this supposed spoiling was given not long ago by an astute foreign critic.

"The woman-suffrage movement was possible in the United States, not because your women were treated so badly, but because they were treated so generously by your men," she declared. "I shall never forget my astonishment when I arrived in America during the most heated days of the campaign. The women in my country who were interested in the subject were, by and large, women who had worked in some way and who had suffered injustice and oppression and whose keynote was economic independence. Naturally, I expected to find your leaders of the same ilk. Imagine my surprise when I was introduced to one after another of the beautifully dressed women who made up many of your prominent leaders. Almost none of this group had any direct contacts with life—they belonged, in truth, to the sheltered, protected class.

"At first I thought that they had no real power," she went on. "For I met eventually other suffrage workers, more like my European colleagues, and I suspected that these women controlled the brains of your organizations, and in lieu of a vital battle cry simply used these charming pretty women. But in time I learned that I was mistaken. Your society women, even though they had not previously had much experience with anything more vital than giving a ball, developed tremendous resourcefulness and vigor in their work.

"And the attitude of their husbands! Far from objecting to their wives' activities, most of them seemed proud of it. They often advised their wives as to strategy and were keenly interested in the whole affair. So much so, in fact, that I came to believe before I left the States that, for most of your women, suffrage work was an expression, not of feministic tendencies but simply of boredom with society."

She added that this boredom proved to her, quite as much as their excellent work, that they had unusual ability.

Noblesse Oblige

It is a question whether or not the American woman would have become so indifferent to society if we had an appreciably large leisure class of men. For in that case, as in England today, there would be wider scope for her imagination and ability along lines that run parallel with, and not contrary to, social activity.

Only in America do large numbers of women, without economic pressure or creative urge, find pleasure in running shops, becoming interior decorators, starting tea rooms, and so forth. To be sure, some Englishwomen, since the war, have gone in for business or officeholding, but in no such proportion as American women have they attempted to make money for which they have no especial need. The keynote of the difference lies in the activities possible in Great Britain due to their greater continuity of family and state interests.

An American woman who was visiting at a beautiful country place in England not long ago learned that it had been the home of ten generations of people of the same name, and apparently of much the same tastes.

"What a wonderful privilege!" she exclaimed, after her hostess had shown her through many of the mellowed old rooms and out into the rose gardens surrounded by magnificent trees. "How I envy your being able to live in such surroundings!"

"Yes, of course, it is a privilege," said the Englishwoman, looking up at the ivy-covered stone walls of the house. "But there's much more than that involved in living here, you know. A place like this is very exacting."

Before the end of her visit the American learned something of the duties and occasional personal sacrifices that such stability demanded of its owners. It was disclosed, for instance, that until the preceding year the dress allowance of her hostess had been completely swallowed up in the huge taxes. Then at her husband's death her eldest son had inherited the estate. He had settled an allowance on his mother and set aside certain rooms for her use; but upon his marriage, which was imminent, his young wife would become the mistress of the place.

This was only one phase of the matter however. The visitor was even more impressed by the keen responsibility which the owners felt toward their numerous tenants and servants. Her hostess had a small library of books on modern housing, while her son, who had yearned to be an explorer, studied the agrarian question. In the matter of politics, they both took for granted that they should take part in the local elections, and talked of the time when the son, although he had no especial liking for it, should stand for Parliament.

"Up to that time," said the visitor, "my idea of a typical Englishwoman had been someone who went out into the garden with a basket over her arm and cut a few roses. If occasionally she opened a bazaar or invited the rector to tea, her duties were fulfilled, so I had supposed. But I found my hostess working very much harder at her job than many of my friends who talk of their full days—and not because she wanted to do it, either, but because she thought she ought to."

"Playing the game," someone has called it. But it seemed to the American that it was a game quite different from any that could be played in our country.

One-Generation Estates

Thirty years ago a multimillionaire built one of the most beautiful and costly houses then standing in this country. When someone expressed surprise at the care and money which he had put into the place, he smiled proudly.

"I'm going to found an estate for my family," he declared.

He spent the remaining twenty years of his life perfecting the place. The gardens were laid out in the most splendid style; trees and rare shrubs were transplanted at great expense. An artificial lake was made. The house inside was furnished in regal style. He sent several experts abroad, in fact, to bring back tapestries, pictures and furniture. Someone said that he looted Europe of its art treasures the way Napoleon had looted Italy, and he was delighted with the simile.

But within ten years of his death the place was put up for sale. The tide of fashion had gone against the neighborhood, and not one of the wives of his three sons was willing to live there.

"To be sacrificed to settle an estate." These words occur daily in the real-estate advertisements of our metropolitan newspapers.

And Americans have learned that though they may plan the most beautiful home imaginable, there is no reason to suppose that the next generation will necessarily desire to live in it. Palatial houses still go up on Long Island and in California, and the millionaire still buys hundreds of acres to protect his country place in Virginia, or in the hunting country of New Jersey; but if he is wise, he does so primarily for his own enjoyment.

Since it is true that as a nation our nomadic tendencies are increasing, it follows naturally that neither women nor men can express themselves through many of the channels open to well-to-do people of more stabilized communities.

Even the matter of dispensing charity had been taken out of the hands of individual women in our country. An old lady who was famous in her own generation for her good works was talking not long ago of this change.

"When I was young," she said, "I felt under obligation to look after the poor people in my own neighborhood. I began doing it because it was my duty, but gradually I became really interested. I knew every household—in time dozens of babies were named after me—and I settled many family disputes. As I grew older I found myself deeply attached to some of those people. I don't know how much they learned from me—but goodness knows I learned a lot from them!

"I still remember the day I was first called, in derision, a Lady Bountiful. It was the beginning of the end. Those two American bugaboos—efficiency and organization—were at the source of it. I was told that individual charity was all wrong—that I would be doing much greater good if I contributed my money to a central organization. Trained workers—young girls who had just finished special training in the new philanthropic methods—were to look after my families. Oh, they put my name on committees, as they could still use my money. Somehow there's never any fashion about giving money. But after one or two board meetings I gave up. And let me tell you, it left a terrific gap in my life." She smiled. "When my son's daughter came to me the other day and said she wanted to run a bookshop, she seemed astonished that I not only did not oppose it but gave her the money with which to start in.

"'Why, grandmother,' she said, 'you seem to understand the modern woman's need for self-expression!' I didn't tell her, as I wanted to, that woman's need had always been the same, but due to changing circumstances it takes a different form in different generations."

There can be do doubt that today American women often fail to find a satisfactory outlet for this need in society, partly because so few of our men share in this activity, but also because the environment of work and, moreover, keen interest in work affects women. They have come to believe that the world of business is much more entertaining than the domestic sphere.

What husband has not at some time heard this complaint from his wife: "I wish you could change places with me for just one day! Then you'd see how monotonous and dull my life is compared with yours. But you go to your office and see all kinds of interesting people and have all manner of stimulating contacts."

A Life of Reality

Not only men, but even women who work because of economic necessity or certain creative ability hear this remark in one form or another.

Two sisters, who married men of diverse qualifications for acquiring money, demonstrate this. One of them, whose husband's income proved inadequate for their needs, refused all outside help and studied landscape gardening. After years of hard work she has finally reached the point of getting important commissions and large fees. During her difficult apprenticeship, however, she found it impossible to keep up her former social affiliations.

Her sister, on the other hand, is now the mistress of a beautiful country place, a magnificent villa in Florida and a delightful house in the city, where they spend a few months each winter. She runs over to Paris for ten days, two or three times a year, to order her extensive wardrobe; and if she is told by a doctor that she needs a change of air, her husband charters a yacht for a Mediterranean cruise. Needless to say, she has a wide acquaintance among the socially elect.

Yet not long ago she said to her hard-working sister, whose annual vacations have averaged less than a month during the past ten years, "I envy you more than anyone in the world. Your life has reality."

Somewhat the same idea was expressed in different parlance the other day by a much younger girl. Her father, who is a widower, has not only built up an industrial plant with great success but he is the sort of man who, when pressure demands, will gladly work twice the number of hours daily required of his employes. He comes back to his plant after absences—which are almost always enforced—with eagerness.

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A small matter, this? So be it. But it is one of those hundred and one little differences whereby **Sikes** Office ***Easy*** Chairs are adding to the comfort and efficiency of the American business man and his co-workers.

Let the nearest Sikes dealer (name on request) point out some more of those little differences that make all the difference in the world.

Sikes

SIKES COMPANY
CHAIRMAKERS FOR 60 YEARS PHILADELPHIA

In Buffalo, a Sikes factory is devoted exclusively to the making of quality chairs for the home.

Yet he was astonished when his only daughter, upon whom he has heaped every luxury and advantage wealth could buy, announced that she did not intend to make a debut.

"But why not?" he demanded.

"It's such an utter waste of time," she answered calmly. "I'm going to take the money mother left me, the moment I'm eighteen, and go down to Virginia to breed horses."

When her father recovered from his surprise he concluded that her desire for work had been inherited.

"You've inherited it not only from pioneer ancestors but from pioneer ancestresses," he said with pride.

In part he was undoubtedly right, but he overlooked the important element of example.

Society as a Side Issue

"It would be darned lonesome, sitting on a cushion sewing a fine seam, in this house," his daughter declared. "If you're not at your office you're at a board of directors' meeting, or sailing for Europe at a moment's notice, or dashing across the continent in a private car. If you even play golf or bridge you have to do it for awfully high stakes, and even then you're usually bored. I don't see how you can expect me to want to do nothing but go to a lot of dances and things that would bore you to death. Business has lots more kick in it."

During the war many of the women who brought to their work the greatest patriotism and most sincere desire for service experienced something of this feeling.

"They were the happiest days of my life," said an exceptionally conscientious woman who worked in Paris during painfully distressing days. "When I could forget the suffering of the people around me I felt more alert, more fully alive than ever before. I worked like a dog, too, and sometimes hadn't enough to eat. When the long-range guns were turned on Paris I was terrified. The sight of the wounded and widowed sickened me. Yet in spite of all these things life had a zest then that I've never known since."

She went on to say that if she were younger she would take up the study of law or medicine.

"I only wish I'd been born after 1900," she said. "Have you noticed how many young girls nowadays go into society for a season or two at the most, and then seriously study for some profession? Often in fact they are already in college when they come out. Their families give them a ball during the Christmas holidays, and the debutantes then go calmly back to their studies. Think of the contrast to my day! Then, if a girl dropped out of the social whirl after the first three or four years, it was considered a sure sign that she'd failed to catch a husband. And if she got a job of any sort we were certain that her father was on the verge of bankruptcy. Of course there were no interesting jobs open to women then."

At a smart luncheon this summer half a dozen girls whose names are well known to society reporters were talking about their winter plans. They did not talk of their work with the self-conscious and childish pride which the older generation would have shown had they been preparing to launch similar endeavors. To these girls, each of whom had had an exceptionally brilliant try at the social game, work was apparently taken for granted.

The prettiest and most charmingly dressed of the group had already finished her training as a psychiatric social worker; another spoke of her investigations of sweatshop labor; a third was going abroad to continue her studies in sculpturing; another had secured a small part in a stock company, believing this to be the best way to start a serious stage career; while the last was triumphant because she said she'd landed a job with an advertising concern.

Now the salaries which any of them might earn in an entire year would probably not pay for their season's clothes, not to mention the automobiles, motorboats, riding horses and various other appurtenances some of them enjoy. Their work therefore is based less upon a desire for economic independence than upon a genuine interest in the work itself.

The generation of women who have not been trained as these girls are being trained have executed many strange steps in the course of their onward march. Sometimes, with the very highest motives, they have shown an absurd lack of proportion.

The wife of a wealthy and generous man, for instance, became so agitated at one time about the necessity for every woman to earn her own living that she took a job at a hundred dollars a month, riding to and from her office in her husband's limousine and living at a scale of fifty thousand dollars a year.

And before the novelty of the job had worn off—which it did before long—she used to state solemnly that at last she knew from actual experience the lot of the working woman!

Another woman who realized that she was untrained for any work took another means equally amusing to accomplish economic freedom. She wrote to her father, whose income did not equal that of her husband, that she felt she should receive from him an allowance adequate for all her personal needs.

"Because I think it is belittling for a woman to be financially dependent upon a man," she wrote in utter seriousness.

But these and the numerous other absurd and disproportionate by-products of women's changing attitude are, on the whole, healthy signs. Already they have resulted in equality of education, equality of suffrage and, so far as Nature will allow, in equality of professional and business opportunity between women and men.

Now that these things which were once burning questions have become *faits accomplis*, one suspects that the younger generation of women, who have reaped the benefit of this accomplishment, may even turn their attention to an art which has suffered a great deal during the transition stage—and that is the art of living.

Society as an expression of leisure has almost disappeared because leisure has vanished. The new society will be worked out by women who are busy, but who recognize the importance of social intercourse in a well-rounded life.

Many of the stupidities of the old order will be banished; in fact, an encouraging number have already become obsolete. Formal calls—those empty rites dreaded by both the caller and the hostess unfortunate enough to be found at home—have almost died out. Dinners are becoming less elaborate and less rigid.

"A dinner-jacket atmosphere has come in," someone said the other day. "I can remember the time—and it was not so long ago—when we called Tuxedo coats smoking jackets and it was absolutely incorrect to wear them when ladies were to be present. Now they are worn more than full dress."

"And women used to wear long white kid gloves," said his wife. "Thank goodness that day's over. It was almost as bad as the long trains we wore even on street dresses. Imagine!"

Recreation After Work

Many of the clubs for women point the way to the new social order. The material details usually consist of charmingly furnished houses with plenty of comfortable chairs, reading lamps, new books and ash trays. The food in the restaurants is often excellent. In fact, no housekeeper of the old-fashioned type could strive harder to produce a comfortable background than do these modern women when their interest is aroused.

Moreover, it is significant that many of these clubs with the longest waiting lists require of their members individual accomplishment.

"We don't care so much what the father or the husband of a candidate did to distinguish himself," said someone on the admission committee in discussing this question. "Because, as everyone knows, some of the nicest men in the world have the dullest wives. We could fill the place up with impressive names and still have a lot of deadwood. But the club, in order to amount to anything, will have to choose women on their own merits. And strange to say, this doesn't mean nowadays that they're going to be a lot of badly dressed frumps, either, or are going to lack what men call feminine charm."

She spoke of a friend of hers who is well known as an excellent hostess. The thing difficult for one to realize who sees her at her delightful dinner table is that her pretty, vivacious exterior conceals an extraordinary bent for finance. Men enjoy her parties immensely.

"I relax more at her house than anywhere I go," said a man who usually dines out with reluctance. "She creates the most restful atmosphere of any woman I know. Yet, I understand that she earns a big income in a downtown banking concern. What's the answer?"

"The answer's simple," said another guest. "To be sure, she works during the day; and it's for that very reason that she enjoys the same kind of recreation that you do."

And upon this basis American women have a chance to build a new and more vital social structure which will add zest to the full days of both men and women.

Sunset, Puget Sound, Washington

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Mrs. Child. The next will appear in an early issue.

Every Double-Thick Flake is *packed* with Flavor!

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Post Toasties

DOUBLE THICK **Corn Flakes**

stay crisp in cream

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COUSIN JANE

(Continued from Page 25)

sounded right if you didn't watch his smile. And Seth Hacker, though admitting that she was a good worker, said that Sarah was light-minded and was aiming to be a society butterfly and had a temper that was fierce—when she got her mad up she was simply hell on fire. This also sounded like swearing, though Jane suspected it might be church talk.

And again, the three of them enjoyed making fun of Seth Hacker's constant dream of raising a multitude of turkeys at a profit to enrich them all. They called him a poor old zany. That was another injustice. None of them said, as Seth did, that he was a reliable outside man, holding the place together.

So there they were. As Seth Hacker said, they passed remarks, forgetting that he also passed them. There they were, and Jane couldn't join them intimately, because she couldn't share any of the dislikes. Except for fleeting moments of impatience, she liked them all, and Cousin Wiley—whom alone they all united to disparage—most of all.

But she could climb to her nook aloft, above them all, with a storybook and perhaps her new kitten, and do her own liking in her own way. She played in her mind here that some day soon they would all go on a long journey with Cousin Wiley and find a lot of money and meet some lovely dark ladies in ball gowns, or perhaps in tights and a helmet. This was the only refuge where she could sit and imagine them all friendly together. Downstairs, one or another of them would be sure to pass a remark that shattered the picture to discordant bits.

Time itself became another of Jane's puzzles. You never knew whether it was going to be long or short. It had a way of squeezing a lot of days together till they seemed no longer than one day, so that you felt it was something swift. Then it would go by without seeming to move at all, like the hands of a clock in motion, so slow you couldn't see it no matter how closely you watched. But it was only those first days that ever seemed to have rushed by her, those days when she was getting her lively perception of the enmities, feuds and scorns among which she groped. Yet swiftly as they flashed, each day remained lighted in her mind to the last detail, like an exciting story of adventure in which she was a figure. She was wonderfully in a story, quite as her magic glass placed her in the center of a rainbow.

It was a letter from Shirley Farren that made her think of time as a funny puzzle. She had been often saying lightly "When I go back to school," hoping it wouldn't be too soon and thinking each new day really would be too soon, because the time had seemed so short; then after the letter she saw there had been actually a lot of time, seeming short because it had been squeezed up.

Her leaving the school still seemed but yesterday when the letter was handed through the window by the queer old man at the post office, who glanced sharply at her over his silver-rimmed spectacles before letting it go, as if he had to be extremely careful about letters. And it was still only yesterday as she trudged back with Seth Hacker, sorting over and over a more than usually important batch of circulars. It was not only yesterday she had felt superior to Shirley because of the violence of her grief at parting, but this was the first real letter Jane had ever received, which sharpened the excitement of it all.

As she feasted on the address in Shirley's round fat writing, she was conscious of a warm new interest in the dark interior of that little post office that smelled of cheese and coffee and fruits, and perhaps of letters, though she couldn't be certain of this. She must go there every day, she reminded herself. She no longer believed in fairies, but now she did believe in post offices. She would not only get letters but perhaps even circulars such as grown people were favored with, richly illustrated by pictures of many useful articles and by fascinating portrayals of the human body in health and in sickness. She felt that life was opening out for her—and only yesterday she had left the school.

But when she had climbed to her perch with the letter, wishing the strictest privacy while she read it, her leaving the school wasn't any longer yesterday; suddenly with Shirley's first round words, it had become long, long ago. And it was more baffling, because nothing in Shirley's letter seemed to stretch the time. For Shirley herself, Jane's going seemed still to have been yesterday. But when she wrote, "Your going was the chief subject of talk all day," Jane knew that this going had been ages ago. "Did your rich uncle that came for you give you a bangle bracelet?" Perhaps this made the parting seem remote. Shirley didn't yet know that Seth Hacker wasn't anyone's rich uncle and Jane had known that for a long time. "I am sorry I acted so public in that way I should never act in public no matter how sorry you are about a thing." Surely this was but yesterday; she could see Shirley's frantic little face screwed up into funny creases and hear her howls; the child had actually howled. "Miss Vrain said that every Saturday that she would let us sew on our buttons on that came off back on again and darn our stockings or anything with a hole in." Surely there was nothing in this to make the time long or short. The final bit might be more suggestive: "Dear Jane, I want you to hurry back because you are the only chum I ever could stand and that Bernice Sloat that I room with ever since is a pig that is very distracting and I had a small case of measles, but they took Bernice Sloat out not to catch them with me, so please hurry back, dear Jane, and write me the very day you are going to hurry back so I can tell Bernice Sloat it will serve her right and she won't help me with fractions if I do not give her my bangle bracelet to wear which I am being very careful of so write me the day you are hurrying back."

It was this last laborious, abundantly blotted paragraph that Jane read oftenest. Wasn't it this that made Shirley and the school seem so far back in time and herself so many more years older than her friend? The impression confused her; she hadn't exactly come here yesterday and she clearly knew it hadn't been years ago, yet the time was suddenly longer than it had been seeming and the certainty of this much brought a vague, shapeless terror to her; at least, if it didn't come close to her, it was so near that it might come close at any moment; and it was somehow twisted up with this puzzling thing about time—that it should seem short or long without any reason.

She must write at once to Shirley and tell her the very day she was going to hurry back. She felt relieved after making this resolution. It seemed to be a defense against this strange new terror that wasn't quite a terror because she could make so little of it—only something quite silly about time stretching out or squeezing in. She remembered all the clocks that had stopped so long ago in this house. Clocks, she considered, were very important to time. Perhaps it seemed longer when they stopped. It was all a bothering confusion, but the letter to Shirley would clear it.

When she brought her pen and paper up to her nook the next day she began the letter glibly enough, sitting on the floor with the bench for her desk. She told Shirley about the house with the clocks all stopping at different hours, and about her kitten and about Cousin Wiley, which led to the item Shirley so insistently required of her: "And the day I am coming back to school is ——"

Her pen sputtered. She gave it fresh ink and found a hair caught to its point that made an ugly blot. She removed this with her fingers, wiped the fingers on her black stockings, and was again ready to write. But amazingly she had forgotten the day she was meaning to write. It seemed to her that she must have forgotten it. She tried to recall it.

Slowly, with dismayed reluctance and a quite sincere astonishment, she admitted to herself that she hadn't forgotten the day, because she hadn't known any day on which she was to hurry back.

It was oddly incredible. She had certainly begun the sentence as if she meant to name a day; then she had been diverted by the blot. But for this accident, perhaps she would have written the right day without knowing it beforehand. But it wasn't any good writing further; she couldn't tell Shirley the only thing she wished to know. She could only say soon, and she suspected that this would sound unpromising to Shirley, because she couldn't make Shirley hear the way Cousin Wiley said it almost every morning—so certain and glad.

She abandoned the half-written letter and began to make an insect of the blot, putting on wings and a head on a long neck and as many legs underneath as it would hold. As it didn't seem to be a very good insect, she drew another below it, a more elaborate creature with four wings and an upward curving tail and a fiercely bearded head. This one was so satisfying that she tried to surpass it, and when her sheet had been covered she crumpled it into a ball and threw it into one corner, where her kitten found it exciting and sent it rattling over the floor for a long time, to Jane's great delight.

Shirley Farren never did learn the day when Jane was going to hurry back, and Jane herself ceased all worry about the erratic behavior of time. On the occasion of her next "When I go back to school," she was, it is true, conscious of a quick little catch in her breath, a hardly perceptible faltering in her voice. And she wondered why she had felt queer when she said it. But not for long. Of course, she was going back to school, even if she couldn't write someone the very day.

Moreover time seemed now to have adopted an even pace. It wasn't long or short any more. The days went equably by and the moment they became yesterdays they blurred pleasantly together, no one of them standing away from the others memorably. Looking back at them, it seemed a small matter that one couldn't count them off into weeks or months.

A goodly number of those unremarkable days must have slipped by to merge into the neutral background of yesterdays, when Jane decided that the skirts of her gingham dresses, and even the skirt of her plaid silk which hadn't been washed, were shrinking. It was nothing she would have thought worth mentioning, if Cousin Marcy hadn't one day brought it up in a spirit of complaint that quite dumfounded Jane. She was helping Sarah Tedmon in the garden that day—insensibly she had fallen into a routine of work there—and the critic, about to pass them on his daily walk, halted abruptly as his eyes encountered Jane. He seemed to regard her with consternation and at last spoke on a querulous note.

"Why don't you do something?" he appealed to Sarah, who only shrugged. "But she's positively indecent. Do look at her!" And Cousin Marcy flung a protesting hand, palm upward, toward the offender.

Jane felt her face grow hot, but stood helpless. How was she indecent?

"Her knees," persisted Marcy; "her long gaunt legs and her bony knees—so very bony!" He was making it a personal grievance.

But Jane felt a great relief. She knew there was nothing indecent about her knees.

"My dresses have all shrunk," she hastily explained.

"Nonsense, child! It's you that have not shrunk. You're shooting up like a weed. Do look at her one moment, Sarah."

This told with Jane. She had all at once an impulse to get behind something, to shield herself from Marcy's offended glare. Sarah, from her weeding, looked up a moment.

"I think her skirts can be let out," she said briefly, and again bent her head.

Jane tried then to pull her skirt below the despised knees, but this was hopeless.

"Should I go in?" she meekly demanded.

Cousin Marcy at once cheered her with a real smile, not a mere disclosure of his shining little teeth.

"No, no, of course not. I didn't mean it to sound so. But we really must find a way to clothe you respectably. Think how your present skirt would look in another year. The Starbirds were always a tall lot. That's all." He turned away, bustled on a few steps, then came back, and Jane stiffened herself against fresh embarrassments; but he only said, quite disarmingly, "You're such a gentle soul, aren't you?"

Jane was glad he waited for no reply to this. She found it as troubling as the other talk about skirts and knees—bony knees. She hadn't liked being called a gentle soul.

At dinner that night it appeared that Cousin Marcy had given further thought to the suddenly observed phenomenon of Jane's growth. There was something far worse, it appeared, than affronting the world's gaze with knees too bony—it was growing up in sodden ignorance, like a heathen. One really couldn't help one's bones, but heathen ignorance was avoidable with a bit of management. Under the shine of Marcy's single glass, bent so sharply upon her, Jane was grateful for the table that foiled his scrutiny beyond a point where she was decent enough. And perhaps knees didn't matter so much if you knew a lot about fractions and grammar and geography. She inferred this from Marcy's talk and felt better at once.

"She must have education of a sort," he was insisting, not to Jane, but half to himself and half to Sarah, who merely continued to wear what Jane termed a good, stiff expression.

Jane felt an impulse to blurt out all the difficult things she already knew; quite enough things, she considered, to atone at least for the present boniness—of course, she would have to learn still more as her legs inexorably and terribly lengthened. But she felt too abashed for this, because Marcy was so pointedly talking about her and not to her.

"I dare say I shall have to take her up myself," he continued, and sighed with a dismay that Jane found herself sharing. She was again on the point of blurting something—"But when I go back to school"—restrained from it only by some odd recollection about a letter she had tried to write. But she was quite sure she didn't wish to be taken up by Cousin Marcy, who was still regarding her as something not there, or at least deaf.

"I suppose she must have the rudiments of a mind somewhere," he went on with almost pleased animation. "One wouldn't guess it offhand, she's such a silent, self-centered little animal; but really there must be moments when she actually cerebrates; there must be a thinking something inside the tough little shell. Perhaps we can effect an opening—who knows? At least it must be tried. What do you say, my child? Shall I try?"

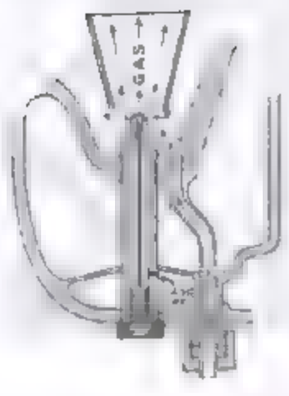
This sudden recognition of her presence flustered Jane. She thought at first that she might be expected to smile. She had often found her interlocutor welcoming this after a stretch of his distant talk. So she tried to smile, but she felt at once that it wasn't coming off; it was too much like Marcy's smile that resulted in a mere exposure of teeth, and anyway he apparently

(Continued on Page 83)

How to get best results from any gasoline

An amazingly simple way to remove the chief cause of

- **Excessive carbon**
- **Pitted valves—loss of power**
- **Hard starting**
- **Oil dilution—scored cylinders**
- **Stalling on the road**



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Most serious engine troubles come from one underlying cause—simply dirt and water in gasoline. Make this easy test at our risk.

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The underlying cause of most motor troubles is in your gasoline. But it is *not* the gasoline itself. It's the dirt and water that are in the gasoline. Here is the cause of 90% of so-called carburetor troubles. Faulty carburetion that is the source of the engine troubles named above. Just ask any repair man!

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What this does

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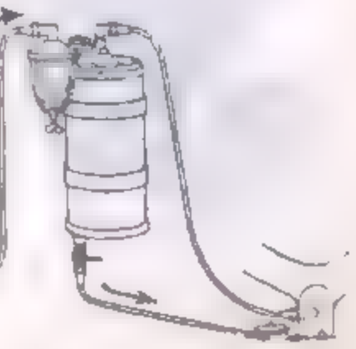

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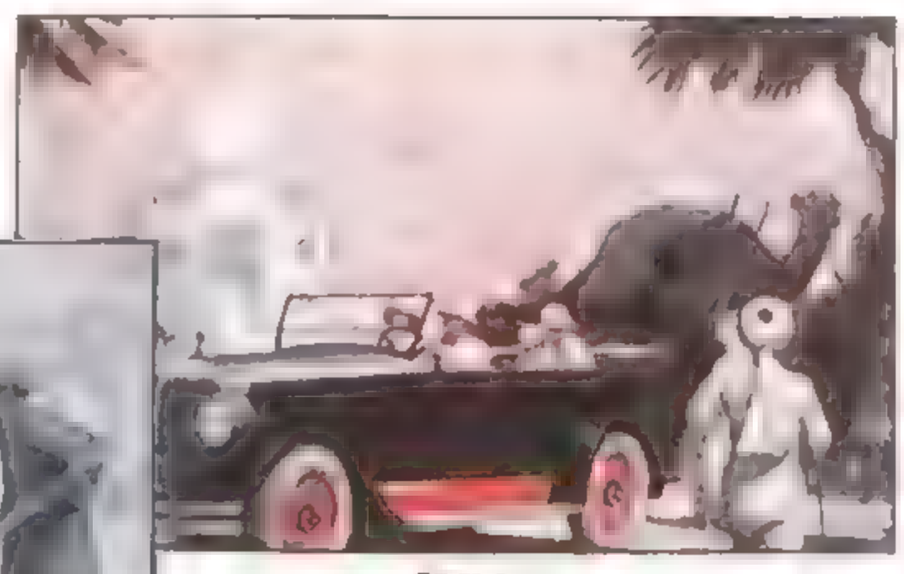

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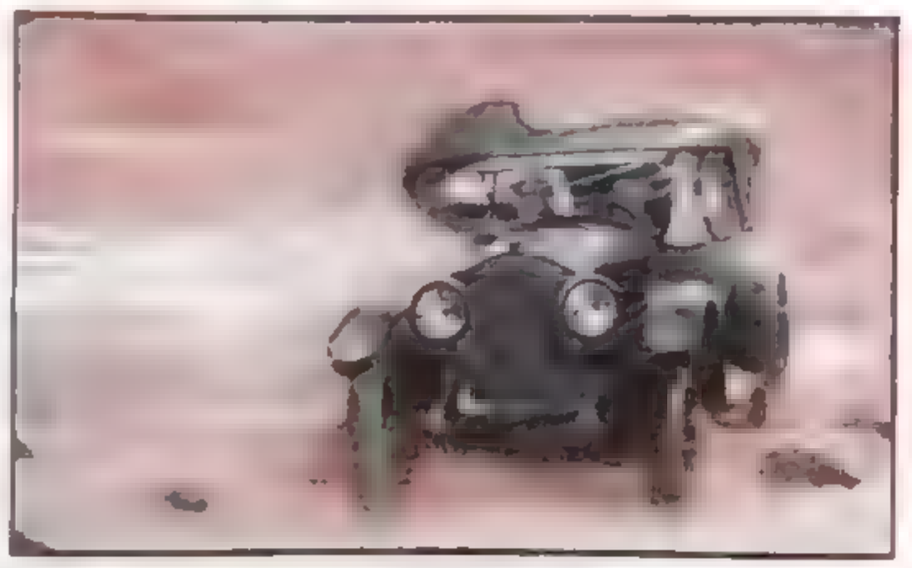

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(Continued from Page 78)

hadn't expected or wanted a smile. She must reply to him.

"Pray do," she murmured, feeling sick at once.

"Brava!" cried Marcy, and to Jane's relief instantly expelled her from his presence. "She gives an illusion, at any rate. Just possibly I shall not find her too awful."

Thus remote and free to think again, Jane was profoundly certain that he would find it too awful; but, of course, now she couldn't tell him so. It would be too awful for both of them. She supposed she ought to be taken up, but if only Cousin Wiley would do it instead of Cousin Marcy! Besides, he was futile. Jane was pretty sure he couldn't take anyone up. She had, at the last, a wild impulse to blurt out something devastating—to tell him icily that he would never set a river on fire, but she knew this would be too terrible. She mustn't let anyone know that she would like to be rude.

But she was, the next morning, stoutly confirmed in her view of Cousin Marcy by Seth Hacker, whom she sought out in his room above the carriage house. Seth was importantly busy at his desk when she entered, so she sat on a once-elegant sofa that seemed to have started for the library but found its way here, and studied his wall decorations. These were exclusively prints of turkeys, very splendid turkeys, singly and in groups, lordly gobblers with heads lifted in challenge and skirts spread in arrogant display, and trim brown hen turkeys, one of them with a brood of younglings. The pictures were mostly in colors and had been pasted on all the walls.

Seth presently turned to her with the air of a busy man who could spare her but a moment, yet he was quick with a warming sympathy when she told him her troubles. He regarded her knees tolerantly. Of course she was growing and why wouldn't she have knees? Naturally she'd be all bone and gristle at her age. As to Marcy Tedmon taking anyone up—that was a joke. That man hadn't even been able to take himself up. He'd better take himself up before making his brags about taking other folks up, be they children or be they not. And, finally, as to being taken up by anyone at all, Seth was delightfully of the opinion that there was a lot of nonsense talked about it. Education might be all right in its place, but it was silly to call anyone a heathen because they hadn't learned from books. Life was what you learned your best lessons from. Look at him, Seth Hacker—one year's schooling when he was ten. He waved informingly to his pictured walls.

"I promise you my word that was all the start ever I had!"

Jane left him, vastly comforted.

VI

JANE tried to avoid falling under the notice of Cousin Marcy unless from the shelter of things like tables or chairs or the backs of sofas. Otherwise he was certain to wince and she would sympathetically suffer with him. At dinner, she never failed to be back of the table when he entered the dining room so that her insufficient skirt shouldn't so brazenly confront him.

After a while Sarah relieved this strain by a bit of ripping out and sewing. Jane surveyed her new dress length in a glass and was pleased. She not only couldn't be shuddered or winced at now but she looked more like a lady who might attend receptions and win triumphs to be dreamed of when she retired late.

But Sarah, looking on, moodily remarked that they were only putting off the evil day. Jane didn't know what the evil day was; but why worry, she reflected, since it had been put off?

For a further pleasant thought, she was beginning to hope that Cousin Marcy had forgotten his genial threat to take her up. He hadn't reverted to it after that first distressing scene at the table, and in his presence now she spoke as infrequently as possible, trying to stay in the background of his notice—to seem like a little girl so well behaved that no one could possibly suspect she would need taking up.

These refined precautions were all in vain, however. Cousin Marcy suddenly repeated his intention one night, quite as if a great many days hadn't intervened since its first mention. He might be slow, but he was, it appeared, relentless. There was even something dogged in his manner of apprising Jane that he would expect her in his room directly after dinner. She affected a pleased astonishment at this notice, but her smile was only the frame of one, like so many of Marcy's. She felt her lips stiffen in it. She had, in truth, merely grimaced in a dismay she had to hide, but Marcy missed its essential values.

So—after an interval prolonged as greatly as she dared—she went to that room whence she had first seen him emerge as a ghost. She went confidently expecting to be tormented under the flash of Marcy's single glass and his teeth in the untrue smile. Yet once inside, her attention was immediately diverted from this personal apprehension.

This was surely the best room in the house; even better than Wiley's, because it was a real sitting room, with no clumsy bed filling so much of it. There were rugs on the polished floor instead of a faded carpet; glossy, rich-patterned rugs of odd shapes; on the dull gray walls were small pictures in gay frames, far more agreeable than the frowning portraits in other rooms; pictures of cattle in a meadow, of lakes and streams and woodland. There were books on shelves, books on the big table that held a lamp on a slender shaft towering to a shade of rich glass; other tables holding small bronze things she wanted to touch. Her glance played nimbly over these novelties as Cousin Marcy, erect before the open fire, regarded her briefly, then turned in a queer way to toy with a lacquered bowl on the mantel.

"Oh, my! What pretty things you have!" said Jane.

He shrugged his narrow shoulders, mumbling words she didn't catch. And it wasn't like Cousin Marcy to mumble. All at once, as he flashed her another quick glance above the bowl he held, she divined that he had been dreading this ordeal even as she had. He was embarrassed—at least, bothered. Perhaps both. She instantly felt at ease, and, by that token, superior to Cousin Marcy. She thrilled to the ensuing discovery that she ought to put him at ease too. She could understand people feeling embarrassed and she knew it wasn't agreeable.

"Yes, I think your things are just lovely," she began once more in what she meant to be the tone of a lady at a reception. "So perfectly stunning," she added, sidling over to stare at a painting with eyes she intended to seem entranced.

"Some of them aren't too bad," agreed her host, recovering a bit of his true manner. "Things I've picked up here and there. That's a Spanish table by you. There's a bit of Renaissance brocade above it. Over on the other wall is a Flemish tapestry. Here are some French enamels—not bad."

"Not too bad," echoed his guest politely.

"Now about your education," he broke out abruptly. "After all, as I think it over, I don't know that I'm fitted to do anything for you."

This was more like Cousin Marcy. Jane thought he was at ease now.

"I already know a lot about fractions," she declared, "and grammar and geography." This was bound to make his task easy.

"All you'll ever need to know, I've not the least doubt," he told her. "But, of course, there are other things."

He said this in a discouraged tone, with the helpless wave of a long white hand.

"I learned how to enter a ballroom."

"And that's not unimportant," he answered more brightly, "only you hadn't to have many lessons for that; I've noticed you're not awkward. The trouble is"—he paused, twirling his glass on its cord, frowning at the bowl he replaced—"the trouble is, education, after all, is only to increase your capacity for pleasure, and that means your capacity to get all the pleasure out of the station to which God has called you." He fixed the glass sharply upon her. "And God alone knows what He's called you to. I don't. I didn't know what He'd called me to, either, and I was grossly miseducated by certain other people who thought they did. I learned a lot I didn't want to. If I'd only been let to choose ——" He again twirled the glass, but now suddenly beamed upon her. "That's what we'll do with you—you shall choose what you wish to know. I assume no responsibility. I wash my hands of you—and God help you, my poor child. Now then, curl up in that deep chair and let me find something to read you."

"Oh, I think that will be stunning!" said Jane, remembering how at school it seemed to be believed that only the things she didn't wish to know would adorn her mind. And all those she would have liked so much to know were not suitable for a little girl of her age. This, she considered, was going to be a lot better. Cousin Marcy was really someone! She now thought it quite possible that he might surprise people by setting fire to a river, if he chose to do so.

She took the big chair he had indicated, not, indeed, curling up in it, but sitting erect and attentive, because the importance of the moment seemed to demand this. Cousin Marcy briskly picked up a book from the big table, looked at it, replaced it, chose another which he also regarded uncertainly, and rejected. Then he crossed to a shelf and said "H'm!" several times to himself with assumed cheerfulness as he glanced into other books. After a musing deliberation over these he abandoned the shelf, with a "H'm, h'm!" that seemed decisive, and came back to the first book on the table. He coughed meekly.

"Perhaps I shouldn't have intimated that the conventional branches are unimportant. Fractions—that sort of thing—are often useful; I shouldn't deny it." His conscience seemed to hurt him. "All I mean to say is that they should be taken up in moderation unless one's life, so to say, is to be cast among them."

"I dare say," agreed Jane, gladly believing her life would not be cast among fractions. It sounded improbable.

"I mean to say, there's no essential merit in a knowledge of them." Jane beamed agreement. "And why make a fetish of grammar or geography?"

"Yes, why?" echoed Jane.

"One of the best of poets confessed that he had always failed in geography and explained that this was why he had never been able to make his way in the world. But, of course, that wasn't the reason; and anyway, he had something better—he may not have known the world, but the world quickly came to know him, so he did make his way in it after all."

"I see," said Jane, brazenly lying.

"Then we'll learn no more geography than we have to, no more fractions than we need to; grammar is merely a tangle of conventions arbitrary and juiceless, chiefly useful to those who have nothing to say and must hide this by saying it impeccably."

"Impeccably!" echoed Jane, charmed by the word.

"There remains history, more or less important gossip about the beings that have peopled this planet, of whose peculiar shape you've doubtless already been told."

"Round like an orange and slightly flattened at the poles. Why is it flattened?"

Cousin Marcy abruptly ceased to twirl his glass on its cord, and paused in the midst of the hearth rug which he had been pacing nervously.

"Interesting," he murmured. "We first asked what? It was only after eons of growth that we asked why? And you ask

(Continued on Page 85)

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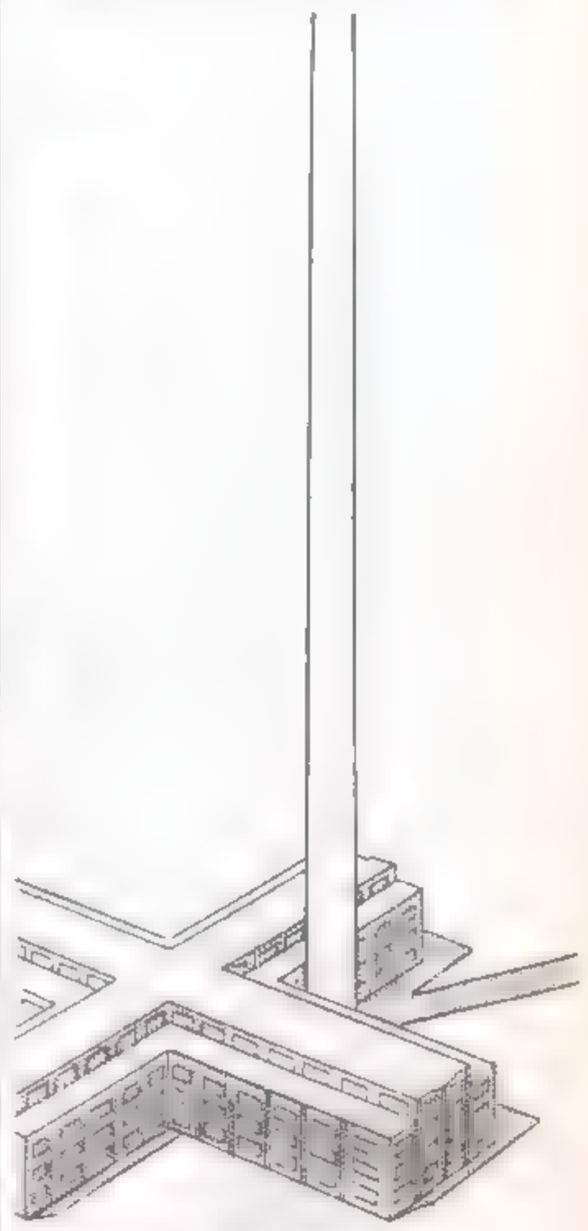

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"Service to the Northwest"

(Continued from Page 83)

it now: you've reached the why stage. Very gratifying, I'm sure. Not that you'll ever find out anything. But why is always so much more interesting than what. It's the high triumph of the human mind. The most of us live and die without ever once asking it, satisfied to know a few paltry whats. No, I haven't the least notion why the earth is slightly flattened at the poles. No one else has. I dare say physicists would pretend to explain it by saying that a mass of molten metal whirling on its axis will do thus and so, but it isn't an explanation. The ultimate why evades them—but by all means keep on asking. Now as to history ——"

"How did history ever get started?" demanded the pupil.

She was seeing an orange slightly flattened at the poles, its yellow surface entirely destitute of history.

"It started," began Marcy—"why, it started ——" He broke off, bowing impressively to Jane. "I hope you will favor me with your own opinion about that after you've observed bits of it here and there. Perhaps you will also guess shrewdly as to whether history was worth starting. I'll listen as respectfully to you as to anyone," he assured her. He took up from the table the volume he had first looked into and drew a chair under the lamp. "It may be we shall like the same things," he said. "That will make my job easier. In fact, I couldn't teach you anything I didn't like myself. It's Alfred, Lord Tennyson, I shall read you now."

Jane was at first more engaged with the reader than with Alfred, Lord Tennyson. He read tunefully, in a light rippling voice, one hand coming up at intervals, a hand blooming with long fingers that seemed to put ruffles on the words. His relish for the words was such that Jane knew he quickly forgot his audience. And though he read so knowingly, never pausing over the longest word, she couldn't help remembering Seth Hacker's view that he was helpless, futile. He seemed just that now, even while he read so expertly. But all at once Jane didn't care if he was futile. What if the man couldn't be trusted to hoe a simple hill of beans? She watched his sensitive face, responsive, with his restless, pale hand, to the words he read, and was conscious that she would like to do something for Cousin Marcy. Even his voice sounded helpless. He was oddly like a doll she had once thought a great deal of, a doll that never seemed to get along well with her other dolls and had to have very especial attention. She wondered why Sarah had called him an old Satan.

Presently she ceased to think of him except as a medium for the verse he read—all about King Arthur and the knights of his round table and his lovely queen who was so fond of the bravest knight. She especially liked the names of the queen and her knight, and sang them over to herself as the verse rippled on. She did curl up in the chair at last and was so quiet that Marcy stopped again and again in the belief that she had fallen asleep.

But she wasn't even sleepy, and always brightly begged for more; and at the last she went off to bed with her head full of new visions.

The halls weren't peopled with old Tedmons that night. They resounded with clash of swords on armor, while Cousin Marcy led a gallant horde to battle and was loved by a lovely queen who came to prefer him to any other knight.

Jane soon felt truly taken up. She was on an eminence that enabled her to feel superior when Marcy talked pointedly to her during dinner and rather ignored Sarah Tedmon. Sarah didn't appear to mind this, but Jane was none the less aware of her new distinction. It gave her a comfortable sensation. And history was worth while, even if no one knew how it got started. Marcy never made it dry. As he confided to Jane, he thought it advisable to pick out the best bits. He skipped lightly from land to land, from century to century.

After Tennyson, they had Froissart, and Jane at Crécy rejoiced in more knightly strife, visioning Marcy as a puissant warrior in the thick of every fray. Then they had Queen Elizabeth and her times, and Jane thrilled to the ease with which this ruler could order people sent to the Tower if she didn't like them, and perhaps have their heads cut off the next afternoon. She insisted on the intimate details of this operation, her hands interestedly exploring the girth of her neck as she listened. Of the Virgin Queen herself she came to have no high opinion, explaining to Sarah, causing Marcy Tedmon to cough above his soup:

"She was a jealous old thing and so proud she wouldn't look into a mirror after she got ugly. And she didn't really care so very much about being a virgin queen; she just couldn't bear to think that anyone would get to be as important as her husband would be if she married him."

From Elizabethan gossip—Cousin Marcy was Raleigh—they descended to the French Revolution, where Jane's appetite for decapitations was appeased. It seemed to her to be some of the most satisfying history they had encountered. She felt sorry for Louis XVI, and rode with him to the scaffold in a tumbrel. Cousin Marcy told her he was a very worthy bourgeois who married out of his class and paid the penalty. And she was sorry, too, for Marie Antoinette, though this in no way detracted from her relish of the moment when the queen's severed head was held up to the shouting mob. Jane was one of the mob.

She was never quite able to place Cousin Marcy in this French turmoil. He seemed too much a person to be the stupid king, who would have got away with his head if he hadn't been such a pig about his food at Varennes. Marcy would never have been caught that way. And she couldn't see him with the other crowd. He might flash out in anger or irritation, as she knew, but he wouldn't have anyone's head cut off without some good reason. She found him again when they read about explorers—he was Franklin in the Arctic snows, and Drake and Cortés and Captain Cook; and he played these rôles with a brilliance that would have dumfounded Seth Hacker.

It was mostly in Marcy's warm room that Jane experienced her first winter. In her former world, outside the mountains, winter didn't come. It had never occurred to her that snow could be seen close at hand. It was something white on distant peaks against the sky. When it began to fall about her in slow thick flakes, she was startled by the magic of it and watched with hardly believing eyes while it covered the familiar things outside. She had hurried out into it, only to learn from Seth Hacker that she needn't have been in any haste, because it was going to stay there a long time. She was a little hurt by his want of enthusiasm for the beautiful stuff. Again she had discovered something, and again people were too calm about it.

Sarah was actually bitter about snow. It held her in prison—"in this hole," she called it. It was on the day of the first snow that she spoke so queerly of the house. She stood at a window when Jane came to her, staring fiercely at a cedar tree whose thick branches were already bending under the downfall.

"Another winter in this hole, this prison! That's what your lovely snow means. Some day I shan't stand it."

"This hole?" Jane was puzzled.

"This trap, this terrible house of make-believe. Everyone is making believe something that can't ever be so. Wiley makes believe he's going to be well and do wonders. It's as much make-believe as poor old Seth's turkeys that he's always seeing."

Jane turned this over. It sounded rather pleasant to be making believe things.

"Well, what do you make believe, Cousin Sarah?"

Sarah laughed, but not enjoyably, it seemed.

"Me? I'm the make-believingest of all."

"Like the day we played going to that reception?"

"Yes, like that. But I'm even worse than that. I make believe I'm going to get away before I'm a hundred years old."

"You're not that old yet," Jane stoutly affirmed. "I'm sure you can't be."

"I'm twenty-six, if you must know, and when spring comes I'll be twenty-seven. Spring is when I make believe the worst. I make believe every night I'm going the next morning."

"Where to?"

"To some place that must be waiting for me—I don't know myself."

"Then why don't you go?"

"It wouldn't be any good telling you. You couldn't understand."

So all winter, while the snow was piled deep about them and fires were needed to make any room habitable, Jane thought of the house as make-believe and liked the sound of it, and queerly had Sarah fixed in her mind with snow and ice and the cold that fought its way through thick walls. She did not share Sarah's belief that spring would come and the snow vanish. Her unquestioning conviction was that winter, having come, would always be there. If there had ever been a spring, Sarah should have gone then to the place that was waiting for her. Undoubtedly she had missed her chance.

The bare dead trees in the orchard were sufficiently affirming this, even if the great pall of snow hadn't so sternly seemed to be there forever, as it was on mountains she had often seen from afar in midsummers. There were trees enough that stayed green no matter how weighted with snow, as if they believed with Sarah that spring would come again if one only waited; but the orchard trees, Jane was sure, knew better. Under their last blossoms they had taken on an absurd air of being young, but now she could see the truth. Their gnarled gray limbs, stripped of leaves, writhed in torture; they were seen to be very old and sad; and there was something indecent, though pitiful, in this exposure of their infirmities, their agonized contortions under the freezing blast. They were poor naked old dead things and would never blossom again. Sarah had dallied too long in her make-believe.

Nor was Jane depressed at believing that winter would always stay with them. It was a new kind of life, but its differences were not unpleasing. Even the snow that would never change had its own charm. There were entertaining things one could do with it at odd times, and a fresh lot would always reassuringly fall when the old had been marred and discolored by paths and human contacts. It was such careless, lavish stuff.

Inside the house, there was the warm kitchen, where she often sat to tell Chong's own private fortune. He had made his first request for this with very obvious trepidation, as if suspecting that his own affairs might not fare so prosperously as Wiley Tedmon's did under Jane's manipulation of the cards. But from the very first fortune she laid out on the table—which he anxiously cleared of dishes for her—it was discovered that Chong, too, was destined speedily to achieve an almost embarrassing affluence.

There was also plainly indicated an auspicious meeting with a dark lady, to which imminent encounter he seemed wholly indifferent. He didn't welcome the dark lady as Cousin Wiley always had.

Jane's methods of divination had become flexible. She required no more than the shadow of annoyance that for a moment dimmed Chong's eagerness as he raptly bent above the cards, and his impatiently protesting, "I think too much not enough money." The fortune was retold with happier results that were money exclusively; and at the almost daily séances that followed, no dark lady ever for a moment troubled Chong's serenity. At Christmas he conferred a jade bracelet on the seer and thereafter observed a notable swelling in the wealth that rushed upon him headlong. Jane was not always at ease in these predictions. Sometimes she was disturbed by

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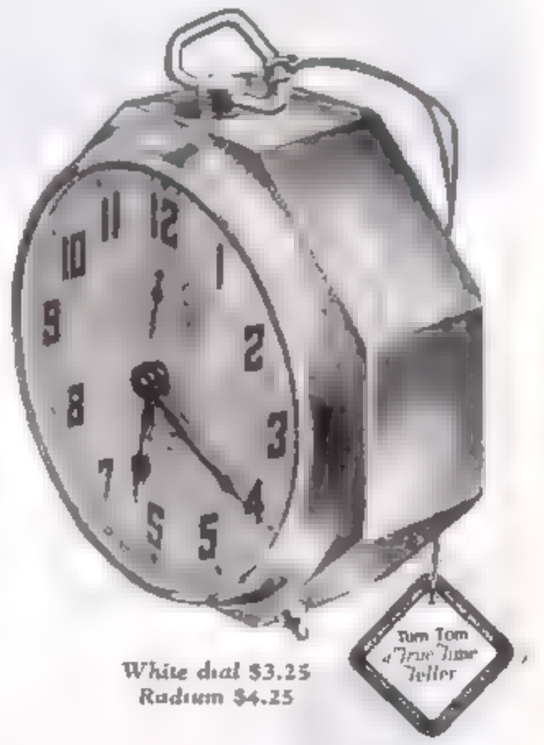

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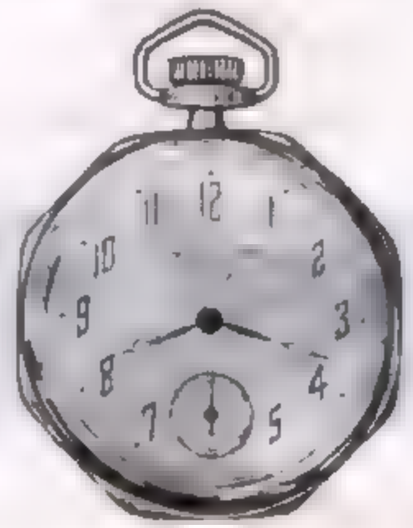

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a suspicion that Sarah would contemptuously place Chong among those who foolishly made believe the things they desired.

As for Cousin Wiley, winter hadn't impaired his power to make-believe. His remained the brightest room in the house—the pleasantest, except when she and Marcy were reading. Winter simply didn't come there. The sun still flooded in across his bed and made his purple gown a kingly garment, and even if the Blue Alsatian Mountains were now shrouded in white, that was a remote outside detail. The room was always summer-warm and its occupant always sunnily make-believing, even on clouded days. No day was so dark that he couldn't light it and no wintry threat could abash the trim instant readiness of his beautiful clothes there on the chair, the shining hat, correctly top side down and seeming intense with conscious waiting, as if its owner might demand it the very moment he finished one of his card games at which he had heavily gained.

Jane tried at first to tell Wiley how much better she was liking Cousin Marcy, feeling dimly that she might make each brother admire the other as she admired them both; but it didn't prove to be easy. He was pleased to know that she was learning all about history, and remarked that it would keep her from getting rusty before she went back to school. He listened amiably to her account of the readings, but he refused to see that Marcy played a wonderful part in this process.

"You know I never said the poor boy couldn't read," he reminded her.

Jane felt snubbed, yet wasn't giving up.

"But he's—he's so modest," she glowingly submitted.

She hadn't weighed the word, but it seemed good. Wiley suffered a moment of bewilderment at this, then escaped it in his wonderful laugh.

"Modest? Marcy modest? What on earth has he got to be modest about?" Again he laughed enjoyably.

And Jane couldn't tell him, so she laughed with him, though she felt ashamed to. Because, of course, it was too hard to convey that she constantly saw Marcy facing perils by land and sea, performing deeds of high valor at Crécy, leading his starved men to safety from some jungle of death in a far wilderness, braving the wrath of a virgin queen who was a jealous old thing—and yet never pretending to be more than a pleasant-voiced little man reading from a book. She divined that this must be her own secret view of Cousin Marcy. His brother would not only laugh at it but she shrewdly suspected that she would have to laugh with him if she heard herself saying it out in words. Undeniably there became something funny about it the moment you tried to tell anyone. She regretted her public use of the word "modest," though in private she would stubbornly hold to it.

It seemed to Jane only fair that shortly afterward Wiley himself should be well laughed at by his brother who had nothing to be modest about. As in the other case, however, she had no sympathy with Marcy in his mirth and felt no impulse to join with him. It was a shock Wiley suffered, and much too serious to laugh at. For the first time Jane had found him very poignantly suffering when she went to make her morning visit. His splendid purple gown was in disarray, the bed covering flung about and his beautiful face ravaged with distress.

His voice, moreover, had lost its confident note and became petulant, almost whining. He was plainly in terror. Jane stood appalled, staring at the desolate ruins of a once-imposing structure. Something terrible had happened. Nor did she cease to think it terrible when Wiley, frantically fumbling under the bedclothes with one still-capable hand, managed to tell her in distressed and broken words that his lucky piece was lost.

She believed it a catastrophe even without the corroborating behavior of Chong, who hung in dismay above the bed and cackled in shrill Chinese. She thought she must leave the room, so heart-sickening the agony of her chief hero. And the loss itself would be sure to entail unhappy consequences upon all of them. Without his lucky piece, Cousin Wiley probably couldn't get into the saddle.

Then Sarah came, drawn by the wailing of Chong. She advanced into the room and stood staring coldly at the unhappy men.

"My lucky piece—lost!"

This was the invincible Wiley, in the manner of a frightened child.

Sarah's set face didn't relax in the least, but she marched to the bed, rudely brushed the fluttering Chong aside and began to search. Both Wiley and the Chinese were cowed by her manner. It was eloquent of smothered disgust, though the lines of her face never altered. They watched her with a sort of defiant eagerness as her hands swiftly moved. The bed proving barren, she braced herself at its foot, curtly refusing the timidly offered help of Chong, rolled the huge thing away from the wall, found the coin where it had fallen to the floor, tossed it among its owner's pillows, restored the bed to its place and stalked indignantly from the room amid an awed silence that endured some moments after the door closed smartly upon her.

Wiley Tedmon had been restored at sight of the piece, weakly murmuring his relief as he clasped it, gazing upon it mutely until Sarah had brusquely removed herself. After that listening moment, he broke into smiling apologies, his voice once more gay and sonorous. It had been all his own fault for not keeping it in the pocket of his gown, where Sarah had warned him to keep it. He had put it under a pillow, securely, he thought, meaning to grasp it the very moment the stock exchange would open. He was watching the clock for that. Then some careless movement must have pushed it over the bed's edge. That mustn't happen again. He would see that it didn't.

He held the coin proudly in his spread palm so that Jane could observe it. His face was jolly now, but still bore traces of the grueling crisis he had passed; and Jane forthwith told him a fortune more than usually opulent with money and dark ladies having exquisite hands. Her opinion was that the potent lucky piece couldn't be lost from that bed irrecoverably; but Cousin Wiley's suffering had been real; the shock of beholding him not himself—who had always been so royally himself—had quite sickened her.

As she mechanically laid out the cards, she began to see him as a bit less kingly. Some gayly tinted film fell from her eyes when he showed himself for the first time distraught and fearful. He was helpless in bed there, however urgently near were the empty clothes and the waiting hat. Was he, too, only making believe?

When the fortune had progressed to its plenteous rewards, he played one of his own games so skillfully that he won twelve hundred dollars in short order. Jane, for the first time on an occasion like this, wondered where the actual money was, recalling that she had never seen this or any of his previous winnings. Was it only make-believe money?

It was when she told Marcy that evening about the tragic loss of the lucky piece that Wiley was laughed at, even as he had laughed at his brother. Only Marcy's laughing wasn't quite so mirthful. He seemed not to enjoy it as Wiley had.

The winter, according to Jane's system of time values, dragged on and on into years. Time had practically stopped and winter was fixed as unalterably as Sarah's mouth. The snow would always be outside and she would always be listening to a spirited rendering of the best bits in history. She would always be as she was now, nor would anyone else be older.

She tried one night to tell Marcy all about this, after listening to one good bit that had happened some thousands of years before. He genially admitted that time was a mystery to him; he said he believed it also was even to the philosophers who pretended to explain it, but had to use a suspicious quantity of words in doing so. But he added that time, for Jane, hadn't begun to exist. Time wasn't a factor in youth. It never began till youth was over; then it came sneakishly in before one knew it, and there it stayed—quite terribly, if you took it that way.

"You're in a circle of enchantment now," he told her. "You can't take so much as one step outside. Youth is something we can't know we have. We only know about it when it's done. It's definitely there, but we can't apprehend it till it's gone; and, of course, that isn't knowing. Youth can only be remembered. It's a wretched substitute for knowing."

"Isn't it?" replied Jane, blankly polite to this distant talk.

Then one day when winter had never seemed more secure in its dominion, while the snow as resolutely as ever enveloped all the outside world, and gaunt icicles still depended from the eaves and the poor old orchard trees had seemed never so abjectly lifeless, Jane suddenly knew that spring was no myth. She knew it solely from a look of rebellious awakening she had caught in Sarah's moody eyes.

VII

IT WAS only Cousin Wiley who took no heed of the coming spring. But he hadn't been aware of winter, either, except that it whitened the picture he could see from his window. All the others, Jane remarked, were answering to the new life that began to pulse about them even before warmed little airs had eaten away the snow. Sarah's eyes had knowingly foretold the new season when its coming had been still remote, and long before her silent prophecy came true, her step had quickened and her eyes lightened with long looks that confidently sought some still hidden but beckoning horizon. She would stand dreamily for moments, her eyes brimming with this far look, then dash freshly to some task with an animation the winter had seemed to chill.

Jane watched her keenly at times like this, longing to ask if Sarah would now go to the place waiting for her, since the season of going away had unaccountably arrived once more. But Sarah could come too sternly out of her dreaming moments if asked the wrong questions. She could be almost savage. It was probably better not to talk to her much about spring until she invited it in one of those little explosions of frankness when she would seem to be treating Jane as her equal in years.

Marcy Tedmon wasn't so difficult of approach about this curious new awakening of the earth. He said that to some people spring was a promise, and then it was all a glory of wonders. To other people it was merely a reminder of things they preferred to forget, a sad reminder perhaps of other springs long ago that had come each time with a promise but deceitfully never kept it. Jane couldn't decide which of these people Marcy considered himself to be, and something in his manner kept her from inquiring. At any rate he, too, began to step more quickly, even if he never stood dreaming as Sarah did. As soon as the new-showing earth would let him he was again bustling out over it, stick in hand, in the purposeful manner Seth Hacker had noted, as if he were bound on a mission of importance, to return, as her informant added, without having been any place. She wondered if he went out to recite poetry to himself, as Seth had caught him doing that time when he thought himself alone in Wild Horse Cañon.

Seth himself, Jane decided, was one of those happy people to whom the unfolding season was still a promise. Spring plainly reminded him of nothing he preferred to forget. The day of this discovery she found him stretching and yawning whole-heartedly where a renewed sun beat into the open door of the carriage house, as if but that moment he had awakened from a winter's sleep. He was bright-eyed as she approached him, overflowing with hopes renewed. He thought well of spring with positively no reservations.

(Continued on Page 88)

RADIO 'RITHMETIC

"A" batteries + "B" batteries + RECTIGON = clear radio reception

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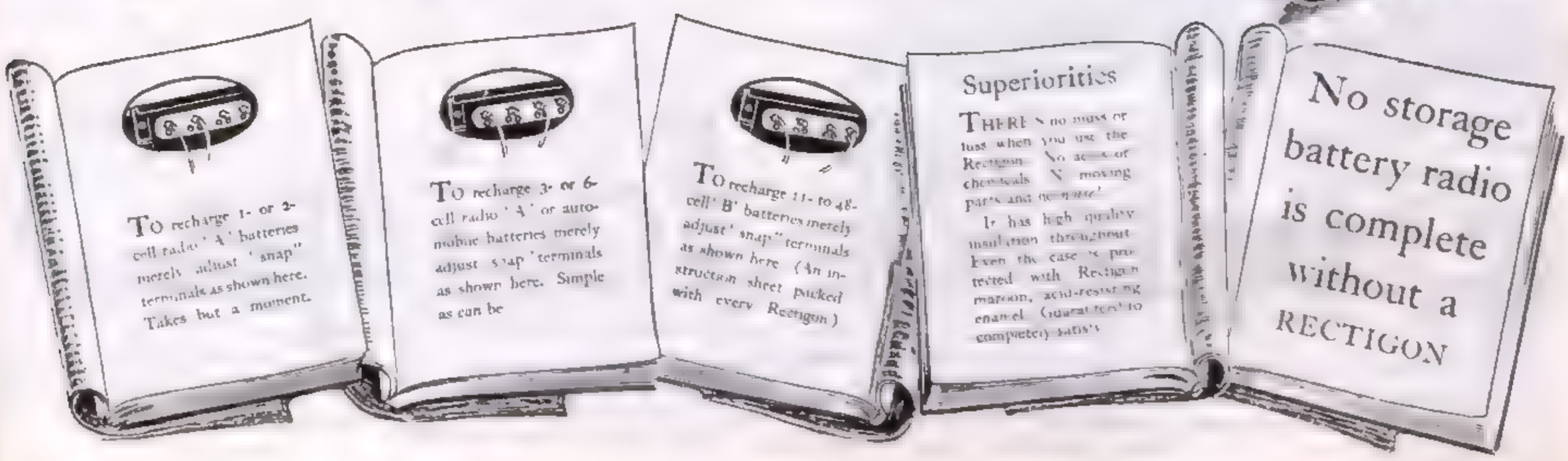
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"When water runs and grass grows—" he said. It was like singing, Jane thought, but he didn't finish it. "Here we are again, pardner; another winter gone to the winds. My stalk's all perished, but my roots are already sending up new ones beyond the peradventure of a doubt. Something tells me it's going to be one whale of a year for this family. Now's when I get me a start of turkeys. This lady that was going to let me have the choice setting last spring, I met she and her husband up to the post office yesterday, and a varmint got at them eggs -a skunk, from all she could gather. But this year I'm to have one of her prize gobblers and two hens. Don't that sound good? Of course, it's starting slow. If only I could get my hands on some ready money, I'd soon show a lot of smarties—I mean in a big way."

"Of course you would!" Jane agreed.

"I'm glad for to have you think so. You're one that's certainly got faith in my designs, and when I do pull through I won't forget it, either. You ain't like some ——" He broke off on a note of bitterness and waved a belittling hand toward the disappearing Marcy. "S'pose I flitted idly around over hill and dale like him. He'll go out and walk miles, and when he comes back, where's he been? No place. And what's he done? Nothing. And here I be, hog-tied for want of a modest capital."

"It's a shame!" cried Jane, indignant from a touch of this same spring madness. "But I bet something does happen this very spring. It makes me feel that way already. I bet you get your hands on a modest capital."

She paused to survey Seth's hands, wondering what a modest capital would look like and what the hands would do to it.

She had already been aware of this feeling that something was going to happen. It was the season's own personal message to her. She would waken in the morning wondering if it hadn't happened during the night. Many times through the day she would find herself restless without a reason, then it would seem that she must have forgotten something wonderful. She would begin to search her memory, and there it always was—something shining that was going to happen and that made her restless when she forgot it.

Spring performed the last incredible trick. Those ancient orchard trees, with limbs distorted in a death agony that had seemed final, magically flowered again with pink-and-white blossoms until Jane found them funny; they were so like very old ladies that had taken to wearing bonnets too gay for them. She could believe anything now, though she laughed at the prinking old trees and told Cousin Marcy what she thought they looked like.

He explained the phenomenon to her very clearly, Jane thought. He said that life itself never did grow old. It was only the queer little mechanisms it played with—humans and trees and such things—that wore out. Life itself hadn't aged a minute since Crécy and Agincourt, even if it had scrapped since then more machines than anyone could count. You knew it to be as young as ever when you saw fresh blossoms on trees that were old.

"I see," said Jane confidently; though all she saw was that this, whatever else it meant, made it more certain than ever that something shining was bound to happen. More than ever she was alertly on the watch to welcome it.

She was watching from a window one bright midday when she observed Cousin Marcy return from one of his expeditions that Seth Hacker derided. He came quickly, as always; but he carried something—and this wasn't like him. He never carried anything but his stick, declining firmly to bring even small needed purchases from the store in town. Jane had thought it probable that he couldn't trust himself to bring packages because his hands didn't seem to hold things securely. But he was bringing something now, some dull-colored, roundish object, clutched to his side. And instead of entering the house he passed on to the barn—another novelty in his routine. Altogether this was sensational enough to draw Jane after him in a quick suspicion that the shining something had happened.

In the carriage house, there was Cousin Marcy with a bit of soiled rag wiping dirt and mold from an object Jane didn't at first identify, and his absorption in the task was so complete that she stood silently watching him, especially as the dull-looking object he worked on couldn't be anything wonderful, even if it was something that had happened. Marcy was being solicitous about the thing; between intervals of wiping he would pause to tap it smartly, causing fine earth to pour from it in a little stream.

At one of these tappings she saw that the thing looked bony; then, as a new side was turned in her direction, that it was all bone—nothing less, in short, than a bony structure that had apparently once supported a human face. There were great round eyes, a ragged triangle for the nose and unmistakable teeth; only the chin was lacking. Jane was enlightened and felt a glow suffuse her from a certain picture her discovery instantly called up.

"Oh, it's a skeleton!" she cried.

"A skull," corrected Marcy, not glancing around.

"The bones inside of your head," continued Jane, her eyes holding to the brownish surface while her fingers experimentally probed and tested her own facial foundations. It was certainly a skull. She corroborated brow and cheek bones beneath her own tissues. "Oh, my!" she murmured, stepping closer to peer, while Marcy burnished the dome of this charming new possession. After a little she glanced up expectantly, even proudly at him. The lively picture spreading across her inner vision grew each second richer in detail. She spoke in a taut, hushed voice: "Oh, Cousin Marcy, did you cut his head off?"

He looked up from his task, startled; then she was pained to see a sort of alarmed denial show in his pale eyes. Her vision of him at a knightly deed on some near battlefield faded even before he withered her with his "Don't be silly, child!"

"Oh," she answered, feeling apologetic, but also robbed of a lovely picture.

"I found it at the bottom of a ravine," he said absently, "overgrown with vines."

"Oh, is that all?" Her disillusion was complete. "What's it good for?" she demanded, implying her own doubt that it could be good for anything.

Her interest revived but faintly when Marcy—deaf to her last spiritless inquiry—produced the skull's lower jaw from a pocket of his coat, fitted it in place so that the thing grinned at her as he held it up. It looked better that way, with its rows of meeting teeth. She studied these dispassionately, however, thinking only that Cousin Marcy often produced an effect something like that when he supposed he was smiling.

"Didn't it have any other skeleton parts?" she wanted to know.

She drew her lips as far back as might be done from her own teeth in idle emulation of the skull.

"Probably." Marcy placed his find on a bench, stepped back from it as a painter from his canvas, surveyed it critically through half-closed lids; then, with his rag, sought to erase a discoloration on the left temple, after which he readjusted the teeth to a nicer occlusion. "Probably I shall find more remnants some day when I go there again. I think this head has been washed down from some narrower place in the ravine."

"Maybe you could find a full set of everything," she hopefully remarked. "I guess that old skull wouldn't be much use without the rest of it all together."

Marcy was again deaf, standing off to criticize his find, his head tilted, one eye squinting. It was plain to Jane that he was pluming himself on his achievement. She wondered if this was because he had really carried something home at last. The bare skull didn't seem to justify his evident pride in the moment. She doubted to herself that the entire skeleton would, but she was willing to appear cordial to this view. Marcy tucked the thing under an arm.

"Shall we show it to Cousin Wiley?" Jane asked.

"Wiley—this?" His eyes narrowed briefly, then he laughed, then the laugh became merely one of those smiles such as the skull wore. "Not yet, I think," he said crisply. "Perhaps some day."

Jane felt that he was selfishly keeping Cousin Wiley out of a treat. His final smile had been spiteful. Yet he had half promised that some day he would relent.

"I thought it might make him laugh," she submitted. "Most everything does."

"Most everything does; this wouldn't," said Marcy; and went trippingly into the house, leaving her to wonder what he felt so pleased about.

Seth Hacker presently convinced her that he had been making much out of practically nothing. Seth came in with his mail in time to remark Marcy's unusual elation as he entered the house. He halted before Jane, who still, by the open barn door, stood pondering pleasantly in the bland noon sun.

"What's that rabbit-eyed old codger going to market about?" he demanded in grieved tones. "I just seen him skip through the town with something under his arm and looking like he was more than usual taken up with himself."

"He found an old skull in some ravine," Jane told him.

"How old?"

"Years and years. It had dirt pouring out of a little round hole at the bottom and it was all faded and some moss had grown on the top. It hadn't been taken care of at all."

"Shucks!" Seth sniffed effectively, causing her to feel defensive about the find that she had to herself so lately belittled.

"Well, it's the very most important bones inside of your face," she offered. "It had a lot of teeth, and it looked more polite when Cousin Marcy brushed it off and put the teeth the way they belonged."

But Seth was not to be impressed.

"Shucks, what's a skull?" he demanded. "Skulls ain't anything to go on about. Didn't I find three once, over on the Mokelumne where some fellers had bit the dust?"

"Three? Oh, my!"

Marcy's find became insignificant, even if, as the cleaning proved, it had bitten a great deal of dust.

"Yes, and this same bunch I was with found a whole skeleton down an old shaft, where it had broke a leg and likely starved to death."

It was all too clear that Marcy had not distinguished himself above men that day. It seemed that anyone might find skulls; and, anyway, they were nothing to go on about. Yet she was conscious of hoping that Marcy wouldn't learn how very common they were. There had been a touching quality in his pride. She, for one, would never tell him that Seth Hacker found skulls without an effort and didn't go on about them.

Then, two days later, something shining did happen quite as Jane had profoundly believed it must. She was glad afterward that Seth Hacker had been there in the carriage house with her to see it happen and to be quite taken down after his lofty talk about skulls. In the doorway, they had been idly appraising the relative merit of cats and dogs. Seth had declared that cats were light-minded hellions, with never a care beyond their own comfort. They might honey around a person, but it was only cupboard love. But you take a dog, now, and he had principles; and, what was more, he'd live up to them, come weal or woe, and think himself overpaid with a couple of pats on the head. Cats were licentious and depraved from the start, while dogs were naturally upright. Look at the way they rescued travelers that got lost while climbing an Alp in Switzerland,

(Continued on Page 90)

Heating Contractors
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4939 DELMAR BOULEVARD
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April
Twenty-third,
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Yours very truly,

MAJESTIC HOMES CORPORATION,
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Vice-President.

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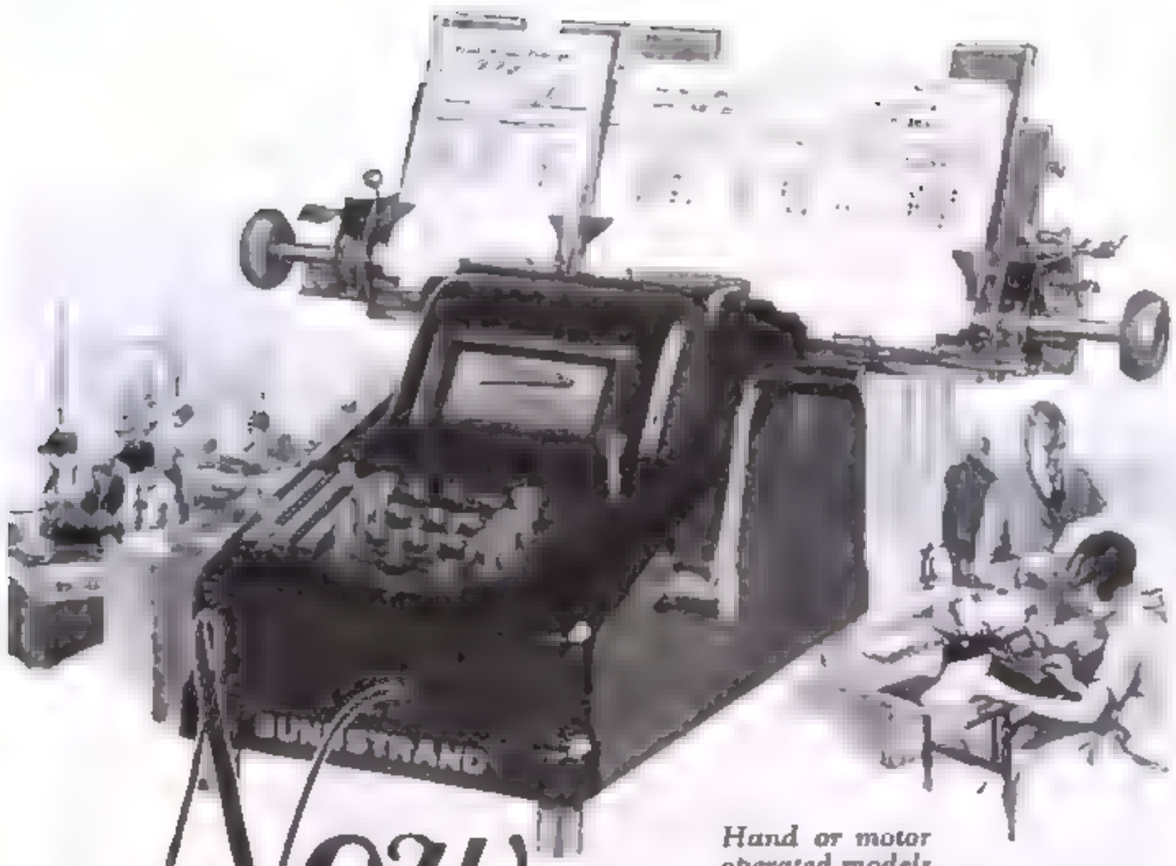

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Sundstrand

AUTOMATIC BOOKKEEPING MACHINE

(Continued from Page 88)

with kegs of good liquor strapped to their chests. He'd like to see someone try to get a cat to go out after folks that way.

Jane knew that this was largely nonsense; but she felt incompetent to argue with Seth, because his voice was so much heavier than hers. Besides, she was only a little incensed by his harangue, for at the moment she was delighting in a band of nimble new kittens that played about and over her where she sat in the doorway. Still, it was as well that Cousin Marcy should at that moment appear from his morning walk. It would save her from being severe with her friend.

Then as Marcy drew nearer, coming past the bush of yellow roses and around the corner of the house, both she and Seth were engaged by his unaccustomed manner. His head was unwontedly high and there was a quickening excitement in his face. Cousin Marcy was again going to market about something.

"Found another of his skulls," remarked Seth, readily cynical.

And Marcy did carry something, though it plainly wasn't a mere skull, because it was wrapped in his handkerchief. As he neared them it was also seen that the pockets of his coat sagged heavily. He came briskly into the carriage house without a word, or even a glance for them, until he had placed whatever his handkerchief hid on the workbench. Then from a pocket he drew two objects which he submitted to their inspection.

"What do you make those out to be?" he demanded of Seth, and waited with dignity while the other examined them.

"I make them out to be an old rusty pistol and an old rusty knife," Seth at length answered, returning these objects to Marcy and dusting his hands scornfully. He wasn't there to go crazy over junk like that. "Maybe you found another passel of bones," he continued, as Marcy stood fingering the meager skeleton of the pistol, picking at the rust that deeply overlaid it. "And that reminds me, I was telling Janey here only yesterday after I heard you'd found your skull—one time back in the 80's I was over on the Mokelumne—I don't know whether you know that country or not—well, anyway, I was over there and stumbled on three of your skulls all in a bunch. And another time we come to an old deserted shaft with buck brush wellnigh covering the top, and down there at the bottom—she was a good thirty foot deep ——"

He broke off a narrative meant to intimate subtly that finding skulls, even in quantity, implied the possession of no peculiar gift and was by no means a privilege of the few. He broke off, moreover, lamely, with a dropped jaw and widened eyes.

"Oh, my, Cousin Marcy! Oh, my! Oh, my!"

Jane also helplessly stared. For Cousin Marcy, with an assumed ease of manner, had untied the knot of his handkerchief to reveal an incredible heap of gold coins. He was now adding to it handfuls of the same precious stuff from the sagging pockets of his coat; handfuls that at first overflowed so that a few coins from each would drop musically to the floor and perhaps roll to a far corner, though no one regarded these. The heap grew, covering the handkerchief, until at last the pockets were emptied and Marcy stood lightly flicking the top of the pile with the tips of his long fingers and at intervals picking up a number of the coins to let them trickle tunefully back to the pile.

"Oh, my!" cried Jane again. "May I touch them too?" And not hearing herself forbidden, she timidly joined Marcy in this delightful sport, holding coins up to let them flow back one by one. "All that money!" she said in awed tones. "And some's big and some's little." She knew the big ones were twenty-dollar pieces, because Cousin Wiley had given her one on each of his visits to the school. And here were more of them than anyone could even count. "Oh, now we're rich, aren't we, Cousin Marcy?"

"Well, I snum!"

This was the first utterance Seth had been equal to; it sounded sincere. He came nearer to the pile; but refrained from touching any of the coins, merely gazing at them and at Marcy with bewildered respect. When he had looked a long time, he went to pick up the pieces that had fallen and rolled away. He was solemn in this, treading softly and looking annoyed when a floor board creaked under him. He delicately laid the recovered coins on the edge of the bench away from the pile, still unequal to any familiar approach to the treasure.

"There it is!" Marcy said, standing back to wave at it. "There it is—there it all is!"

"Yes, isn't it!" said the enraptured Jane. And then, "Oh, but Sarah hasn't seen it yet!" She ran out.

"Well, I snum!" ventured Seth once more.

"Of course," said Marcy.

Jane returned, running ahead of Sarah, then waiting to drag her before the spreading heap.

"There!" She pointed.

Sarah stared with incredulous eyes a moment, then tested the stuff with incredulous fingers. Conviction came to her and she smiled beautifully at Marcy. Sarah was young again, younger even than Jane remembered her at the bygone reception they had graced on a rainy afternoon. She laughed aloud, plunging a hand luxuriously into the heap till the pieces ran about her wrist.

"There it is—there it all is!" said Marcy again.

"But where did it come from?" asked Sarah, though one could see that she was still being helplessly thrilled.

"He found a skull," put in Jane quickly—"all the bones back of your face—and then he found this money. And Seth can find skulls, too, more than Cousin Marcy can, only his don't have money. They just bite the dust."

"I found the skull," began Marcy. He was interrupted by the entrance of Chong, who came silently to regard the find with shining eyes in his excellently controlled face. He, too, dipped a hand into the heap.

"Now you see, Chong," Jane reminded him, "one time catch 'em, all come back!"

"I think," assented Chong, ringing a coin on the bench and afterward putting it to his lips.

"I found the skull," began Marcy again, and everyone became attentive. Even Seth Hacker, Jane noted, was listening deferentially, though still so excited that she thought he might snum again at any moment. "And this morning I made my way much farther up the ravine, from where I fancied it had been carried down, perhaps by an animal."

"Oh, my!" murmured Jane at this casual enriching of the skull with dramatic values.

"The ravine, you know, where I found the skull"—Cousin Marcy was speaking with little movements of his long white hands—"it's very deep and narrow; I thought I'd go up to the head of the cleft, but I had a time of it; scratched my hands, tore my trousers leg ——"

His enthralled audience gazed upon these ravages of his person and wear as though they were part—and not the least—of the shining thing which had happened.

"But you kept on." Jane's tone wavered with triumph; none there seemed to feel that she praised too highly Cousin Marcy standing beside his heap of gold.

"I went on," he agreed gravely. "The footing there was most uncertain; not a place to select for a ramble—red clay, very moist, about a little pool that a spring made in the middle of the underbrush. But I was confident that I had reasoned soundly."

His tone gained dignity as the pale eyes regarded the results of that reasoning.

"Sure did," murmured Seth Hacker, and the others nodded earnestly.

"It was there, scarcely a yard from the pool, on a shelf deep with earth and mold,

(Continued on Page 93)

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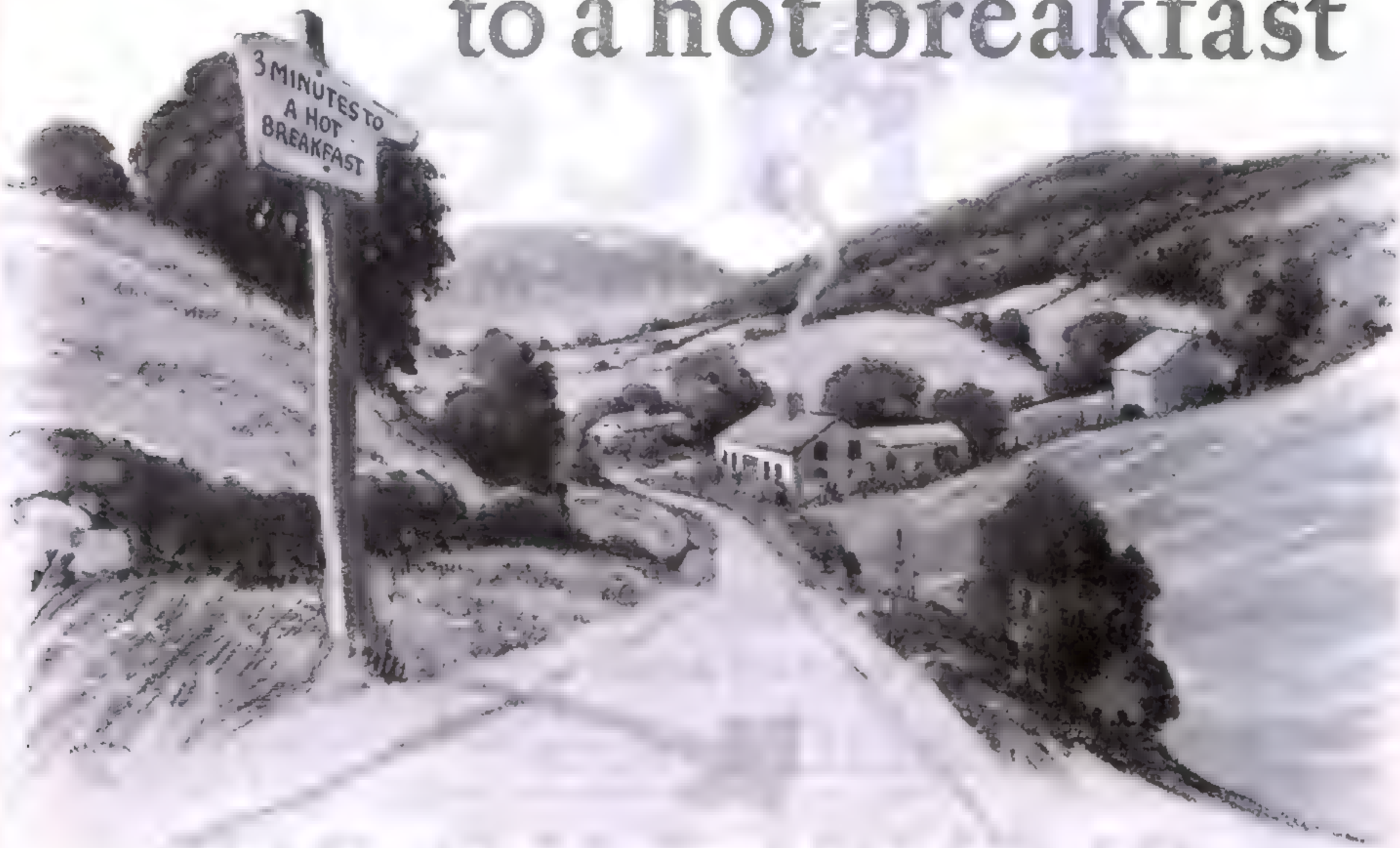

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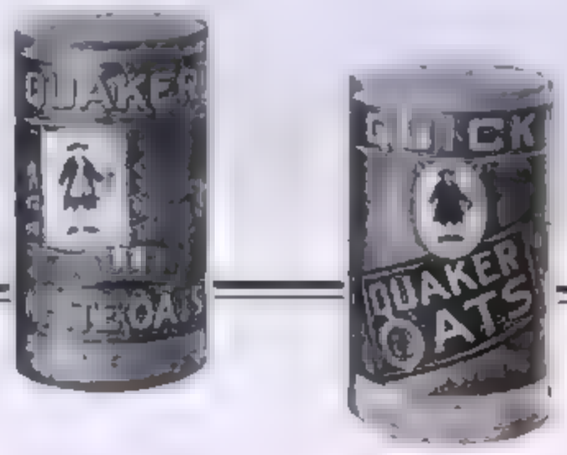

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(Continued from Page 90)

that I found the complete skeleton of the unfortunate man—excepting, to be sure, the skull, which I had already found and brought home in the course of my former ramble."

The feeling seemed to be that Cousin Marcy's rambles had justified themselves There was a general wish to hear more in regard to this last one; he complied urbanely.

"I had no intention of disturbing this naïve sepulcher. Plainly it was some old, unnoted tragedy of the hills—a man missing and never seen again—but there beside the fellow I caught sight of the pistol and knife, corroded with rust, as you'll observe; and thinking there might be other mementos at hand, something perhaps to tell of how he met his lonely fate, I pushed aside the thorn bushes that grew from the rock wall beyond him and ——" His wandering eye lit on the pile of coins, his tone dropped suddenly from the one that reminded Jane of his voice when he read Froissart to her: "There it is—there it all is!"

"Well, I snum!"

Jane, watching Seth Hacker's face, had hoped for this. It sounded like swearing, yet he could say it before ladies. Cousin Marcy went on:

"There was a canvas sack, rotted to mere shreds. I had to gather the coins up and stow them about me as best I could; not too easy, with such insecure footing. Fifty years or more they'd probably lain there—he'd lain there. I judged that the fellow had fallen from the trail above and lodged in that spot, either killed outright or disabled so that he died."

They all stared at the coins, trying to visualize what might have happened on that lonely trail fifty years ago.

"Perhaps the fellow was out walking and got lost," suggested Jane; but no one considered her.

"How much?" demanded Chong.

His tone implied that this guessing and wondering was untimely.

"I suppose I shall have to count it," said Marcy. His eyes showed that he really was excited, and even a little worried about this great sum which he had so miraculously brought back from a ramble. "I haven't done that yet—of course, I haven't had the time. I don't know how much—I couldn't even make a guess. Now checks and drafts, of course—that sort of thing one can tell about at a glance—but coins in a mere rude heap—I don't think I ever saw anything like it before."

"We're rich, we're rich!" sang Jane, jigging rapidly on her toes. "Now Seth can get his hands on a modest capital and Sarah can get out of this hole and Cousin Wiley will be in the saddle again and Chong, too—one time catch 'em, all come back, Chong!"

She was clapping her hands on this joyous motif when it seemed all at once that no one else joined in her dance.

Seth Hacker looked self-conscious, and Sarah was still young, with hopeful eyes on the coin; Chong's face had curiously stiffened; and Marcy, in some embarrassment, began to examine the dates on several of the pieces. Jane felt the oddness of the moment and began to suspect that she had blurted something she shouldn't. She tried to efface herself, and watched the others, who were covering their own embarrassment by helping Marcy look at the dates. There was quite a flurry of this, and it seemed presently that no one could find a coin that wasn't very old.

"Were they made half a year ago?" asked Jane, considering that this would be very old. She spoke from a respectful distance, still feeling that she had been silently rebuked.

"A great many years and a half ago," Marcy replied, and began to push the coins off the bench into a basket he held beneath.

He was solicitously helped in this by Chong and Seth, the latter suggesting, "Do you want I should carry it?"

"Thanks, no. I shall take it to my room and count it."

They watched him go, leaning slightly to the weight of the basket. Chong went out, too; and without a word, Sarah followed. Jane was presently alone with Seth Hacker, whose mood had fallen unaccountably when Marcy left.

"Now I guess you see his skull was a better skull than all your skulls," said Jane, unable to refrain from the taunt.

"I bet he couldn't do it again," said Seth doggedly.

"Well, what would he want to do it again for? That would just be silly—with all that independent fortune."

"Oh, it ain't so much. And I'll tell you one thing, young lady: Even such as it is, no one of us won't lay an eye on it again. Don't I know what will happen to that coin?"

"I don't know," said Jane. "Do you?"

"You bet your boots I do!" he retorted.

Plainly something not pleasant behind that. It was no way to look and speak on this glad occasion when something wonderful had really happened. As the others had done, she left him, without expressing herself.

At dinner, Jane watched the two others—Cousin Marcy a bit fluttered and uneasy, Sarah dark, lowering. She held in till she felt further retention would be dangerous, and finally burst forth, "Cousin Marcy, did you get it counted?"

"Well, now"—Marcy shot a look at Sarah—"if it had been all of one denomination, I dare say I could have managed better; but there were twenties and tens and fives—it was most distracting. Those chaps in banks must have a marvelous gift for that sort of thing."

"Then you don't know yet how much there is?" Sarah asked uncompromisingly.

"Oh, yes—not so much as there looked to be, of course. When the things were put in stacks of one hundred each—coins amounting to a hundred dollars, I mean—and these in groups that made five hundred, why, it was really easy. He had a wonderful system that made nothing of it."

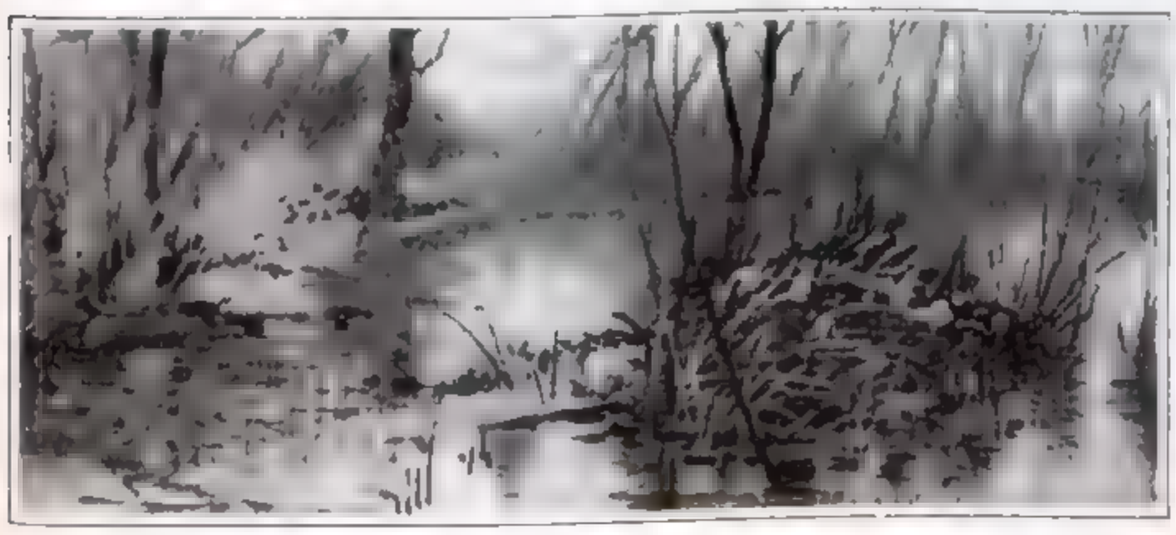
"Who had?"

Sarah's tone was queer, and to Jane her face suddenly seemed again shadowed with age.

"Wiley, to be sure." Marcy's smile was thin but resolute. "I took it in to him. He displayed a great knack in reckoning it, I assure you. I'm not good at that sort of thing. We've probably neglected arithmetic too much, Jane. Wiley has charge of it."

"Well, that's over," said Sarah bitterly.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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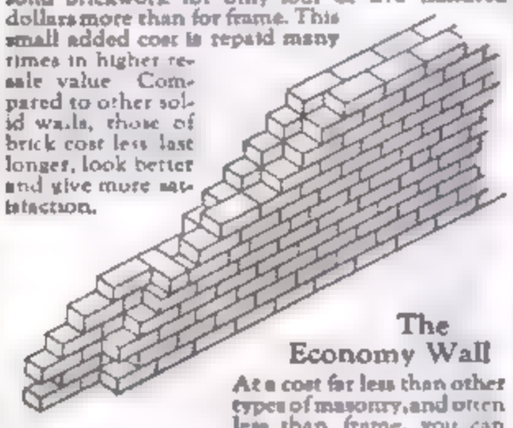

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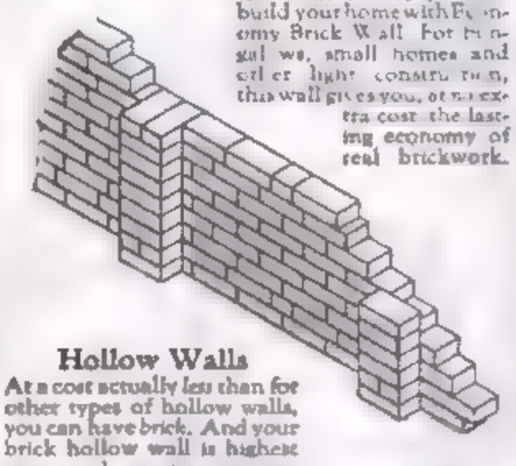

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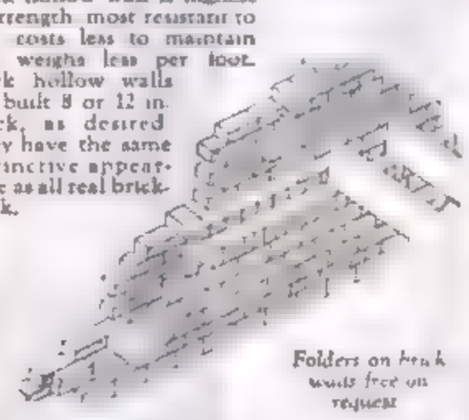

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THE PAINTED STALLION

(Continued from Page 29)

"Sold!" said Conway, and he peeled off two one-hundred-dollar bills. "Write me a paper to that effect."

The transaction was effected and Conway pocketed the paper, leaving the room with a promise to return shortly. When the wave of hilarity had subsided somewhat Carson slapped Pierce on the back.

"Can't you even get a laugh out of that?" he demanded.

"I had a long hearty laugh all by myself before you all started in, and I ended up just where you begun," Pierce explained. "Laugh! Say, the whole Southwest has got another big laugh a-coming."

Carson eyed his foreman suspiciously.

"You gathered something different than what we did," he accused. "What was it?"

"I gathered that he'd come in here to hunt wild horses, there being more of 'em hereabouts than in any other one spot extant," said Pierce. "Likely he learned that you and Powers and the rest had planned a big drive to rid the country of mustangs, which rendered his plans defunct—up until you offered to sell them to him dead cheap and he took you up."

Carson stared at his foreman with dawning comprehension.

"But I can't sell him mustangs any more'n I could sell him coyotes or sage hens," he protested. "Not legally, I can't."

"And now since you've drawed down his money, you couldn't kill those mustangs off wholesale, now could you?" Pierce inquired mildly. "Not morally, you can't. That's what he gambled his money on—that you'd stand hitched and call off the drive."

The owner of the T Bar Z studied this point. Then he grinned.

"Why, the barefaced son of a gun!" he exclaimed softly. "He's went and let me spring a boomerang on myself—and he wins. The Southwest has got another big laugh a-coming, just like you said; but they'll never be able to say that Sol Carson went back on his play. The drive's off for one year from date."

"And Powers," Pierce said reflectively—"Powers will have a stroke over this, since the drive's all planned, and then you back out thataway. What he'll say will be worth listening to—from a distance."

"That's the only laugh I'll get out of this that ain't on me personal," Carson declared philosophically; "when Powers starts booming till you can hear him the length of the Solaro."

VII

A LONE rider approached the Box 8 ranch house. The preceding few years dropped away as he viewed it, for the scene was exactly as he had pictured it a hundred times. It was unchanged, even to the girl who moved about the ranch yard as she had on the occasion of his first visit four years before.

"Morning, ma'am," he saluted, removing his hat. "Could you stake me to a bite of breakfast?"

The girl was riper, more fully matured than on the occasion of his last visit, when she had been scarcely more than a child, yet he would have known her anywhere. But he himself had changed, he reflected, and his former visit had been merely one of a hundred such stops made by drifting riders and had probably made no lasting impression on her. She would not recall him, which was just as well.

The girl looked up at his greeting, his voice recalling an episode of the past, and for the space of five seconds there was startled recognition in her eyes. Then this expression was veiled behind a casually pleasant response to a stranger.

"Surely," she said. "Step down off your horse and come in."

He followed her into the kitchen.

"Are you stopping round these parts?" she asked as she busied herself at the stove.

"Yes," he said; "I'll be stopping hereabouts for some time."

A queer little thrill of elation tingled through the girl. For more than a year her girlish imagination had been fired by recollections of the genial youth who had risked his life for the pleasure of lingering for a few hours longer in her presence. That had been long ago, but she had not forgotten, even though her thoughts had reverted to the incident only occasionally of late. She experienced an odd sense of power as she realized that the spell woven upon the boy at that first meeting had been sufficiently lasting and potent to draw him back as a man after the lapse of almost four years. She smiled over the fact that he imagined himself unrecognized and that he pretended no recognition of herself.

Again she sat across from him, as she had at that first meal. It was odd, he reflected, that this breakfast tallied with every item of that other. They repaired to the big living room when he had finished. She showed him a book of pictures taken during her first year at school, and he experienced a curious sense of breathless anticipation as he approached a certain point in it.

"I have books of later pictures, of course," she said. "But someway I think the earlier ones are more interesting. They carry you back."

He had turned to a page from which one picture was missing.

"Yes, don't they?" he agreed, and he studied her furtively to see if the empty space would call forth any comment; but she turned to the next page apparently without noticing it.

As he rode away she stood at the window and saw him meet the buckboard that rolled home from Solaro with her parents. Powers pulled up his team and addressed the rider.

"Did you have some business with me?" he demanded. "I see you come riding away from the house."

"It wasn't a business call," Conway explained "I just dropped in for a friendly visit with your daughter."

"Well," Powers returned bluntly, "don't do it no more. If you've got any other visits to pay to the Box 8, do it while I'm at home."

"Thanks," Conway beamed. "I'll be riding this way often and I'll take you up on that invitation. You can expect me 'most any time."

Before Powers could reply Conway had touched his hat and departed, while Mrs. Powers chuckled at the heated discomfiture of her husband.

Powers, immediately upon his arrival, commented irascibly upon the stranger's impudence.

"Now, dad," the girl expostulated mildly, "I thought he was rather nice."

"I'll tell him a few things about himself if ever he shows up here again," Powers predicted.

The girl moved over and sat on the arm of his chair.

"It's been just too sweet of you, dad, to take so much trouble to keep the wrong sort of company from associating round with me while I was young and shallow," said she; "and I just can't tell you how much I appreciate it. But since I've grown up and there's no further danger of my making any fatal errors, I'll relieve you of all that bother and pick my own friends."

Her parent replied to the effect that this had been no bother whatever; that on the contrary it had afforded him considerable sound satisfaction, so he would continue to exercise it upon all occasions.

The girl laughed and gave his shoulders an affectionate squeeze, her unoccupied hand twining in his beard.

"Not a chance, dad," she contradicted. "I'm home to stay now and I'm going to be the best judge of my own friends. From now on, any male human that desires to visit round the Box 8 will have to pass my inspection instead of yours. If one turns up that doesn't assay high enough to fit my standards, I'll bounce him just as quick and with more lasting effect than you could yourself. So don't you fret. But from now on, dad, the bars are down."

Powers had come out at the loser's end in but few personal altercations, range disputes or business deals in the course of his stormy career. But in the few serious issues with his daughter he had yet to win a skirmish.

"You know, dad," she prompted, kissing him.

Dad knew; and partly because he recognized the justice of her stand, he capitulated.

"But I'm not going to have you tossing yourself away on any no-account human," he declared.

Reese Conway called again at the Box 8 within a week.

"Your pa was nice enough to invite me to pay you-all a visit sometime when he was at home," he announced by way of greeting, "which same was real friendly of him."

And Powers, though not effusively cordial, nevertheless refrained from exhibiting any outward sign of hostility.

The news that the bars were down spread with incredible rapidity, and various riders, dressed in their best regalia, took to paying frequent calls at the Box 8 upon one pretext or another. Conway, though he appeared no more often than the others, came upon no pretext whatever save for the frankly avowed purpose of enjoying the girl's society. Perhaps it was this very frankness of purpose, or perhaps for the reason it was Conway's first visit that had occasioned a show-down between father and daughter, that caused Powers to feel a latent hostility toward him which he felt toward none of the others.

Conway, however, gave him no grounds upon which to base a personal altercation, being ever genial and friendly, according Powers a deferential though by no means servile measure of respect whenever the owner of the Box 8 voiced an opinion. It was upon the occasion of Conway's fourth visit, a matter of perhaps two weeks after his arrival in Solaro, that Powers learned that he was the man who had turned the tables on Sol Carson by purchasing the mustangs and bargaining for the use of Carson's range. Powers had relished the joke hugely, but upon learning Conway's part in it he decided to view it as an affront to himself. He took Conway to task upon his appearance.

"I reckon you know, don't you, that open range is as free to one man as it is to another?" he demanded. Then, as Conway assented, "You didn't buy anything when you purchased those mustangs, any more than if you'd invested in prairie dogs; and by bargaining for the use of his range, you didn't get anything but what was already yours. Didn't you know that him nor no other man could keep you from hunting mustangs on the open range?"

Conway nodded.

"And it's working a hardship on me, Carson's feeling that he has to back out of the drive. We've always had mustangs to spare, and now since they're cleaning 'em up down south there's drove after drove swarming in here over the Cusillas and cluttering up our range. There's upwards of a thousand head mowing down feed the year round that ought to be going into cows. Traveling at a run every minute, like they do, they uproot more grass than they eat. They account for enough to winter three thousand head of cows."

Charlie Thorne spoke up in support of Powers' contention.

"You're just dead right, Mr. Powers," he affirmed. "It's poor business to let mustangs take the range and eat it out. They'd ought to be killed off to the last head."

"And that's just what's going to happen," Powers asserted. "Just as soon as the cows are out o' the way and throwed up

(Continued on Page 97)

Quality can now talk Price

IT IS one thing to reduce the price of a motor car. It is quite another thing to advance the quality of a motor car. But to do *both at the same time* is an epochal achievement.

Chandler now presents the most important closed car accomplishment of its career. It is the new Chandler Twentieth Century Sedan—a magnificent, full-size, 4-door Sedan that is priced *less than a 2-door coach.* The price of $1490 is a $505 reduction!

This new Chandler is a definite development,—a marked advance in coachwork ideals—on the *perfected* Chandler chassis, with the marvelous Pikes Peak Motor.

It marks progress in quality; progress in comfort; progress in performance; progress in durability—and all at a great saving to the owner.

See it. Observe its smartness and richness. Ride in it. Know the car and you'll marvel at the price.

The Metropolitan Sedan DeLuxe, the Seven-Passenger Sedan, the Brougham and the Comrade Roadster are equally amazing values at their new prices.

Amazing Reductions

	New Price	Old Price
Twentieth Century Sedan . .	$1490	$1995
Metropolitan Sedan DeLuxe	$1795	$2195
Seven-Passenger Sedan . . .	$1895	$2295
Brougham	$1695	$2045

All prices f. o. b. Cleveland

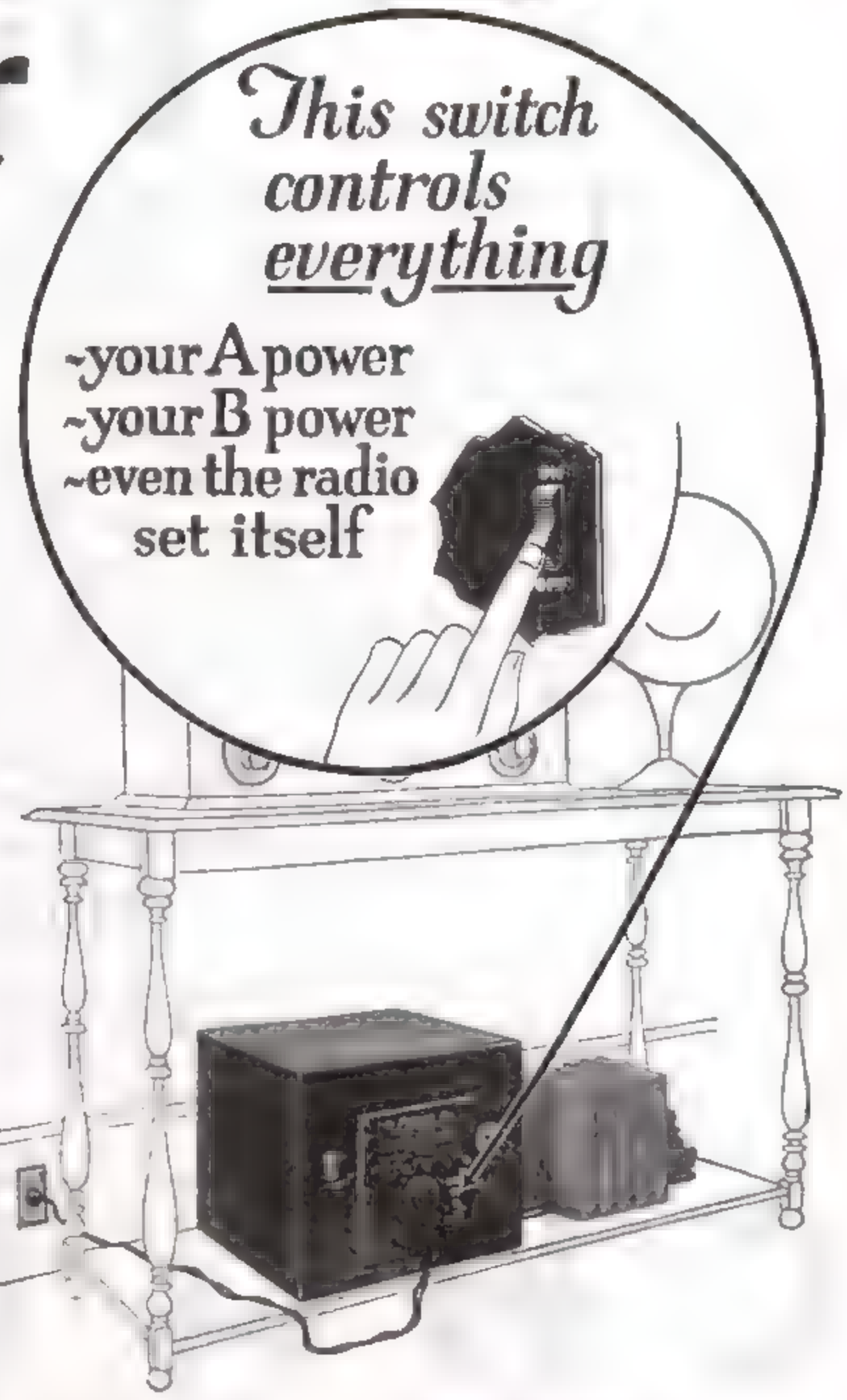
The Chandler Motor Car Company, Cleveland. Export Division, 1819 Broadway, New York City

CHANDLER

Twentieth Century Sedan

$1490

Both A and B radio power from your house current



Philco "A" and "B" Socket Powers are plugged right into a lamp or wall socket. They transform your alternating current into smooth, hum-free, *direct* current necessary for your radio.

One switch controls everything—"A" power, "B" power, even the radio set itself. Snap it "ON" and you get a strong, uniform flow of both "A" and "B" power. Snap it "OFF" and your power is shut off—your radio is silent—and current begins gently feeding back into Socket Power "A" from your light wires.

No more recharging to think about—no more bother of disconnecting worn-out dry cells and replacing them with new.

Equally important—there are no tubes to burn out—no high voltage transformers—no moving parts—no hum—no distortion—no falling off in reception. As dependable as your electric current and turned on exactly like an electric light.

Once you connect Philco Socket Power to your radio you never need change a single wire. You forget all about getting wires mixed and burning out tubes. You forget that radio is mysterious and technical. You just enjoy it.

Sold and demonstrated by leading radio and music stores and by Philco Diamond Grid Battery Dealers.

Philadelphia Storage Battery Company
Philadelphia

For dry cell (3 volt) tubes

Buy Philco Socket Power Type "AB" as pictured above. Both "A" and "B" power built into one handsome brown mahogany-finished case—controlled by one switch. No hum—no distortion. Costs only one cent per day to operate. Supplies as high as 130 volts of "B" current. Ideal for both old and new models of Radiola Super Heterodyne

Simplicity itself to use Connect to your radio once for all Plug into a light, wall or base socket The one Socket Power switch then controls *everything*—"B" power as well as "A." You even leave the radio set switch "ON" at all times. No dry cells to replace—no thought about recharging. Easy as turning on an electric light

For 50-60 cycle 105-125 volt alternating current..... $65 00
For 25-40 cycle 105-125 volt alternating current..... $68 50

For storage battery (6 volt) tubes

Buy Philco Socket Powers Type "A" and "B" in individual cases. Either "A" or "B" may be used alone, but for the greatest possible convenience use both together

Plug Socket Power "B" into the built-in receptacle on Socket Power "A." Plug "A" into a light, wall or base socket Turn the "B" switch and the radio switch "ON" and leave them on permanently. The switch on the "A" then controls everything To use the radio, snap this "A" switch "ON" When through using the radio snap it "OFF." A touch of your finger does *everything*. Nothing to think about but the one "A" switch

Socket Power "A" for 50-60 cycle 105-125 volt alternating current $42.50
Socket Power "B" for 50-60 cycle 105-125 volt alternating current..... $47.50
Socket Power "B" for 25-40 cycle 105-125 volt alternating current..... $52.50

PHILCO RADIO A AND B SOCKET POWERS

Philco also builds rechargeable batteries, unique because they may be permanently connected to your radio and safely charged in your living room without changing any wires. Easier than the periodical renewing and rewiring of dry cells.

Philco Standard "B" Battery—a complete Adam-brown mahogany-finish replacement for 90 volts of dry cells. Only $19.85!

Philco "A" Batteries in acid-tight glass cases—for dry cell tubes, $8; 6-volt tubes, $16. Built-in charge indicators

In rubber cases, subdued mahogany color, $14.85 and up.

Philco Radio Batteries are built *Drynamic*—DRY but CHARGED Their life doesn't start until the dealer pours in the electrolyte You can't get a stale *Drynamic* Philco.

(Continued from Page 94)

on the mountain for the summer, I'll stage that drive with my own hands and kill every last wild horse on the Solaro."

"They must pester you considerable, Mr. Powers," Conway said. "If I was running cows hereabout I'd sure clean the mustangs off the range."

Powers, prepared for an argument, found himself momentarily at a loss for a reply.

"Then it only means that you throwed your money away when you dealt with Carson," he declared.

"Oh, that!" said Conway affably. "Don't let that bother you. You're under no obligations to change your plans just because Carson changed his; so you just go right ahead and don't fret about me."

And Powers, who insisted that all men should agree with his views, and who had welcomed Charlie Thorne's championing of his declaration, nevertheless was unaccountably irritated over the fact that Conway too had agreed so readily.

VIII

THE broad, shallow valley was dotted by various groups of mustangs, each band holding clannishly apart. Several young stallions, having been whipped from their bands by their respective sires at an age when they had first manifested gallant interest in the mares, had collected together for company and occupied a post at one side of the valley. Each of these unattached males constituted a potential menace to every band stallion on the range.

A big black stallion held a dozen mares and colts some distance out in the bottoms on the far side of the valley from the young stallions. Other bands dotted the landscape at intervals of a mile or more. Suddenly, as if connected by an invisible current, every horse within sight became alert, every head was uplifted.

The girl who was sprawled contentedly on the low ridge that flanked the valley observed this occurrence and swept the country with her glasses to determine its cause. A moving spot far down the bottoms came into the field of her vision, and as it moved steadily up the valley evolved into a thing of beauty, a magnificent wild stallion in his first prime. His sleek coat flashed blue-black in the sun save for a white mark upon his back and extending part way down either side, its edges as evenly spaced as if laid on with a brush, exactly as if his glossy raven back was adorned with a saddle blanket of milk-white. His heavy billowing mane and the great flowing plume of a tail, almost touching the ground, were also of glistening white.

The girl knew him instantly for White Blanket, the painted stallion of the Solaro; and as she watched this beautiful creature advancing into the field of her glasses, a wild pealing challenge floated to her ears, the war cry of a fighting stallion questing for a mate.

The black stallion put his mares in motion and herded them toward the edge of the valley, evidently in the hope that the intruder would pass on.

White Blanket advanced steadily up the bottoms. Occasionally he shook his proud head, flaunting his snowy mane to the wind.

Again he sent his questing summons across the range. A young mare in the black stallion's band was evidently in a love-making mood, and she nickered a shrill response, curving away from her fellows as if to desert. The big black darted forward and scored her rump with savage teeth. She laid her ears, squealed and lashed out with her heels, but darted among the other mares and colts.

White Blanket headed straight for the source of that inviting response. The black halted his band on the first gentle slope directly beneath the concealed observer on the ridge. Then he turned to engage the intruder. His screaming challenge was charged with murderous fury. White Blanket's war cry mingled with the black's as the two covered the last few intervening yards with a rush.

The painted stallion nimbly avoided the shock of collision with which the big black sought to overthrow him, swerving and rearing with a lightning twist to strike murderously with his forefeet at the black's head. The black stallion shook him off and wheeled to face him, the cords of his heavy neck bulging, ears flat, eyes glaring balefully from a wrinkled mask of stark ferocity. Twice again the two fighting beasts wheeled within a ten-foot radius and charged with screaming fury. The black sought only to come to grips and bear his adversary down by sheer power, careless of what hurt might befall himself. The painted stallion fought as he had lived, warily, nimbly, avoiding the shock of collision with his bulky antagonist. Twice he struck the black's head with a smashing forefoot; once he scored his neck with savage, wrenching teeth. The black struck him once on the back, endeavoring to procure a hold with one foreleg across the painted stallion's middle while he brought his teeth into play; but White Blanket flashed away, breaking the hold and lashing out with wicked heels as he whirled.

Again they wheeled and darted together. The paint horse swerved and flashed past without an effort to strike, and the black, turning, was stupidly amazed to see his erstwhile antagonist twenty yards away and holding straight on with gathering speed—not in flight, but racing straight for the huddled group of mares and colts.

The enraged herd stallion thundered after him. The mares fled before White Blanket's rush. He swept through the band, splitting it and crowding the right-hand section away from the others, maintaining his lead for a hundred yards before he was forced to wheel and face the black. There ensued another interchange of smashing encounters, accompanied by the fighting squeals of the contestants. The big black, driven by a murderous frenzy, sought to lock with his antagonist in a senseless battle to the death. White Blanket, questing for a mate and viewing the black merely as an obstacle, engaged him for a space, then swerved from another rush and darted again for the smaller of the two groups of mares, scattering them. Eventually he cut out the young mare whose answering nicker had intrigued him, crowding her away from the others and driving her at top speed, with the frenzied black stallion in pursuit. After a hundred yards, the black turned back to round up his scattered mares before some other young stallion should appear to contest his supremacy.

White Blanket swept up the valley with his prize, and his triumphant challenge pealed forth for all the world to hear.

The story of the unsuccessful relay hunt of the previous year had spread; and Powers, who had never before taken even a slight interest in Patches, now acquired a certain pride in her exploit, as if the fact that Carson's best riders had failed to capture her vindicated his own lack of effort in that direction. His daughter's interest in the renegade mare had waned, only to be replaced by a growing interest in Patches' offspring as the fame of White Blanket spread among the riders of Solaro. After witnessing his battle with the black stallion this tentative interest was transformed into a fixed determination to own him, to sit upon his back and feel the play of powerful muscles that swept on and on across the desert at a speed which no other mount could equal. Before leaving for another year, which would be her last away from home, she impressed this upon her father, and Powers nodded, voicing offhand reassurances.

"We'll have that fellow in the corral a-waiting for you," he declared.

"Don't forget. Remember, that's the one present I ask for. I'd rather own him than all the other horses on the Solaro range," she said.

"Why, you own him now, don't you?" Powers countered. "Ain't he Patches' colt? We'll get him in for you, girl."

But when she returned there was no White Blanket in the corral. However, her wish had made itself felt in White Blanket's daily life, for Powers spoke of him as "my girl's colt" and every rider in Solaro would have bartered a half year's wages to be the first to put a rope on him and present him to the lady of the Box 8.

No shots were fired at members of White Blanket's band, but few days passed without some rider making a determined dash to come within roping distance. On two different occasions he was relayed. He distanced all pursuers, and on off days he collected mares to swell the ranks of his harem. Since his battle with the black he had acquired another hundred pounds in weight. He was deep-chested and powerful, rangier than most wild stallions, fashioned for speed. His life had been lived on the run and in every variety of country. For all his great size, he could traverse down-timbered sidehills with the agility of a mule deer, soar across washes as easily as a pronghorn antelope, and was as sure-footed as a bighorn sheep in the rocks. He had killed three stallions and defeated twice as many while collecting his band of consorts.

Just prior to his fourth birthday White Blanket encountered something that was new to his experience. Conway had arrived upon the Solaro range and commenced trapping operations. White Blanket neared a water hole, quartered across the wind and found not the faintest trace of man scent. He headed for the water, but suddenly planted his feet with a pealing whistle of terror and fled back over his course. Later in the day, at another watering place, he encountered a similar surprise. An object, apparently a man on foot, stood in the brush some fifty yards from the water, a second figure on the opposite side. Cows stood knee-deep in the water, but the painted stallion knew that cows were in some way subservient to men, as were some horses. These things he could not comprehend, but he did know to a certainty that cows were safe from men where his own kind was not. Every water hole that was easily accessible seemed to be guarded by queer apparitions. Conway had flagged some, placing sections of cloth on the tips of tall brush or junipers where they fluttered crazily in the wind; at others he had draped discarded garments—worn-out jackets, overalls, shirts and hats—on convenient brush. These contraptions struck terror to the heart of every wild horse that viewed them, and the mustang tribe was continually in motion in search of a water hole where none of these weird apparitions were in evidence.

Eventually White Blanket neared a watering place of the sort which he usually avoided, since it consisted of a spring in a small box cañon, the head and sides of which were walled in by sheer cliffs of sandrock, the water accessible only by means of a few stock trails that threaded breaks in the rims or by traveling up the bottoms.

White Blanket was ever apprehensive about entering such spots, since a rider could approach unseen and come out upon the rims while wild horses were watering in the bottoms. Nevertheless, there were no fluttering apparitions here and he had been without water for two days. He prospected for a trail that led down to the water, but the narrow fissures through which they led had been securely blocked.

This was no particular novelty, since riders frequently blocked all routes to a water hole so that the saddle stock might be held there overnight, but always they left one route open when they departed so that stock might have access to water. White Blanket located one open trail and led his band down to the floor of the cañon. Trapped water holes were new to the Solaro range, so the wild horse bands took to watering in such spots rather than to brave the terrors of the weird flapping things that haunted the more open watering places.

IX

CONWAY watched the trapped water hole while several bands of mustangs entered the inclosure and emerged. Then the big paint horse that was White Blanket's

WOOSTER BRUSHES

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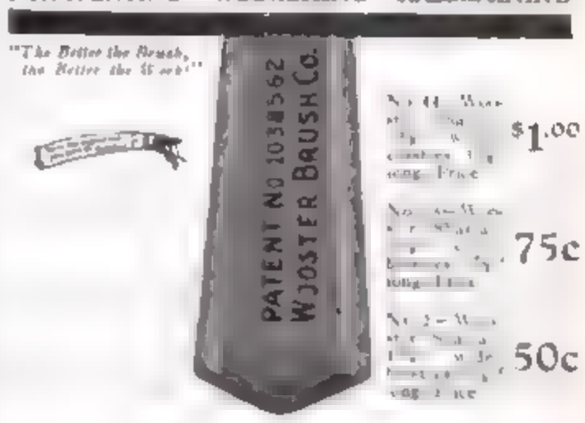

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MANY a painting job has been ruined by a poor brush!

To do good painting, varnishing or enameling you must use a good brush. You *make sure* of a first-class brush when you get a Wooster "Shasta". The bristles are gripped firm and tight by the "Shasta" patented compression process. Genuine Chinese bristles, sleek and springy, spread the paint evenly and smoothly—a delightful brush to use!

The patented "Shasta" process not only produces a better brush but does so at lower cost—you get a brush that gives far greater value for your money.

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Wooster "Shasta" Brushes Priced from 40c to $2.50

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WOOSTER, OHIO

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EXPERTS call it "The highest grade oil in the world." And the world uses pure Pennsylvania exclusively for its most difficult lubrication jobs.

In the automobile engine, it is a wonderfully efficient lubricant. For Nature made it of different materials. Gave it greater resistance to heat, wear and dilution. Gave it so high a margin of safety that, under normal conditions, you may leave it in the crank case for 1000 miles. Keep the oil level up, but don't drain the oil.

Every moving part in your engine gets super-lubrication when you use pure Pennsylvania oil. You *know!* You don't have to worry and wonder.

It isn't the name of a brand. "Pure Pennsylvania" means a grade or *kind* of oil from which many brands are made. The complete group of pure Pennsylvania oil wells is located in Western New York, Pennsylvania, Southeastern Ohio, West Virginia—and nowhere else!

For your protection, the producers, refiners and marketers of pure Pennsylvania oil have created the emblem shown above. It guarantees every drop of oil sold under it to be 100 per cent. pure Pennsylvania. Look for this emblem on containers. Find the man nearest you who displays it—you will find his entire service of the same high quality as the oil he sells. Then drain your old oil. Fill up—and purr away for the prettiest thousand miles you ever drove.

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sire entered with his band. Conway sped from his point of concealment, a rock blind fashioned long since, and closed the one route of exit. The terror-stricken mustangs wheeled wildly about the inclosure, even endeavoring to climb the sandrock walls.

A rider who had long coveted the paint horse had offered Conway a hundred for the animal, even though he was now almost eight years old. The following day the purchaser rode away, after a two-hour battle, leading the stallion, and Conway was wealthier by one hundred dollars.

He sized up the remaining occupants of the inclosure. In the main, they were the usual run of undersized mustangs, a dozen in all, eight mares and four head of young stuff. One, a rangy calico mare, wore the Box 8 brand.

"A right triflin' assortment," Conway declared. "I wouldn't give ten cents a round for 'em."

He waited until two Mexicans appeared with four led horses. Pedro Jones, the result of a white father and a Mexican mother, conducted a resort up Morello way that was the hang-out of the Mexican population generally; and Pedro's business offered a wide variety from which to choose, ranging from general merchandising to a bar and gambling place with a fandango hall attached, even including a brisk trade with the Indians of several reservations. It was this last feature of Pedro's activities that had resulted in Conway's arrangement to sell mustangs to the trade at three dollars a head, delivered to Pedro's agents on the range. They roped the mustangs, necking one on either side of each of the four horses that the two Mexican *saqueros* had brought with them. The middle horse of each trio, being trained to obey the dictates of man, would hold whatever course the riders chose to impose upon it, and the wild ones, being snubbed by a short length of rope, must necessarily run side by side with their domestic fellows. By the time they arrived at Pedro Jones' corrals the mustangs would be broken to lead.

"You didn't bring enough broke horses," Conway said. "There's twelve head of broncs and you only fetched enough to take back eight."

His eye traveled over the horses and settled on the renegade calico mare.

"Maybe that old girl remembers the feel of a rope well enough so's we can press her into service," he said. "That'll only leave the colt, and he'll follow along. She's wearing the Box 8 brand, so bring her back with you next trip and I'll turn her over to Powers."

Patches quivered as the rope settled about her neck, but she refrained from fighting senselessly against it, and presently two wild mares were necked to her, one on either side.

"I'll help you get them lined out," Conway volunteered.

The three men headed the bunch toward the north, a plunging tangle on the start, one of a necked trio rearing as another sought to run. Eventually the mustangs learned the first lesson of the rope and found that they must travel in the same direction as the others. The bunch swept ahead smoothly except for a few minor tangles, the domestic horses holding their course, the mustangs traveling willingly in order to keep ahead of the riders.

The drive had steadied down and Conway was ready to turn back when Patches suddenly bolted, her two consorts running with her. A Mexican sought to head the speeding trio, and Patches veered, but still held a course that led away from the main band. Sweeping ahead, she was suddenly confronted by a cut-bank wash some eight feet across. Alone she would have soared across it without an effort. But she knew the dangers of a rope. Linked as she was to two others, she refused to take the jump, planting her feet on the brink. The two wild mares made the leap. The short lengths of rope that necked them to Patches stopped them short in mid-air. The three fell to the bottom of the wash in a tangled mass.

Conway shook his head regretfully and rode to the spot. Patches' neck had been snapped. One of the wild mares was broken down in the back; the other, with a broken foreleg, was struggling to rise and escape. Conway drew his gun. It was upon this scene that Powers and his daughter, accompanied by a Box 8 rider, intruded.

Conway was inserting two fresh cartridges into his smoking gun as he greeted them, explaining how the fatal spill had occurred.

"There's a renegade mare in the lot that wears the Box 8 brand," he said. "I was going to turn her over to you when they brought her back on the next trip down."

Powers grunted, simulating disbelief in this assertion.

"Maybe; or maybe you was selling her to those Mexicans along with the rest," he declared.

"Dad!" the girl remonstrated.

"That would be a real foolish way for me to make three dollars, wouldn't it?" Conway inquired mildly—"to pick up a branded horse and sell it. And Pedro wouldn't be fool enough to buy it. I reckon you know that. But anyway, since we've had this mishap, I aim to pay you for her. Name your price."

Millie Powers had ridden to the edge of the wash.

"It's Patches!" she exclaimed.

"Was that her name?" Conway queried while waiting for Powers to name his price.

"Patches!" Powers echoed. "That was the fastest mare in the Solaro country. She'd be worth right at a hundred, I reckon."

"Yes?" Conway asked softly. "All right, here's your money."

He reached for his pocket, but the girl shook a dissenting head.

"Patches was my individual property," she said. "Dad has told me a thousand times that she wasn't worth a nickel. I'll settle for his own top price. A five-cent piece squares the bill."

Powers read the storm signals in his daughter's manner; but he had developed a growing antagonism toward Conway, perhaps because the younger man was accorded more of his daughter's interest than she had previously bestowed upon any man; possibly for the reason that it was Conway's first visit that had precipitated the clash of wills between parent and daughter and resulted in the new order of things at the Box 8. Whatever the cause, Powers felt an added sense of injury that his daughter should side with this outsider in the matter of Patches.

"If you figure to encourage a man to put in his time loafing round after mustangs instead of holding down a steady job as a cow hand, it's your affair," he said. "I think it's a trifling occupation."

Conway laughed good-naturedly.

"I've been holding down a job as cow hand at forty a month ever since I was fourteen or thereabouts, Mr. Powers," he declared. "Horse hunting is no big thing, but after two weeks of preparing water holes, my first day's operations netted me a hundred and thirty-three dollars. Inside the next few months this little flyer in horses ought to net me as much as I could reap in two years as a cow hand; and it'll be mostly profit, because I work single-handed and with no expenses outside of my grub bill."

"Then your expense ought to be real light," Powers said, "since you turn up at the Box 8 twice a week and eat enough to last you over till you pay your next visit."

For once Powers saw the genial grin fade from Conway's face. A dull red crept up beneath his tan and his lips were a trifle compressed. The girl's face was flaming and her eyes snapped angrily as Powers turned to her.

Before either of them spoke again Conway nodded and said, "I expect maybe you're right," then wheeled his horse and rode on back toward his camp.

Two days later Millie Powers rode up to where Conway sat on his horse surveying some twenty-odd mustangs in a trapped water hole. They milled about the inclosure.

(Continued on Page 100)

What Retail Lumber Dealers Say About

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IT IS not difficult to find those sturdy old homes which, in every community, have withstood so well the insistent ravages of Time.

Venerable they are . . . monuments to good workmanship and dependable lumber . . . . *investments* that paid by reason of lower depreciation and repair costs, and long-time service.

Sound construction means eventual economy *always*. Inferior construction results in costly repairs and investment losses. The well built small home costs very little more in the beginning, and saves many a dollar as the years go by.

Long-Bell lumber manufacturing standards have long aided the home builder in assuring himself of *maximum home value*. The trade-mark on the end of the piece serves to identify this lumber quality.

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THERE is no need of making sorrow an endless road. But your grief over the passing of a loved one is increased immeasurably through all the years to come if you are in any way negligent of the remains.

On the other hand, think what great comfort it will always be to know that there is the utmost of protection, a protection so positive and permanent that not a particle of moisture can enter.

Such protection *is* available for the asking. The Clark Grave Vault, designed according to an immutable law of Nature, has made the grave a peaceful, undisturbed resting place. Being made of metal, this vault is not porous. Keystone copper steel is used for greatest rust resistance.

Never in a quarter of a century has a Clark Grave Vault failed. Not once has moisture entered.

Leading funeral directors recommend this vault and give with it a fifty year guaranty.

Less than Clark complete protection is no protection at all!

THE CLARK GRAVE VAULT COMPANY
Columbus, Ohio

Western Office and Warehouse,
Kansas City, Mo.

This trade-mark is on every genuine Clark Grave Vault. It is a means of identifying the vault instantly. Unless you see this mark, the vault is not a Clark.

(Continued from Page 98)

"They're all about the regular run of mustang stuff," Conway told the girl; "one fair stallion, but only middling, so I guess I'll let Pedro have the whole lot. His men ought to be showing up soon now."

"I'm sorry dad exploded," she said. "He's gruff-spoken, you know, but terribly good and kind-hearted underneath. I just adore him, so please don't take what he said too seriously."

"Your pa ain't so far wrong," he said. "I see his point. It's not that he's averse to a man's being moderately poor. But he figures that any man that don't own anything but his clothes and a saddle horse is maybe one that's either been improvident or has neglected his opportunities and may keep right on that way, so's he hasn't any right to aspire to take you away from home. No; I'm not going to get my back arched over what he said. Instead, I'm a-going to wait, and when I turn up as a visitor at the Box 8 again it'll be after I've laid up sufficient of a stake to buy a little home ranch of my own."

She laughed, flushing a trifle, for his discourse had been in the nature of an avowal, though he seemed unconscious of that phase of his remarks.

"I'm glad you take it that way," she said. "It makes it easier for me. I wouldn't blame you much if you were fuming over what he said, but someway I just couldn't feel quite friendly toward anyone who was hostile to dad. He's been too good to me."

But although she would have resented any attitude of hostility toward her father on Conway's part, she felt not the least compunction about allowing her parent to feel the weight of her own displeasure. Powers detected a subtle difference in her attitude toward him; nothing that he could exactly place or define, but she seemed just a mite aloof. He wondered if he only fancied this. After her third successive absence from home he inquired as to her whereabouts.

"I've been riding over to see Reese Conway's trapped mustangs and watching the Mexicans start them out," she explained.

"I suppose it's only the mustang roping that interests you," he said with sarcasm.

"Oh, no. It's mainly because Reese is good fun and I enjoy being with him," she replied serenely.

"Tell him if he wants to see you to come over here instead of your gadding round the range," Powers grumbled.

"Oh, he wouldn't come here again after what you said," she declared. "He has too much pride and self-respect."

"What's he got to be proud of?" Powers fretted. "Tell me that."

But Millie did not tell him. Instead she laughed, kissed him good-by and rode off to spend the day with Conway.

Charlie Thorne, too, was beginning to feel an intense disapproval of Conway. His own protracted suit had been unproductive of any definite results, but he had been ever optimistic; and at least he had never experienced any competition that he had deemed at all serious, except, of course, that he had begrudged every hour that Millie Powers had chosen to spend in the company of any other male human. Now, for the first time, a figure loomed on the horizon of his thoughts as a possible cloud to his aspirations.

Thorne, who was not given to making mistakes, now committed an error of judgment. In his anxiety to discover the state of Millie Powers' friendship for Conway, he first tried indirect questioning, found that course futile and unproductive of enlightenment, so hit upon the expedient of using his justly famed wit and remarking about Conway in a vein that was humorously disparaging. He waited to see if she would defend Conway. She did not. Instead she laughed at Thorne, which was even less to his liking.

The Box 8 rider who had accompanied Powers and his daughter on the day of Patches' demise had gleefully spread the tale of Powers' remarks. It came to Thorne's ears, and when Conway appeared in Solaro, leading a pack horse which was to be loaded out with supplies, Thorne met him with a group of a half dozen riders in the Thompson House bar.

"I see you've taken to buying your own groceries," Thorne commented.

"Yes?" Conway queried, somewhat mystified. "I can't live off antelope meat altogether, so I purchase a little coffee, flour and prunes on and off."

"Buying your own grub must pile up your expenses," Thorne said, winking broadly at those assembled. "I heard tell as how you saved on your grub bill by eating only twice a week, both times at the Box 8. A man could get ahead by paring his expenses thataway."

Most of those present had at one time or another experienced the sting of Powers' tongue and had been made the butt of much facetious comment on that score. A new member to that sort of club is always welcomed with acclaim. Every man gave vent to hilarity. Conway, as the significance of Thorne's meaning struck home, turned a dull tomato red, while his companions rallied him upon his discomfiture. Then he recovered his composure and grinned at Thorne.

"You ought to know," he returned equably. "You've got my record beat by a long span of years that you've been boarding out there on an average of three days a week. And folks do say you're real affluent. Up until now I never knew why."

Thorne was unreasonably angered at this retort and the amusement it produced.

"You'd forgot you was both in the same boat, Charlie," Bob Pierce declared.

Similar comment was forthcoming from others of the group.

"Ever figure up just how much you've saved by eating off of Powers?" another asked.

Thorne, irritated beyond measure, found himself without a ready reply.

"At least I'm welcome there," he retorted stiffly.

"Well, go right on paring expenses," Conway advised affably. "Since I've been cut off, it leaves more for you."

Then he left the Thompson House without further words.

Bob Pierce scratched his head reflectively.

"I reckon there'll be war betwixt that pair," he predicted to Chalk Ridell. "If Thorne crowds him along too far, Conway will crawl him."

"Which would be real unfortunate for Conway," Chalk prophesied. "Charlie would eat him alive and save the price of another meal."

"I always did fancy that Two Spot horse of yours," Pierce said. "And you've always favored that sorrel, Split Ear, in my string. I'll lay you a little bet, horse against horse, that if this here wrangle ends in a combat, Conway will murder him."

"She's a bet," Ridell accepted. "But I'd be so sorry to see you lose Split Ear, as fond of him as you are, that I can maybe help pacify them two so's the trouble won't come to a head."

By way of pacifying them he related to Millie Powers the gibe that Thorne had inaugurated and of Conway's retort; and on the occasion of Thorne's next visit at the Box 8 for dinner, the girl urged food upon him throughout the meal. Thorne, at first pleased at this unusual solicitude, suddenly divined where it was heading.

"Why, Charlie," the girl remonstrated at last, "if you don't make out a better meal, you'll be getting hungry by this time tomorrow! You know you're welcome to all you eat here. You've said so yourself."

But Thorne's appetite had fled, and he squirmed uncomfortably under her further solicitous insistence, glaring balefully at the two other visitors, who were striving not to grin. Each of them had felt the sting of his caustic wit in the past and he was confident that they would hasten to spread the tale. He departed early, and upon his return to Solaro he found Conway among those who had forgathered at the Thompson House. His ears were still burning in recollection of his recent discomfiture and his hostility toward Conway was suddenly distilled to the boiling point.

"I see you're still managing to get your nourishment from the Box 8," he said to Conway.

Conway turned and surveyed him with mild astonishment.

"Hello!" he said. "I didn't see you come in."

"But you heard what I said," Thorne declared.

"Yes," Conway returned, "I heard you; but I someway didn't just understand you."

"It's common talk that Miss Powers rides out somewheres and meets you every day," Thorne said. "Folks can't figure what reason she'd have except to take you out some lunch, since Powers has shut off your meals."

This time no one laughed. Humor palls from repetition, and Thorne did not deliver this utterance with his usual facetious touch. Instead he snarled it at Conway in such fashion that his tone would have been a direct insult if the words were not.

The foreman of the T Bar Z prodded Chalk Ridell with his elbow and murmured, "Say good-by to that Two Spot plug of yourn. Inside twenty minutes I'll be owning him."

"Shed one last tear over parting with Split Ear, because in half that period he'll belong to my string," Ridell countered.

Conway regarded Thorne curiously.

"It's illegal and unlawful, besides being impolite, to strike an officer," he said at last, and shrugged as if to dismiss the matter.

"What's that got to do with the price of provisions?" Thorne demanded.

"Only this," Conway said—"that if you wasn't adorned with a sheriff's badge I'd slit your right ear and shove your left leg through it, turn your face upside down and wrong side out and alter your system generally. In other words, I'd maltreat you something scandalous and learn you not to go linking any lady with your damfoolishness. And I can go right on thinking and reciting things that I'd like to do to you without never repeating myself till morning if you don't snatch that badge off so I can pull down your meat house without getting throwed into jail."

Thorne unfastened his badge, slid it onto the bar and launched a sledge-hammer fist for Conway's nose. Conway went under it and planted two fists in the sheriff's middle, then was sent spinning by a thump on the top of his head. He was knocked glancingly along the bar and came back. They wrecked a poker table and fell into a clinch on the floor, rolled apart and regained their feet, to crash together again. At the end of five minutes of strenuous and uninterrupted action Conway brought a lucky one from his knees to the point of Thorne's jaw and the sheriff's head hit the floor while his feet were still in the air. Conway, one eye rapidly closing, a red stream flowing from his nose to blend with a crimson trickle from a cut lip, stood looking down at his adversary; but Thorne did not move.

"Dead bird," Bob Pierce said. "You can bring Two Spot around in the morning."

"You forgot," Ridell stated, "that when you made that bet you said Conway would murder him. Murder implies death. There's a chance that Thorne ain't defunct. Thompson is preparing to squirt a siphon of fizz water on him and it will maybe resuscitate him so he'll survive after all."

"Well," said Pierce. "If you're bent on being technical, I expect you're right."

"No, I won't hold out on you," Ridell declared. "If he ain't murdered, he's so near the verge that you'd get the decision. Two Spot is yours."

x

TWO hours before sunrise Conway rode into a depression at the foot of a bluff. He had added to its natural elements of concealment until a horseman could remain in the tiny pocket, invisible from

(Continued on Page 103)

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every point save from the lip of the bluff above. The wind was exactly right, blowing from the lower country straight toward the cliff at his back. He had not dismounted until he reached the spot, and any mustangs that might come in to water could detect his presence only by catching his direct scent on the wind. Only those that might come from the higher country beyond the cliff at his back would be in the direct line, and they would catch it and depart before coming within sight of any that might be approaching from below. Always he took the wind into consideration in selecting the site for the day's operations. A trapped water hole that might be ideal with the wind in one quarter would prove useless if the breeze shifted to some other direction.

The minutes dragged by. After a seemingly interminable wait a faint gray in the east turned to a low-flung bank of rose, spread into flaming crimson with the ragged horizon washed against it, apparently suspended in outline, the intervening foreground still swimming in vague obscurity. Presently the upper half of the mounting disk of the sun peered furtively over the far rim of the earth before continuing its cautious ascent.

The landscape resolved itself into bulky contours of varying density while objects in the immediate foreground were still indiscernible. Here and there details emerged from their surroundings, standing forth in insecure isolation.

Conway produced a leather case and extracted therefrom a picture of a young girl. As he regarded it he endeavored to fathom exactly what it had meant to him throughout the past four years. In a way it had been impersonal, a symbol of something or other toward which he had felt that he must strive. It had been sufficiently potent to revolutionize his philosophy of life. And yet, though it had served as his guiding star, until recently there had been no active longing to possess the star itself. It had merely served as a bright point by which to direct his course.

His reflections as to the meaning of it all were as vague and nebulous as the indistinct details of the landscape as they emerged from the murky obscurity of the night; and, in common with that faltering transition from darkness into light, certain high spots were beginning to take definite shape in his consciousness.

"I've got it," he announced at last. "At first she represented the sort that always selects the right fork of the trail; never chooses to pass on the incorrect side of a sagebrush, never joins out with the wild bunch and all that sort of thing. She was just a faint trail I'd picked up that was leading the right way if only I followed it out. Challoner, the longer you're dead the more I respect the conclusions you formed while you was alive. But now since she's showed me the highroad, I've just got to have her to travel it with me."

And at that precise moment the girl had just opened her eyes, and for a moment before rising allowed her thoughts to drift out across the range, picturing Conway's activities, and she decided to ride out and meet him. Then that inner voice welled up again to caution her. Was she seeing too much of him? She enjoyed him more than any other man of her acquaintance. In fact her days were planned with a view to their meeting, and he occupied a large part of her thoughts as she went about the work or pleasures of the day. She found herself weighing other men against him to their disadvantage. That little cold finger of apprehension touched her spirit. What was it that he had done to cause the sheriff's posse from Morello to follow him to the border, even through a country where that particular sheriff had no jurisdiction? Was that old affair still hanging over him? She decided to meet him no more—at least not for a week.

Conway, unaware of this decision, replaced the picture in its leather case, swept the low country with his glasses and became suddenly the hunter, every faculty alert.

There were a few intervening rolls of descending hills immediately below him. Beyond them a flat stretched away for miles. A dozen bands of mustangs, holding clannishly apart, dotted its expanse; but after one sweep of his glasses, Conway had eyes for but one of them.

A wild stallion of a size greater than that of his fellows stood guard over a band whose number exceeded that of any other within sight. Twelve mares, Conway counted. This harem represented the spoils of many a savage battle on the range, a year of conquest that had left a trail of death behind, ahead the prospect of a superior strain to come, a blind following of that ruthless, inexorable path by which Nature determines the improvement or degeneration of a breed.

"White Blanket, you'll water here today and I'll never close that trap until your band is in it," Conway promised. "Right soon now I'll be up on the middle of the best horse that ever stepped on the Solaro range or any other."

Hour after hour he watched as the sun crept higher, changing from a red globe to a yellow disk whose rays dispersed the chill tang of the desert dawn, chasing the fugitive breezes that carried a cool breath into the shadows of deep-etched cañons.

Far out in the flat a sorrel stallion marshaled his band and headed them toward Conway. The mustangs covered the last mile at a run, halting to test the wind, then mounted along the rim of the gulch to the one trail which Conway had left open.

The water was a spring seep that flowed from the head of a box cañon which broke through the bluff. The floor had been walled off so that the only available route was a trail that led down through a narrow crease in the rims some two hundred yards from Conway's retreat. The sorrel dipped down this trail, with his band following in single file. A second drove of mustangs headed in across the flat, then a third. The sorrel's band departed as the first of these arrived.

Then Conway saw the painted stallion put his band in motion. The others left the watering place before White Blanket had left the flat. Conway's heart pounded as the great stallion halted near the head of the trail, his head uplifted, nostrils flaring as he inhaled explosively. One of his mares dipped out of sight on the trail that led down through the break in the rims, then another. The stallion trotted back as if to leave and Conway's heart missed a beat as he held his breath in suspense. Two other mares left the huddled group and made off down the trail, while the painted stallion stood and looked back across the lower country which he had just traversed, a wild and beautiful picture with his flowing white mane and tail streaming in the wind. He stamped nervously, snorted, wheeled and disappeared over the first steep pitch of the trail, the remaining mares crowding close behind him in single file.

Conway swung to the saddle and spurred his mount to the head of the trail. White Blanket, the painted stallion of the Solaro, was caught in a trapped water hole.

His pealing whistle of terror filled the little box cañon as he sighted the horseman on the rim, and he leaped up a trail that angled along a sloping ledge on the face of the opposite sandrock wall. It turned sharply up through a narrow fissure and he found this crevice walled in with rocks, his route completely blocked. The whole band crowded at his heels on the narrow ledge, and as the stallion turned Conway was seized with a choking fear that White Blanket would take the forty-foot jump to the floor of the gulch, since his retreat along the ledge was cut off by the members of his band. For a span of five seconds the great stallion crouched at the brink as if he would let his forefeet slide as far down as possible before launching his body into space. Conway had seen wild horses go to their death in this fashion.

The rearmost mare had already whirled and was racing back down the trail, others wheeling to follow. In an incredibly short space of time the mares had disentangled themselves and were heading back down the ledge, with White Blanket pressing close upon the heels of the one in rear.

For half an hour Conway watched an exhibition worthy of the efforts of a mountain sheep as the painted stallion sought a route out of the trap. Every trail he tried, only to find each one walled off. Time and again his screeching whistle filled the gorge. The mares blew shrill blasts of terror. Then the wild horses quieted, standing in a compact group at the head of the cañon. The fifty-foot walls were sheer. The bottom that opened out into the low country a few hundred yards below had been blocked at a point where the gulch pinched down to a narrow neck. There was no escape.

Conway surveyed the place carefully. The inclosure was some two hundred yards long by half that in width, except at the point where the bottoms necked down. There was sufficient grass to pasture a dozen head of horses. It was isolated, in the midst of a section so barren that it was ranged but little by cows and visited infrequently by riders.

"I'll just block off this trail for now and move my base camp over here," Conway decided; "and I won't spread the tidings that I've nabbed White Blanket until I go riding him into Solaro."

The next day he returned with two of Pedro's Mexican riders and the horses that were to be used for conveying the mustangs.

Then the roping began, and at the end of two hours of racing round the inclosure ahead of the riders, White Blanket found himself alone, his mares having been removed from the bottom. But he was not quite alone, for several strange horses grazed on the floor of the gulch and a man was camped near the spring. Throughout the night the stallion sought for some exit, the taint of man scent and wood smoke ever in his nostrils. The man caught one of the strange horses and departed three hours before dawn to ride to another trapped water hole. He returned in the afternoon, bringing with him another rider, a Mexican horseman of considerable ability.

White Blanket would have avoided or fought the geldings under ordinary circumstances; but now, in his fear of the men, he welcomed their companionship. Every morning the men left, each to ride to a different trapped watering place, and each evening they returned. Feeding with the geldings, the painted stallion had his first taste of oats, and in a way he knew that man furnished this delicious food. He knew why his companions nickered eagerly and advanced to meet Conway when he started from the camp and came halfway down the bottom to deposit the oats in little depressions in the bare sandrock. These other horses did not fear man, and nothing had harmed him so far. All this was having its effect and the keen edge of his terror was dulled. He would not approach the feeding place until after Conway had left, but within a few days he would come on the run as soon as the man departed and he would fight off every horse that neared the particular vat of oats upon which he elected to feed.

"A wild horse is a sight easier to gentle than one that's been part-way broke or mishandled in breaking," Conway said to his Mexican assistant. "I'd rather have one that had never had a rope on him than one that had been started wrong. I want this beauty dog-gentle and never let him find out that he can buck. If we was to rough-break him so's he'd feel it his duty to take a whirl at pitching every time someone stepped up in his middle—say, what an outlaw he'd make!"

Then came White Blanket's turn to be handled. The two horsemen crowded him down the length of the inclosure. A noose settled about his neck and tightened there. The Mexican was an instant later in casting his *reata*, and a second loop tightened upon White Blanket's throat. The men did not stop him short and throw him, but choked

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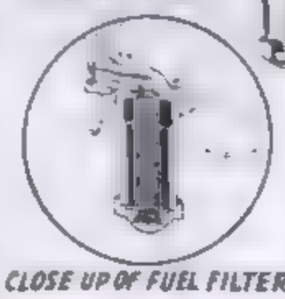

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him down gradually between them until his progress was halted, his breathing restricted. The great stallion screamed in fury and terror and reared to strike these incumbrances from him. For a space of ten seconds he towered on his hind feet, a squealing, fighting maniac, but his struggles only served to cut off his wind. Then for five minutes he fought to break away from the slender things that held him, but each way he plunged there was that same iron restraint exerted upon him, rendering his great size and magnificent strength futile. Frenzied, foaming with rage, he sought to charge upon one or the other of his captors, but always he was restrained and his breath shut off.

At last he desisted and stood with flaring nostrils and wildly rolling eyes, his breath coming in hoarse wheezes, but still unconquered and untamed. The two horsemen shortened their ropes. They moved off and the nooses exerted a compelling pressure upon White Blanket's neck. He planted his feet and shook his head savagely, throwing his whole might and weight into a resisting effort. It only served to choke down his wind and render breathing impossible. That steady, compelling pressure drew him on, until at last he was traveling of his own accord to ease that terrific strain. For an hour they rode round the inclosure, shortening their ropes little by little, until the stallion ceased fighting.

Presently the Mexican slacked off his rope, shaking it to loosen the noose, which hung more and more slackly about White Blanket's neck, until by a clever twitch he removed it. After the space of a minute, the stallion realized that he had greater freedom than before. He whirled to bolt. Conway tossed the slack of his rope across the stallion's back and veered his horse off to one side. The rope tightened under White Blanket's heels, threw his hind legs from under him and he landed with a crash. Before he could rise the Mexican had cast his noose, snaring both hind legs, and the struggling stallion felt his feet bound suddenly together in a vise-like grip. He was stretched on the ground, helpless to rise, and two trained rope horses held him while the men approached. The Mexican snared his forefeet and stretched them.

A man's hand touched him for the first time in his life, a man's voice spoke soothingly in his ear. When the ropes were cast off and he regained his feet after a half hour spent on the ground, a hackamore had been fashioned about his head. A heavy backband just behind his shoulders supported a small loop between his forelegs. Each fore ankle had been bound with a heavy leather hobble, and from the shackle on the right foot a rope led through the small loop at his breast, then to the left hobble, back again and through the hackamore.

The stallion threw his weight against the rope as Conway sought to lead him. His effort merely took up the slack of the rope, pulling his head down and drawing his forefeet up to his chest, throwing him instantly. Conway slacked the rope and the stallion's forelegs eased off until he could regain his feet. A few such efforts cured him.

"You're one mighty horse, White Blanket," Conway said. "But you can't fight a running-W. It just ain't down in the cards."

Later the stallion found this equally true when he sought to strike or to pull away when Conway approached his head to handle him. He seemed to be fighting against himself. Day after day, usually in the late afternoon, when the horse-trapping operations had ended, his education progressed. A thing was clamped upon his back and left there for an hour, removed and put back again, until Conway could smooth a blanket upon him and throw a saddle on his back without his so much as flinching. At the end of ten days Conway was riding him about the inclosure.

White Blanket had been mastered by hands that were firm and sure, yet which had dealt him no hurt. One wrong move would have made an outlaw of him, a savage, dangerous beast. Instead he had become subservient to the wishes of the man who had mastered him, had actually become dependent upon him in a sense. He welcomed Conway when the man brought his oats. His fear of man, the ruling power of his life as a wild creature, had been replaced by the confidence that this man would protect him from harm. It was terror that had caused him to fight at the start. Conway had eliminated the fear, and with it the fury.

The stallion was as yet unaccustomed to other men aside from Conway's Mexican helper. No white riders came that way, but occasionally several of Pedro's Mexicans stopped overnight in the pocket. On such occasions White Blanket was a bit apprehensive unless Conway was close at hand, even though no man attempted to touch him. Once when two Mexicans arrived before Conway's return from the range, the stallion kept to the far end of the inclosure until Conway appeared on the rims, then nickered a hearty welcome, his apprehensions allayed with the presence of the man who had removed the element of fear from his life. Gradually Conway taught the stallion to permit others to handle him, until he came to feel that no man was inclined to harm him. He was contented with his lot, unafraid for the first time in his life. There was but one thing he missed—the old wild thrill of herding a band of mares across the desert.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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WHAT PRICE BRAINS?

(Continued from Page 19)

Sight of the pudgy man seemed to disturb Miss Callahan momentarily. Yet she smiled and signaled recognition by a fluttering of fingers as she passed into the restaurant with the directing hand of Mr. Joseph Haggin softly pressing her arm.

They chose an inconspicuous table and disposed of a hovering waiter, after which Mr. Haggin said, somewhat disagreeably, "You were glad to see whoever it was out there, weren't you?"

His voice stressed proprietorship and the girl looked up with warm eyes.

"Silly old Joe," she cooed. "He's jealous of my uncle."

Silly old Joe was delightfully skeptical.

"Anything you say, sweetness," he said. "I didn't see him, so you can call him your grandfather and it will have to go with me. They're usually cousins, but I have heard that uncle line before somewhere."

"But it was my Uncle Jerry," Rose protested, "and now I'm in for a calling down. He's grouchy about these dance places and staying out late."

Her knight was instantly truculent.

"And what's he got to do with you?" he demanded.

"Nothing, Joe; but he's fond of me, you know. Uncle Jerry's an old dear really; but, you see, he used to be on the police force and now he knows too much and not enough."

Webb's face was serene when he said, "I never heard you say you had an uncle a bull, as they call them."

"Not any more," Rose explained. "He served his twenty-five years, most of the time around this neighborhood here; but he's retired now—half-pay pension, you know. Now he works downtown. He's a special officer—not in uniform, but with a badge and a revolver—and he goes around with the runners when they're delivering valuable things. A lot of the firms use old policemen for that now, especially since our robbery. Where my uncle works they have two. We have one ourselves, at Boverton's."

"I know," said Webb reflectively, and changed the subject. "And that's a good reason for telling you what I've been saving for you, sweetness. You won't be worrying about uncles much longer. Listen!" He leaned across the table. "Rose darling, I've put the deal over! The new business is cinched!"

"Oh, Joe! Really?" Bright happiness flashed in her smile.

"Cinched!" he repeated. "Those last two banks came through with their indorsements today, girlie. That makes it unanimous. So the Haggin System is certain, sweetness—certain for you and me. And you know what that means—soon."

Rose begged excitedly, "Tell me about it, Joe."

"That's all there is to it," he said. "All the big banks have O. K.'d it, all the loan clerks will yell for it, and every firm in Wall Street will have to use the Haggin System—and come to me for it. It means a thousand a month sure. Oh, it's certain now, Rose. All but two of the forms are at the printer's. When I get those fixed up I'll go ahead taking orders. Didn't I tell you we wouldn't be waiting much longer? Only another week or two and I'll be telling mother dear that she's going to lose her little Rosie."

He was no poor actor, this Webb Stowell. The girl's eyes were shining and her hands trembled in his. This was the secret she had been hugging close for weeks, the romance that all the world was yet to see and cheer. Webb had made it all so plausible. He couldn't depend on the secondhand-motor business. It was a great little business now, but it might peter out any time. He wouldn't marry Rose and let her take a chance like that—not Rose. But the new business! Ah, there was certain money from the first. With that started, they needn't wait longer. Then his Rose would be sure of the things her beauty meant her to have.

And Rose, with adoration in her pretty eyes, believed it all—wanted to believe it. She went, radiant, about her work. She was happy in her obedience to his repeated command to wait for his word before she cried her news, or even whispered it. Joe was like that—very set. When he said a thing he meant it, and nothing could budge him. He was a real man, Joe, and good-looking; tall and dark and pale and strong and gentle and firm. And always a gentleman, Joe!

He had confided in her as a chum regarding the new business. It was rather in her line and she understood it—somewhat. It was, she knew, a system of records, patent applied for, for those shifting loans which banks make to stockbrokers—loans which the brokers secure by handing over shares and bonds to the banks to be held as collateral. Rose comprehended vaguely that the system would somehow simplify recording the frequent necessary changes in this collateral which the brokers make by withdrawing some shares or bonds and substituting others to serve in their place. There were details which he had explained many times and which she should have understood, but didn't; but she knew well that it was a wonderful system and would become a standard for Wall Street and yield a lordly income. Knowing that, the details were not really important.

"But I must get those two last forms fixed up," Webb was saying. "I can't loaf on that. Sweetness, maybe that's where you can help."

"Oh, how, Joe? Tell me how."

"You can pick me up a dozen or two of those blanks that brokers use when they send to a bank to take away some of the stocks they have up as collateral for a loan and put others in their place. I want to see just what kind of forms are used now. You must have them in Boverton's."

"You mean substitution blanks," said Rose. "I'll get you all you want. I have to fill in some of them every day. I type in the name of the bank and the amount of the loan and the date it was made. Then I list the stocks we are sending to put in the loan and the others we want to take out."

"Of course," Webb said. "Then what?"

"That's all I have to do with it. The firm signs the blank and the cashier sends a boy to the bank with it and with the stocks to put in. The boy brings back the stocks we are taking out."

"It amounts to the firm's order to the bank to take in one lot of stocks and hand out another lot." Webb spoke as if the matter was of no importance. "And I suppose your cashier uses only certain boys for that job—or does he use any of them?"

"Anyone, I think; any boy who's handy." Rose had no suspicion how satisfactory her answer was.

"It doesn't matter," Webb said carelessly. "The Haggin System will change all that. The blanks are what I want. You won't forget them—about twenty-five?"

"Tomorrow," Rose promised. "I keep a lot in my desk."

"There's a partner and a sweetheart for a man!" He reached across the table for her hand. "And maybe you can get me what I need still more."

"If I can, Joe. What is it?"

"I need a full set of some brokerage firm's loan records," said Webb earnestly. "I mean a list of some big firm's loans and the stocks it has lying in each bank as collateral for each loan. Can you get me that from Boverton's, sweetness?"

Rose's face fell.

"I don't see how, Joe," she said doubtfully. "I could only get that out of some of the books, and they wouldn't let me do that. Unless—why, yes, Joe, I can do it! I write up new loan slips the first of every month. There's one for each loan, with a list of the stocks that are at the bank that day. There are fifty or sixty of them and we send copies to the banks to be checked. If you can wait until next week—Tuesday's the first—all I'll have to do will be to make an extra carbon of each slip. Then you'll have them all. But Joe—wait! Joe, do you—do you think that's right to do?"

Webb said gravely, "Well, it wouldn't be, sweetness, if you were going to show the lists to anybody else—any outsider. But this is only for me. It's only to help me with the big loose-leaf form. That's the most important thing in the Haggin System. You know that, Rose dear. I think I've got it right as it is, but if I could study a regular set of loans—the real thing from some active firm—I might see where I need to make a change or two. We want the system right in every detail, girlie. If you can get me Boverton's loans to look at for a day or so—well, it will be a big help—a big help from a little pal."

Rose glowed.

"Of course I'll get them, Joe. I only wanted you to say there isn't anything wrong in doing it."

And she thrilled again when he said, "You'll be paid for it—in kisses, Mrs. Haggin."

Which completed the business that Webb Stowell had scheduled for the evening; yet what his later gay tenderness added to Rose's ecstasy was not without cold purpose either. When he left her that night he knew her love blindness to be stark and so much of his plot as needed her eager faith to be safe. But as he lay thinking of that he found his elation concerned with two women. There was Rose the dupe and there was Rose the girl with warm eyes. Certainly the man was an artist of sorts.

Rose, too, lay long awake that night. She stared into the dark of her little room and thought of many things, and among them of what she would reply to the coming censorious grumbling of her pudgy Uncle Jerry McKenna. For that she decided upon humility and a soft answer, and the decision held until the next day's noon. Then, as she came from a Broad Street sweet shop, a hand fell heavily on her arm and a ripe voice said:

"Rosie, me girl, it's good to see you, for I don't often, and I've been waitin' here for you near an hour. Rosie, how are you?—for ye're not lookin' so well. What's happened to you? Your eyes have black around them. Girl, you should use the nights for sleepin'. And, Rosie, ye're gettin' fat."

"I'm not getting fat," said Rose hotly; "and I get all the sleep I need."

"You do not," said Mr. McKenna promptly. "Did I see you last night when you should have been in your bed hours before, and you goin' into a joint where you shouldn't be thinkin' of goin'? Did I see you or didn't I? And you with one of the clerks from Meyer's shoe store."

"It was not!" cried Rose indignantly.

"It was," declared McKenna with certainty. "I saw him. I always buy me shoes there and I know him."

Rose stormed. "I tell you it wasn't."

"Then tell me who was it? Was his name Astor or maybe Rockyfeller or somethin'?"

"I won't tell you who he was." Her eyes showed angry tears. "I'm old enough to take care of myself and I'll thank you to let my friends alone."

"Rosie," said the pudgy man calmly, "ye're a good girl, and like many another at your age, ye're a crazy one. Your father's dead and your mother's a fool, if she is me own sister, and I have me eye on you whether you like it or not. Rosie, I did not like the looks of the stiff that was with you last night. If I'm wrongin' him ye'll tell me his name and what does he do for a livin'."

"Who he is and what he is are nothing to you—yet," declared Rose in wrath. "You'll know enough when he tells you himself."

The hand on her arm tightened and small steel eyes searched hers.

"So that's the way of it, is it?" McKenna said slowly. "Now, Rosie, me girl, listen to me. Rosie, you will promise me that ye'll do nothin' until I've had a look at this lad and a word with him. You will promise me, I say."

"You will have a chance to talk to him," she promised sullenly.

"I'll wait then." McKenna relaxed his grip. "And for makin' me that promise, Rosie, I'll admit to you now that I was wrong in one thing."

"You're wrong in everything."

"In one little thing," persisted McKenna grimly. "Rosie, it's not true at all that ye're gettin' fat."

He turned abruptly and the hard black hat went bobbing across Broad Street and presently was swallowed by a huge doorway. Ultimately it came to rest among many straws hung on pegs outside the cashier's cage in the clattering stockbrokerage offices of Brewer & Speer. Below the pegs untidy boys sat upon a long bench awaiting orders; and beyond, in dignity, stood two round chairs. From one of these McKenna silently plucked a lounging youth and seated himself to consider this matter of Rosie. It was a problem requiring thought, and he was deep in it when the chair at his side was suddenly occupied by a gray man of ample haunch and paunch, who sighed and said, "Mac, 'tis hot. Praise be that I'm not poundin' a pavemint this day."

McKenna studied the disturber with evident disfavor.

"If you was," he remarked finally, "you'd be havin' a glass of beer handed you through a slat door if there was no prohibition, and maybe if there was. It would be cold as ice and would have a fine sweet collar on it."

"If I sthrike you 'twill be because I remimber the beer an' the place," said the gray man. "But this is a betther job, Mac. I know that in the month I've had it, an' I'm beholdin to you for gettin' me into it. 'Tis no more than sthrollin' aroun' wid some wan an' seein' that the millyunaires on the sthreets takes nothin' off him. What wid the pay an' all, is it not a betther job for me an' for you than on the force?"

"Say what you have to say—quiet-like," growled McKenna. "What did you get on the tall guy?"

"Oh, him! Well, Mac, afther you wint out that pink Capper lad took him into Speer's office."

"It is Capper that is tryin' to start him doin' business here with this firm," McKenna said reflectively. "I found that out when I first saw the big fellow in the front office and asked about him. And what did he do in with Speer?"

"How shud I know? He was there for tin minits or maybe fifteen, an' Speer came out wid him, the two of thim laughin'. I heard him say to Speer, 'Thanks for your advice. I'll watch the market for a few days. But I think it's near time for a man to sell out.' Thin he wint out, an', as you wanted me to, I wint down in the elyvator with him. He wint sthrait to his office over in the Syndicate Buildin'. Joseph Haggin is his name. It was on the door that he opened with a key an' wint in."

"Now be the saints I know!" swore McKenna, and stared angrily at his friend. "Dominick Boyle, I can see better than before why you never was more than a poor cop. Why I got you back out of Westchester for this I don't know. Had you no newspapers there six months ago? Did no one tell you of the Boverton job, where the lad that had no one to mind him was put out with a crack over the head and all his stocks taken from him?"

"Shure I read it," said Dominick Boyle. "And did you read that it was in the Syndicate Buildin' and that a man be the name

(Continued on Page 111)

IMAGINATION
THE
BUSINESS
BUILDER

This message . . for you or your competitor . .

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THE course of business inevitably, and sometimes suddenly, follows the lines of increased public approval for a product.

A manufacturer makes some apparently small change in his product, but *its saleability is increased;* competition is outdistanced, and the small business grows great, or the great business grows greater — almost overnight.

The wire in a hairpin is bended, and the public will have none other. The hole in a shipping-tag is reinforced, and it is sold by millions. Strands of wire are sealed inside a pane of glass, and a new industry is founded. A waterproofing substance adds new utilities to cloth, and the demand for it builds great mills and fortunes. *Introduce into any product a new and desirable quality* of appearance or performance, and *the result is startlingly sure.*

• • •

DUCO — in itself a distinctive product, *possesses the power of visibly improving other products.*

• • •

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• • •

Similarly, the added measure of beauty and endurance which transparent DUCO brought to furniture points to the method by which hundreds of products of wood, of metal, of fibre, of composites, will most certainly be made more beautiful, or more sanitary, or more enduring, or water-proof, or washable, or less costly.

In some or all of these ways *your product may be made more saleable—through the use of* DUCO.

Less than three years ago DUCO was first used on an automobile.	one well-known automobile with the old finishes. DUCO cut this time to 13½ hours.
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The services of a DUCO Finishing Engineer are freely at your disposal to show you how easily DUCO can be applied with a pneumatic spraying machine, or by mechanical dipping. It cannot be applied with a brush. You may quickly find the way in which DUCO will increase the saleability or efficiency of your product—or decrease its cost—or do all of these things.

Meanwhile, write for a manual of Duco-applied information, showing how other manufacturers are using it to improve their products. E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co., Inc., Chemical Products Division, Parlin, N. J. Chicago. San Francisco.

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LOOKS GOOD ON ALL MEN – it's wide thru the shoulders, narrow thru the hips; trousers are full and taper slightly to the shoes

COLLEGE MEN LIKE THIS ONE – it hangs ea from the shoulders, trousers are wide double breasted is good too

"Brackens" are the new colors; many shades of rich brown

& MARX CLOTHES

THE DOUBLE BREASTED SUIT / it's smart with wide lapels and shoulders and with its trimness thru the body and hips

THE RIGHT TOPCOAT / it has well set up shoulders It tapers down in long lines to the bottom of the skirt

The Hart Schaffner & Marx label is sewed in every coat; find it

The city moves to the country

ELECTRICITY builds cities. Without electric elevators, pumps and fans, the tall buildings would be lifeless piles of steel. Without electric cars, city streets could not accommodate the crowds.

But now, having made the modern city, electricity is making the country. Wherever electric lines lead out from the city, you find suburban property values enhanced, suburban life made comfortable, and waste land blossoming into homes.

The automobile helps. The motor bus helps more. But the trolley and interurban cars are more important still. *Sixteen billion* Americans rode on electric lines last year—145 rides per capita of our entire population!

This is an impressive record for a utility that is still young. The first complete electric railway system in the United States was installed in Richmond, Virginia, in 1888. It was a quaint, almost an experimental car-line. But it introduced a new economy in transportation, a new epoch in the art of making homes.

To the electric railways of America the General Electric Company contributes engineering skill and manufacturing efficiency. It builds motors that last a generation in service and controlling devices that make electric transportation one of the safest means of travel in the world.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

(Continued from Page 106)

of Haggin was in it somehow, tellin' what he didn't know? I'm as bad as you. They told me his name was Haggin when I asked about him outside, but I never thought to connect him with the Boverton job. Yet I knew who he was and that he was up to something. On what floor is this Haggin?"

"The sixth," said Dominick.

"That's the Boverton floor. I know because me niece —— But never mind. Dominick, there's devilment goin' on of some kind, but I don't see what. Look now. Whenever you get sight of this Haggin keep your eye on him as long as you can. See where he goes and what he does. I'm dependin' on you for that."

"An' why not on yourself?" asked the gray man.

"Dominick Boyle," said McKenna coldly, "I'll go so far with you as to tell you I have me own reasons for not wantin' to let this goniff to get a look at me. Knowin' that, you'll do as I tell you and ask no questions. I'll get what I can out of that pink Capper. When he's goin' home today I'll stop him."

The pink Capper was a sprightly youth such as Wall Street names "customers' man" and employs in great numbers to keep the proletariat's appetite for stock gambling whetted and keen. Before him McKenna was properly servile.

"Mr. Capper," he said, "I've seen you have Mr. Joseph Haggin here in the office now and then lately."

"Well," said Capper icily, "what's that to you? Do you know him?"

"Only be sight," McKenna admitted, "but I've heard he's worth a lot of money and I was hopin' you'd get business from him. It would be good for you, Mr. Capper, and I'll like to see it."

"You'll see it," said Capper, warming. "He's going to give me his account. He's been trading with Boverton & Co., but I've pulled him away from there."

"Fine!" rumbled McKenna. "He'll do a lot of business, won't he?"

"Leave that to me," Capper boasted. "He says he doesn't do any trading on margin, but I'll change that when I get hold of him. He owns a lot of stocks now and he's going to bring them in here and sell them sometime next week. If I can get him to leave the money here I'll have plenty of business out of him."

"Fine!" repeated McKenna. "Ye're the lad that can do it if any can. Will it be much money?"

"He told Mr. Speer today that the things he's going to sell next week are worth nearly a hundred and fifty thousand. That would be some account, wouldn't it?"

"It would be," declared McKenna. "Mr. Capper, ye'll be a partner here soon or I'm all wrong. And nobody will be more delighted than me."

With which flattering assurance McKenna returned to his round chair to await the time when, with Dominick Boyle, he would escort the cashier's procession of boys bearing the firm's boxes of securities to safety vaults for the night. When that rite was performed he had opportunity to take Dominick aside.

"What I tell you, you will keep to yourself," McKenna said, "but you will watch this Haggin wherever you see him whether in the office or out of it. Do that and maybe I will give you a dollar or two of the reward I will get for findin' the Boverton swag."

"You seem dhrunk," replied Boyle. "Do you think it was him?"

"Never mind what I think," McKenna growled; "it's what I can prove that I'm after."

Twice during the week that followed did Mr. Joseph Haggin visit the offices of Brewer & Speer, and twice did he disappoint Jerry McKenna by doing no more than that. But in the end the expected happened. McKenna, returning from a morning round of stock deliveries, felt his sleeve plucked by an order clerk.

"Mac, you asked to be told when we got any orders from a guy named Haggin. Well, we've had some this morning—selling orders for about two thousand shares of different stocks. We've sold them all. Haggin is a new customer that Capper brought in. He was in the office a while ago. Capper had him in to see Speer."

"Thanks, Jim."

McKenna found Dominick Boyle's chair empty and decided upon strategy. He hailed the cashier.

"Mr. Capper, out in the customers' room, wants to know if you understand about the stocks he sold for Mr. Haggin," he lied.

The cashier was instantly wroth.

"What d'ye mean?" he shouted. "Capper knows I know. He told me all about it himself. Haggin is to bring the stocks in here tomorrow and get his check. Go ask Capper what he means and get it right."

McKenna walked swiftly to the room marked "Mr. Speer" and addressed that austere partner without ceremony.

"Mr. Speer," said he, "they tell me outside that they've just sold a lot of stocks for a man named Haggin who is goin' to bring them in the mornin' and get the money for them. Will them stocks be made out in the name of Boverton & Co., do you think, Mr. Speer?"

The broker looked at the pudgy man curiously.

"Why, yes, McKenna," he answered. "Mr. Haggin told me this morning that they would be in Boverton's name—properly indorsed, of course. He bought them through Boverton & Co. and has preferred to let them stand in the firm's name instead of his own. Why do you ask this?"

McKenna held out a list of the stolen Boverton stocks, culled from a newspaper file.

"I think maybe, Mr. Speer, that the stocks named here are the ones Haggin has had you sell for him and will bring in tomorrow."

"What's this?" asked Speer sharply, taking the cutting.

"Doesn't it name what ye've sold for Haggin?" countered McKenna.

"It does not," Speer snapped. "We haven't sold any of these."

"But—none of them?" McKenna was incredulous.

"Not one. What we've sold is an entirely different lot of stocks. What are you trying to get at, McKenna? What do you think you mean? What is this list of stocks?"

McKenna stared stolidly.

"I've made a mistake," he said at last. "I thought I saw something wrong—and I didn't."

"Something wrong about Mr. Haggin?"

"Yes, sir; but I was wrong."

"What did you suspect, McKenna?" insisted Speer.

"It's no matter, sir, since I was wrong."

"It might matter a great deal," Speer said coldly. "You'll have to keep your suspicions in hand, McKenna. You're not a policeman now, you know. We can't have you acting this way with our clients. We're likely to lose them. Remember that."

"Yes, sir. I'm sorry. I'm sorry I was wrong."

So ex-Detective-Sergeant Jeremiah McKenna retired to his round chair of state, where he sat in sullenness, nursing his chagrin.

Dominick Boyle, seating himself heavily, whispered, "Mac, I saw Haggin a while back."

"I don't give a damn," said McKenna.

"What's wrong wid you?" Dominick demanded. "You wanted to know whin I saw him. What's changed you? I saw him wance in the Wall Street Nashunil and I saw him again at the Titanic Trust."

"I don't give a damn," repeated McKenna, absently. "Shut up!"

"All right," Boyle agreed. "Is it that you've found you're not the fly cop you thought you was?"

Jerry made no reply. He completed his day in surliness and carried that mood home to the little West Side boarding house where he lived. An hour's hard thinking, with his stockinged feet on his window sill and a cold pipe clenched in his teeth, brought him no nearer the solution that he knew was to be found somewhere. He went through his dinner in silence, and when it was over settled his hard black hat in place in preparation for a call upon his sister. It was high time, he concluded, to tell Rosie who and what this Haggin had been, even if he could tell her nothing else.

"Rosie, me girl," McKenna said when he had driven her mother out of the little living room, "I have that to tell you that you won't like. Rosie, it's about this Haggin."

"How did you find his name?" demanded Rose, her anger flaring promptly. "You've been spying on me. I hate you!"

"Rosie," he went on, "this Haggin is not who he has told you he is. Rosie, he's a crook."

"That's a lie!" cried the girl. "It's a mean, mean lie!"

"I wish it was," said McKenna. "Rosie, I wish it was. But I pinched him meself once years ago when he was no more than a boy. Rosie, that's the truth."

"It's a lie, and you know it—or you've taken him for someone else."

"I haven't. Listen now. What do you know of this man? Where does he come from and what does he do for a livin'?"

"He has an office on our hall." Rose's eyes were flashing, but she was not otherwise beautiful. "He has his own business in automobiles—with the dealers in old cars. Go to his office if you don't believe me."

"It's the bunk," asserted her uncle. "He does no business at all in his office, Rosie. It's a blind."

"It is not!" she screamed. "It is not, I tell you! I know all about it. And he's starting a new business—the Haggin System to keep records of bank loans. You'll hear about it in your own office soon, and in all offices. The banks know all about it. They think it's wonderful. How dare you say he's a crook?"

McKenna had stiffened and was staring.

"How do you know this about a new business?" he asked sharply.

"Because—because he told me himself."

"He might tell you anything."

"But he showed me. I tell you I know. I know about it. I helped him with it."

"Helped him how?"

"Helped him. I got him things from our office—things to show ——"

McKenna leaped forward, snarling.

"What things? What kind of things? Tell me!"

She cried hysterically, "I won't tell you! I won't!"

His hand was hurting her arm cruelly and his jaw, thrust out, was close to her face.

"You'll tell me now or I'll have it out of you there in Boverton's in the morning before them all," he rasped. "What did you steal for him?"

Fright came into Rose's eyes.

"I didn't steal anything. I won't tell you. I didn't steal. I got him blanks—substitution blanks—a few of them."

"Substitution blanks? What for? How many of them? And what else? Out with it! What else did you get him?"

"Nothing—only carbons of our loan slips—just carbons—copies—just for him to look at. He wanted to see ——"

"What else? What else? I've got to know."

"Nothing, Uncle Jerry. Not another thing. Only what I've told you. I didn't steal. Don't you see—nothing worth anything."

"Ah!" McKenna loosed her arm and stood scowling. "I think now you've told me the truth. Now listen to me!" He crossed the room swiftly and flung open a door. "Minnie!" he called. "Minnie, come here!" And when Mrs. Callahan's frightened face appeared he commanded, "Minnie, ye're to see that this girl doesn't leave this flat tonight, or see anyone, or use a telephone with anybody. If anybody comes or phones, she's out. D'you hear?"

He turned to Rose.

"Ye're in danger—you and your good name and all. Ye're in danger of havin' a

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This is Station
N.K.P.A.
Sauerkraut Headquarters

BROADCASTING
A short talk by Roy Irons, Secretary, on the new harvest of
WHOLESOME
Sauerkraut

AS the new Sauerkraut is now in the market, I am going to tell you something about this wonderful food.

Some dishes, as you know, are just good. Others are good for you. But Sauerkraut is both. This easily explains its increasing popularity and the ever growing demand.

Many of my listeners possibly know only one way of serving Sauerkraut—with spareribs or pork or frankfurts. Truly there is nothing better than this combination for a meal in the crisp fall and winter. But it may surprise you to know that it makes a tasty and nourishing soup; that among the 49 tested recipes in our booklet, "Sauerkraut as a Health Food," there are many salads—as delicious as anything you ever ate.

Think of stuffed tomato Sauerkraut salad. Sauerkraut rice salad. Sauerkraut and carrot salad. Sauerkraut and beet salad. Sauerkraut Jello. Baked Sauerkraut with apple. But I cannot in the short time allotted me, enumerate all the appetizing combinations—for there is even a delicious Sauerkraut pie.

When you eat Sauerkraut, remember that you are building up your health as well as satisfying your appetite. Its lactic ferments, as Metchnikoff, of the Pasteur Institute, said, keep the intestinal tract free from disease producing germs. Its vitamins—all three of them—and its lime and mineral salts, so necessary in bone building, make it a great dish for the young.

But you should read our booklet. Learn what Pasteur, Dr. John Harvey Kellogg, Dr. W. S. Sadler, Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, and scores of others say of its wonderful properties.

In closing: Follow good advice—Eat Sauerkraut—Eat it all the year 'round. It will cleanse the system, build up the body, is easily digested and brings back appetite, and its economy will satisfy your purse. In a later talk I may tell you some interesting facts about the modern methods used by the members of this Association in preparing Sauerkraut. Thank you.

15 Cents Worth of Sauerkraut Will Serve 4 to 6 Persons

THE NATIONAL KRAUT PACKERS' ASSOCIATION Clyde, Ohio

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Please send me postpaid your free booklet "Sauerkraut as a Health Food," with new tested recipes.

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Somewhere in your neighborhood is an up-to-date sheet metal shop. It displays this sign. The owner is a man of service and a master of craft. He knows that good business depends entirely on good will, and that good will is won only by the best work done with the best materials.

Northwest Junior High School in Atlanta, Ga.
The sheet metal work and ventilating equipment of this school and eleven other schools in Atlanta are ARMCO Ingot Iron. Acme Blower and Pipe Company, Sheet Metal Contractors for eleven buildings; Knox & Maier, for one.

The Sheet Metal Worker *and his age-old job*

TUBAL-CAIN—seventh in descent from Adam—was the first recorded "Instructor of workers in iron." The sheet metal worker of today is carrying on his job.

What a tremendously important job!

It is the sheet metal worker who seals the seams of our roofs with enduring iron against drenching rain; it is he who builds the tanks from which we draw water; his hands fashion the ventilating systems that keep fresh and pure the air we breathe.

Realize this truth: *From the tiniest cottage to the tallest skyscraper, no building is completed without his help!*

Importance of Pure Iron

Yet, important as it is, his work is no better than the material with which he works. His most skillful workmanship is wasted if the metal he shapes will not endure.

That is why sheet metal workers prefer ARMCO Ingot Iron. For Ingot Iron is the purest iron made, and this purity in iron means greater durability. Practically free from foreign substances that promote rust, Ingot Iron serves for unbelievably long periods.

Nor do the advantages of purity end there. The dense, even structure of Ingot Iron makes it unusually ductile and easy to work. Because of its purity it takes a purer protective coating of zinc than any other metal.

For roofing, siding, rain gutters, downspouts, flashing, ventilating systems, tanks, window and skylight frames, smokestacks, culverts, cornices and other exposed parts—there is no satisfactory substitute for Ingot Iron because of its long life and low cost.

There are hundreds of Armco Ingot Iron Shops. The Armco Ingot Iron Shop man will tell you the proper gauge to use for every purpose. He will tell you that practically eighty cents of every dollar you pay is for labor. The cost of ARMCO Ingot Iron is only a little more per pound than ordinary steel.

And the sheet metal worker would rather work with better metal, for it means more satisfaction to you and greater pride to him.

Whenever you buy sheet metal be sure to ask: "Is it made of ARMCO Ingot Iron?"

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MIDDLETOWN, OHIO

(*EXPORT*) THE ARMCO INTERNATIONAL CORPORATION
MIDDLETOWN OHIO Cable Address—ARMCO

Distributors in all principal cities

In the eaves trough, spouts, flashing, skylight of a house—wherever metal must meet the challenge of air and moisture—ARMCO Ingot Iron is a true economy.

ARMCO Ingot Iron was used in this huge Dust Collecting System installed in the new Globe-Wernicke Plant in Cincinnati, Ohio. The Kirk & Blum Company, Engineers and Contractors, Cincinnati, Ohio, specified and used the purest iron made because of its long life and consequent low cost.

ARMCO INGOT IRON

The Purest Iron Made

IS IT MADE OF ARMCO INGOT IRON?

Every day more and more people are making sure of enduring household articles by asking this question

(Continued from Page 111)

headquarters man put his hand on your shoulder and take you downtown where they'll turn a key on you. Mind that now. And your man Haggin is in danger too. If you try to reach him ye'll both be in cells. Ye'll stay here tonight and make no move, d'you hear? Tomorrow ye'll go to your office as usual and say nothing to anyone. If I come there you won't notice me—be sure of that. I'll do what I can. Maybe I can save you and maybe I can't, but I'll try."

With his hard black hat canted to proclaim business afoot, McKenna turned from the door to say grimly to the women, who were now clasped in each other's arms, "If any cops come here tonight don't let them in."

He permitted himself a chuckle as he went heavily down the dim stairs, thinking, "They're fools enough to be well frightened with that." But later, what he muttered to himself again and again was, "What can I do now? How will I keep her name out of this?"

Dominick Boyle, arriving at the office of Brewer & Speer at his usual time next morning, found his way barred by his friend Jerry McKenna, unshaven and scowling.

"Why do you live where ye're dead in the nighttime?" demanded the pudgy man. "Where is it you live, anyway? Where would you be found if bad liquor got you in your sleep?"

"For what would you want me in the night?" asked Dominick.

"For to play pee-nuckle," said McKenna sourly. "I get lonely for you. But no matter. Where did you see Haggin yesterday?"

"I'll not tell you, for you don't give a damn. 'Twas yourself that told me that, so I believe it."

"Dominick," said Jerry curtly, "if you do not tell me now, I will choke it out of you. Where was Haggin and what was he doin'?"

"First I saw him in the Wall Street bank an' next in the Titanic Trust, as I told you politely whin you were not givin' a damn. In both places he was doin' somethin' like what we were doin'. I was with wan of the boys puttin' in an' takin' out sthocks in the loans. In both banks Haggin was at the window ahead of us."

"You were there for this firm," McKenna reminded him. "For who was Haggin there?"

"How shud I know?" protested Boyle. "Did I ask him an' him tell me? Or d'ye think he had a sign on him?"

Jerry snorted his disgust.

"Listen now, Dominick. I am goin' out. I will be back, but I do not know when. If they want me, tell them I have gone home sick. While I am gone you will keep your eyes open for this Haggin. I think he will be here, and if he comes in, let him. But as you hope to die in your bed, wherever it is, do not let him out again until I get back."

"An' how will I sthop him if he wants to go?" asked Dominick.

"Kill him," said Jerry.

Two hours later McKenna returned. With him was young Anderson, of Boverton & Co., showing excitement and heat. Dominick Boyle was hovering uncertainly near the closed door of Mr. Speer's room and greeted Jerry with great pleasure.

"He's here now," said Dominick. "He's in Speer's room. Capper's there too."

"Come on then," snapped McKenna, and flung open Speer's door. Speer, in his tilted chair, was chatting pleasantly with Webb Stowell, who sat in smiling ease while Capper stood listening. A shirt-sleeved clerk was counting and checking a mound of stock certificates on the broad desk.

"Hello, Stowell!" said McKenna from the door, and Webb Stowell's face went white as his mind flashed back to a Broadway night when, in the glare of the lights, a sudden finger on his shoulder caused him to look up to a pudgy man in a hard black hat who said, in the same voice as now, "Hello, Stowell!"

"What's this? What's this?" cried Speer, springing to his feet. "What's this mean, Anderson? What's all this, McKenna?"

"I'll tell you what it means!" young Anderson shouted, starting toward Stowell; but McKenna's straight arm, breast-high, held him back and Dominick Boyle caught his sleeve.

"I'll tell him meself—quiet-like," said McKenna.

"Who are these people?" demanded Stowell, and made a sudden move to where the startled clerk had halted his checking.

"Drop that!" barked McKenna, his hand darting into the breast of his coat. "Can it, Stowell! You're done!" He wagged an automatic. "Go round an' frisk him, Dominick. He may have something. Over in that corner, Stowell. Nothing, Dominick? Make him sit down."

"Sit down!" said Dominick Boyle, and laid a great hand upon Webb Stowell's shoulder.

There was tense silence until Speer said, "Well?"

McKenna nodded toward the stocks on the desk.

"They're Boverton's," he said, and pointed to Stowell. "And there's the man that did the Boverton job."

Webb sprang to his feet.

"This is a frame ——" he began.

"I will brek your neck av you do not sit down an' shut up," said Dominick, raising his hand.

"But ——" Speer looked from one to another.

Young Anderson said, stuttering in his excitement, "He got those stocks out of our loans yesterday by substituting the stolen stocks for them—I mean the stocks he got when he blackjacked our messenger."

Speer's mouth stood open.

"But how ——"

"This way," said Anderson. "He was a customer of ours and no one dreamed that he was the man who did the trick in our hall. Of course, he couldn't sell the stocks he stole, so he waited. Then he found out about our loans—what banks they are with and what collateral is in each of them. How he got that information we don't know yet, nor how he got hold of some of our substitution blanks."

"And he'd be a fool to tell you," said McKenna quickly. "Go on, Mr. Anderson."

"An inside job, I suppose," remarked Capper. "Some clerk in your office—what?"

"I'm afraid so," Anderson said. "Anyhow, he got them. Then he started to put over a new one on Wall Street. If he couldn't sell the stocks he robbed us of, he saw he could push them past a busy loan clerk in a bank. They were in our name, and that made them look all right. No clerk would think of them being the stolen certificates when this man, pretending to be one of our runners, handed them in with one of our own substitution slips, our signature forged to it, and properly made out to get from our loan other stocks that were there among the collateral. He simply put the stolen stocks into our own loans as substitutions and got out others that were perfectly good to sell. The stocks there on the desk are what he took out. He got them from seven different banks yesterday—two hundred shares here and three hundred shares there. We've checked that up this morning. I suppose you were going to pay him for them today."

"Yes," said Speer, glaring at Stowell.

"It was a narrow thing, but thanks to McKenna ——"

"How did you do it, McKenna?" Speer asked. "It was magnificent and I'm proud of you. You'll come in for a big reward, of course. We'll owe you something ourselves. How did you find it out?"

McKenna's eyes circled the group and stopped at the silent man in the corner.

"It wasn't me," he said, sneering at Webb Stowell. "It was me niece."

"Your niece?" Young Anderson showed great surprise. "Who is your niece?"

"You should know her, Mr. Anderson," said McKenna, his eyes still on Stowell. "She's in your office. She's Rosie Callahan."

Webb Stowell leaped from his chair.

"Rose!" he cried.

"Sit down!" commanded Dominick.

"Rosie, of course, you big stiff!" snarled McKenna. "And you thought you were foolin' her, didn't you? You couldn't see that she was playin' you along from the first."

Webb stared, open-mouthed, and McKenna turned to the others.

"It was her gave him the blanks and the loan lists, Mr. Anderson. She suspected all along that he did the robbery, him with his office on the hall and with everything so handy for it. So she strung him along. She cutied him and got him talkin' marriage to her, him thinkin' that would be sure to get him what he wanted from your office. But when she got far into it she got frightened, for she's only a girl, Mr. Anderson. It got too heavy for her, so she came to me, for I was long a detective sergeant, d'ye see? She told me about it and I advised her to let him go on and to give him what he wanted, so he could play the string out and we could get him with the goods." McKenna pointed to the desk. "There's the goods. What more do you want?"

"Great Cæsar!" said young Anderson in awe. "And to think little Miss Callahan did all that!"

"It's a lie!" cried Webb Stowell excitedly. "The man's a liar!"

McKenna turned a baleful eye upon him. "Stowell," he said, "what you think don't mean anything. The trouble with you is that you seem clever in some ways, but ye're like all these fine big supercrooks that the papers talk about. Stowell, you have no brains."

Old Faithful Geyser, Yellowstone National Park

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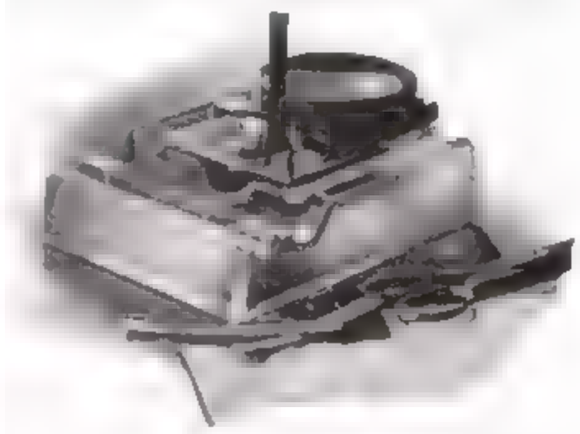
TRADE-MARK



ink-thirsty!

They drink ink just as a lamp wick drinks up oil.

Stick a two-inch strip of Standard Blotting in an ink well . . . in ten minutes the ink has traveled to the top just as oil goes up a lamp wick.

This is a modification of factory tests where the vertical travel—or capillary attraction—is measured on each run of paper and recorded. In other words, every ton of Standard Blottings is "registered."

There are Standard Blottings with special surfaces for halftone printing, offset work, lithography and rotogravure.

They are mill brands—trademarked—advertised—standard in fact, as well as Standard in name.

The most representative wholesale paper houses in America distribute them.

Buyers of printing should write us for the Blotter-Meter which shows the right blotting to use for offset, lithograph or color printing. It tells the proper screen halftones to order for those finishes that are adapted to halftone printing.

Specify ink-thirsty Standard Blotting on your orders for blotter advertising. They give more mental impressions from each printing impression.

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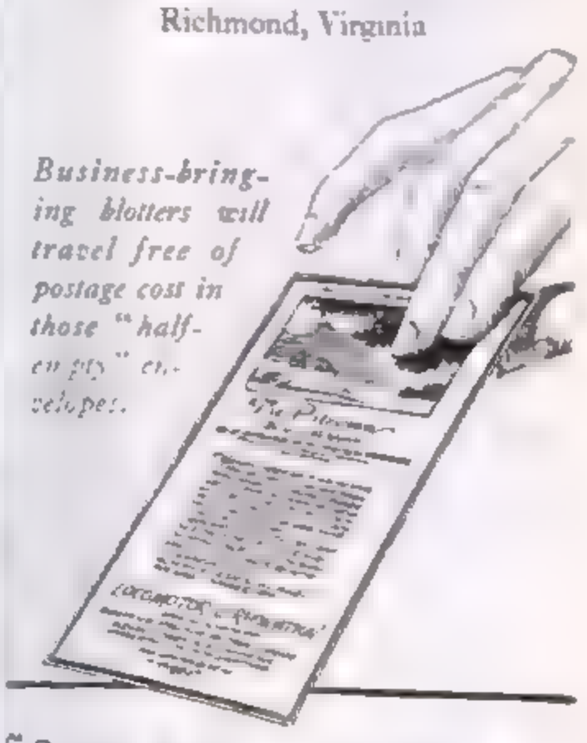
Business-bringing blotters will travel free of postage cost in those "half-empty" envelopes.



"More Mental Impressions from each printing impression"

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF RAILROADS

Continued from Page 7

Supreme Court said states and cities had no right to post the adjacent waters and forbid commercial trespass.

Seeing how deftly the commerce of the whole middle country, in which she had prior rights, might slip south to the Gulf by river instead of coming east to the coast, New York took alarm for her prestige and conceived the stupendous project of "bringing the waters of Lake Erie 300 miles by inclined plane to seaboard"—a ditch; that was to say, a canal. The Erie Canal saved New York at a critical time in her history and was worth many times what it cost; but if she had listened to John Stevens, the American engineer who first perceived the possibilities of a railroad, she might have saved herself and the cost besides. Her destiny lay all the time in railroads, and if she had not been obsessed with the canal idea she might have embraced it sooner.

In 1812 John Stevens made himself a nuisance with his memorials and pamphlets in favor of railroads instead of a canal. His views might have been more respected if he had kept some of them to himself. He said a steam carriage running on rails could go 100 miles an hour. All the difficulties were merely technical.

To his formal and logical argument for railroads Gouverneur Morris, speaking solemnly for the canal commissioners, replied:

"As horses move on the earth when drawing a weight, it is believed that an equal power must, to produce the same effect, have an equal hold on the earth; and it is doubted whether an engine in a wagon can move it forward with as much advantage as horses on a road."

New York's Gold-Lined Ditch

And as for Mr. Stevens' estimate of the cost of a railroad, compared to the cost of making a canal, his figures were wrong. They would have to be doubled—that was to say, he would have to build not one railroad but two, else the carriages could not pass. Nobody had imagined switches, not even the eminent visionary engineer himself.

So a canal it had to be. A canal it was. The waters of Lake Erie were joined to the waters of the sea at New York, and trade was commanded to move east and west as before, for the further aggrandizement of New York. Trade did. The people of New York surveyed the world and thought it finished. No city ever again should dispute their advantage.

The amazing success of the Erie Canal was a terrible blow to Philadelphia. She had no notion of yielding first place to New York. Never had it occurred to her that her destiny was not the greater one. After having passed Boston in 1750, she had been for more than half a century first in population, first in trade, first in wealth, a mighty port, solid, wise, seat of history, closer than New York to coal and iron. So now to see New York gloating at the end of a ditch, running the trade of the West through her fingers and whistling up ships from the sea, was a gouge on the quick.

Philadelphia's dilemma was really desperate. She could not reach the Great Lakes by canal. Besides, that was not her direction. Her natural objective was Pittsburgh, on the Ohio River, which would give her access to the great inland river system. But there was the barrier of the Alleghany Mountains. Necessity inclined her mind to railroads. The city itself built an experimental railroad, without equipment. People were to provide their own power and carriages, paying tolls as on a canal. This was not very successful. Then private enterprise was engaged.

New York, with its gold-lined ditch, watched these experiments amusedly. How was Philadelphia going to cross the mountains? The locomotive now evolving both here and in England might in time become very useful in a flat-footed way, but everybody knew a locomotive could not run uphill. And if you had to stop at the bottom of every hill and get your train wound up by a stationary engine at the top, you would never get anywhere. Yet even this was done. It was thought for a long time to be the only way of making the grade with steam.

Making the Grade With Steam

It was not until 1836, only eighty-nine years ago, that the possibility of running a locomotive uphill was demonstrated. A number of local railroads were already in operation, all on level stretches, or, in case of a hill, the train was hoisted by a stationary engine, drum and cable, working from the top; there was even a Railway Journal, and there had been some historic accidents. A locomotive named The Best Friend, on the South Carolina Railroad, had blown up because the colored fireman disliked the noise of hissing steam and sat on the safety valve to abate it. Thereafter the first car was always piled high with bales of cotton to save the passengers, but as no fireman ever did that again the precaution was unnecessary.

Then one day William Morris, a rival of Baldwin, produced in Philadelphia The Washington, a titanic kettle weighing seven tons on its wheels, with ninety pounds of steam pressure inside; and it would run uphill. Not only that—it would pull a train uphill.

The announcement of this wonder produced a profound sensation. The editor of the Railway Journal came to see for himself. It was true. He wrote the fact together with his sensations, one of which was that of having lived six days in one. The road was the Philadelphia and Columbia. The grade out of Philadelphia was 369 feet to the mile, or about 7 per cent, and The Washington took it derisively. It went on doing it in actual service, daily, and yet there were many who simply would not believe it. A year later the Railway Journal printed a communication protesting against deeds done "in flagrant and open violation of the law of gravitation." The writer proved conclusively by algebra that the editor had been deceived. No such thing had ever happened, nor could it happen in a natural world.

Well, when Philadelphia had at last reached the inland river system at Pittsburgh with an amphibious thing called a portage railroad, partly on wheels, partly afloat and sometimes hoisted, with cars that changed into canal boats and back again en route, it was Baltimore's turn for panic.

There was already the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, a local utility; but unless it were pushed across the Alleghany Mountains to Pittsburgh, it was clear that New York and Philadelphia would divide the trade of the middle country, and the owl and bittern of familiar allusion would sit on the ruins of Baltimore. So the Baltimore and Ohio was carried to Pittsburgh.

When it got there, the Pennsylvania Railroad from Philadelphia was already on its way to Chicago, because New York, instead of sitting contentedly by her ditch while locomotives were running uphill, seized the railroad idea in a headlong manner, all the more by reason of seizing it a little late, and had now an all-rail route to Chicago in addition to the all-water route. Not again to be caught napping in the high grass, the Baltimore and Ohio pursued the Pennsylvania to Chicago. One arrived there in 1870, the other in 1874.

The Original Rate War

Immediately there was a great war of rates. Ostensibly this was a war among three competing railroads for export traffic from the West to the Atlantic seaboard—for the grain and flour and meat that went to Europe in ships. Back of that struggle—animating it in fact—was the strife of three cities: New York, defending the lion's share of the export trade; Philadelphia and Baltimore fighting for participation. The Vanderbilt lines were pulling it to New York, the Pennsylvania Railroad to Philadelphia, and the Baltimore and Ohio to Baltimore; and all three of them had first to meet the competition of the cheap water route from Chicago to New York via the Great Lakes and the Erie Canal. In a short time the rail rate was lower than the water rate; and that had been utterly ruinous for the railroads but for the fact that a profitable intermediate, or domestic, traffic, as distinct from export traffic, was increasing very fast. It bore higher rates. This was the genesis of the low through rate, which may be called a caravan rate, as distinct from the higher local rate for shorter distances between noncompetitive points.

A Three-Cornered Fight

The sequel was very curious. The rate war went on until the Baltimore and Ohio, as the last comer and principal aggressor, obtained from the Vanderbilt lines an agreement to maintain rates from Chicago to New York not lower than the rates from Chicago to Baltimore. The Pennsylvania Railroad, of course, participated in the arrangement. Irrespective of distance or any other factor, freight rates were to be the same from Chicago to New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore. This was to put Philadelphia and Baltimore on a plane of equality with New York. But it did not have that effect. The reason it failed to have that effect was that the ocean rate from New York to Europe was lower than the ocean rate to Europe from either Philadelphia or Baltimore. New York still had the advantage.

Nobody could control the ocean rate. So what did Philadelphia and Baltimore do? They demanded a differential. That is, they demanded from Vanderbilt, who controlled the all-rail route from Chicago to New York, an undertaking to penalize New York to the exact extent of its advantage, thereby to cancel it. For hauling, let us say, grain from Chicago to New York, he was to charge two cents more than the Pennsylvania Railroad charged for hauling it to Philadelphia and three cents more than the Baltimore and Ohio charged for hauling it to Baltimore, because the ocean rate from New York to Liverpool was two cents lower than the rate from Philadelphia to Liverpool and three cents lower than the rate from Baltimore to Liverpool. They demanded this under threat of renewing the rate war, and Vanderbilt agreed.

At this amicable result New York howled with indignation. For see what it meant.

Since the railroads were now beating the all-water route from the West to seaboard, the Erie Canal no longer gave New York the advantage, and since by this system of differentials she was penalized to the extent of her advantage in having the lowest ocean rate to Europe, it followed that she had no advantage whatever.

Vanderbilt was most bitterly denounced. The city demanded from him a freight rate that would restore her advantage. In a letter to the Chamber of Commerce of New York City he replied that to do so would destroy the commerce of Philadelphia and Baltimore; moreover, if it were attempted, those cities would not submit until their resources were utterly exhausted.

(Continued on Page 118

PHOTO, BY COURTESY OF THE BALTIMORE & OHIO R. R.

The Road, an American Locomotive of 1790

For the Millions Who Have Never Had Circulating Heat In Their Homes

You, who read this, if you have a home, with no room for a furnace—this *new* Garland Warm Air Circulator is for you.

Many a cold winter night, as you've huddled around the stove, you've wished for the comfort of a heating plant.

This *new* Garland Warm Air Circulator gives you just those comforts and conveniences.

It stands in your living room, just like a stove—but it works like a warm air furnace. It gathers the cold air from the floor, heats it and circulates it throughout the whole house. It gives you a warm, comfortable home, instead of just a warm room.

The Garland Circulator is also ideal for stores, schools, churches and lodge rooms.

Though it gives you everything that a warm air furnace can give, it costs very much less to buy, and there are no installation charges at all, for you simply set it up like a stove.

It is not only economical to buy, but it is economical to use. It burns hard or soft coal, lignite, coke or wood. It does not smoke—see the picture and description of the famous Garland smoke ring. It is clean and sootless. You can fill it without smoking up the house, and you can shake the fire without spreading ashes over furniture and rugs.

It is made in two finishes—one in handsome, durable mahogany finish, as pictured above, or you can get it in plain black finish with nickel trim.

Sold by the Better Dealers

See this new Garland Warm Air Circulator at the better furniture and hardware dealers. Buy it with absolute confidence, because of the dealer and because it is made and guaranteed by a company with 50 years' experience, and because Garland products are used in more than 4,000,000 American homes.

To get the utmost in efficiency and economy from this type of heater you need these special Garland features:

New Humidifier, placed at the top. Keeps air moist and healthful. Easy to fill.

Special Garland designed Double Apron—operated by the fuel door. Lower half serves as a fuel chute. Upper half stops gas from entering room.

New check draft provides easy regulation of fire.

New design of Draw Center Grate permits shaking fire without scattering ashes.

New and improved fire pot design gives better combustion—saves fuel.

New and improved air channels—give better circulation and appearance.

New, special Garland Smoke Ring regulates fire, increases heat by burning up all gas, which otherwise goes up the chimney, and eliminates smoke.

Booklet Free

Write now for booklet, which tells the complete story of this wonderful new home heating equipment.

Garland also manufactures the largest variety of cooking and heating stoves for gas, coal and wood and a complete line of the finest warm air furnaces. Write for the name of your nearest dealer.

The Michigan Stove Company, Detroit, Michigan

GARLAND

COOKING AND HEATING

GAS - COAL - ELECTRICITY

GOODYEAR

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The Great Success of Highway Transportation

WHAT the railroads did to make this land a nation, the motorbus is doing now to make it one great neighborhood.

Upon the highway network of the country, it draws the cities, towns and farms together, like beads upon a string, keeping them in daily, hourly communication with each other. It picks the farmer up at his gate and sets him down at the marketplace. It speeds the salesman, doctor, minister, on their calls. It abolishes space and seasons.

This service today is organized in responsible hands. It is dependable, swift, economical, safe. Above all it is convenient, going *where* you want to go, *when* you want to go, with an almost personal thought for your travel needs.

No wonder it is a great success!

* *

AVERY easy service to command, nevertheless this transportation that carries between two and three billion passengers yearly, provides elaborate facilities en route and at its terminals, and numbers its vehicles in the tens of thousands, is a special science in its operation. The open road, close schedules, all weather conditions, these require the best in management and materials.

Tires are an all-important part of bus equipment. On the fidelity of the tires depend the safety of the passengers and the character of the service. On the economy of the tire performance depends the prosperity of the line.

Because so much is required of the tires in this exacting duty, the preferred equipment of motorized highway passenger service today is Goodyear Pneumatic Bus Tires.

* *

THE surpassing value of Goodyear Tires to this new transportation is evident in the records of the operators who have made Minnesota one of the two leaders in every respect of motorbus service.

Minnesota has city boulevards and lone upcountry highways; good gravel roads and downright hard going; weather that includes Northwest winter months, when the buses keep the highroads open for the benefit of all.

This is the scene of the statewide and interstate service provided by the Jefferson Highway Transportation Company, the Twin City Motorbus Company, the Mohawk Stage Line, the Boulevard Transportation Company, the Interstate Transportation Company, the Red Bus Line, the Terminal Motor Coach Line, and the Northland Transportation Company. Their more than 250 modern buses carry millions of passengers and cover more than two billion miles a year.

They operate exclusively on Goodyear Cord Bus Tires!

* *

GOODYEAR Pneumatic Bus Tires have much more than a *reputation* for lasting ruggedness, dependable freedom from trouble, pneumatic ease and activity, safe All-Weather Tread traction on any kind of road. They have a *record* for these qualities.

They embody the Goodyear values demonstrated years ago on the transcontinental runs, on the Akron-to-Boston expresses, and in every form of motorized highway transport.

They represent the full advance that this new transportation has made from those pioneer days down to this present perfection.

Goodyear Bus Tires translate into long, economical, trouble-free mileage the full values of developed design, accurate workmanship, and such superlative materials as Goodyear SUPERTWIST, that extra-elastic, extra-durable cord fabric used in Goodyear Tires alone.

For every Goodyear Cord Bus Tire there is an equally fine Goodyear Tube, built especially to the needs of bus service

BUS TIRES

Made with SUPERTWIST

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PREEMINENT

Because

—neutrodyne, the highest development of radio engineering, is brought to its utmost efficiency in the King-Hinners Neutrodyne Receiver.

—it is the finest receiver that money can buy, every part made in the King factories, and designed by radio experts to produce excellence of performance.

—three tuning controls allow the greatest accuracy in tuning.

—a separate control gives variation of volume with purity of tone.

—an antenna coil tap adjusts the set to aerials of varying lengths.

—no single desirable detail has been neglected.

Ask your dealer for a demonstration. Three models, table or console type. Exquisite cabinets of walnut or two-tone mahogany

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"THE RADIO QUEST"

King Quality Products, Inc.
BUFFALO, N. Y.

King-Hinners Neutrodyne Receiver Console Type, Model 25C

KING NEUTRODYNE HINNERS

KING QUALITY BUFFALO

(Continued from Page 114)

Simon Sterne, publicist and city patriot, expressed the mind of New York, saying:

"The contention that an arrangement which places New York on an equality with other cities is not a discrimination against New York, because New York, as Mr. Vanderbilt thinks, has no right to superiority, must be conceded to be pure and simple nonsense. To level by artificial regulations a corporation, person or city, having certain natural or acquired advantages, down to the place of its rivals is to discriminate most injuriously against the one having the advantage."

New York at this time thought thoughts that turned her pale. The conservative old Wall Street organ, the Financial Chronicle, wrote:

"The differential must go. If needs be, a power higher than the roads will force them out. Our business men are not tainted with communistic ideas, but they have of late years been lending their aid to schemes and measures that savour strongly of communism, being thrown into that attitude through the disregard of their rights and interests by corporations."

The Struggle for Traffic

But the differentials did not go. Ultimately a power higher than the roads was invoked; fixing rates became a function of the Interstate Commerce Commission. And still the differentials did not go. Nobody could think of a better compromise. The cities at last accepted it as a thing neither right nor wrong, like the weather. They were later to become reconciled in the face of a common peril.

A terrific impulse of railroad building opened new pathways of commerce to the South. As they had beaten the lake-and-canal water route from the West to the Atlantic seaboard, so now the railroads were beating the rivers. Abraham Murdock, president of the Mobile and Ohio, said.

"The Mississippi is the hardest thing to fight that was ever struck. But when we catch them with low water or an ice gorge we turn the tables on them."

The Gulf had become a new railroad objective; and again, as before railroads and before the Erie Canal, there was danger that the great east-and-west trade stream would break to the south. That would mean a tremendous loss not only to New York but to Philadelphia and Baltimore also. They combined therefore to defend the position of North Atlantic ports against the competition of the Gulf for export and import trade.

Export and import trade is all of one piece, for where a ship comes to take cargo she will prefer also to bring cargo.

Here you see the jealous idea in its largest aspect. The struggle is between two sections of the country—North Atlantic ports against Gulf ports; New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore against New Orleans and Galveston. The railroads wanted traffic. The cities wanted trade. These appetites run together and are insatiable.

Traffic, freight—some substance of dead weight with which to fill his cars, is the railroad man's delirium.

This rate war between the railroads serving the Gulf ports and the trunk lines serving the North Atlantic seaboard was grand and disastrous. The Gulf roads were new, cheaply made, reckless, with a suicidal mania. The trunk lines were resourceful. Between trainloads, they made themselves over with heavier rails, stronger bridges, larger equipment and mogul engines; and named rates such as were necessary to keep meat and flour and grain moving east to the North Atlantic instead of south to the yawning Gulf.

The North Atlantic cities cheered the performance and loved their railroads until certain weird results began to show. For example, the charge for hauling a barrel of flour from Minneapolis to New York was 14½ cents if it was for export and 27½ cents if it was to be eaten in New York. The rate on bacon from Chicago to New York was 17½ cents if it went into a ship's hold and 33 cents if it went into a New York butcher shop. It would have been cheaper for New York to get its food from Chicago via Liverpool than to receive it direct. This did not mean that the domestic rates from Chicago to New York were too high; the export rates were too low—so much too low that at length the academic question arose as to whether the low cost of transporting American food to Europe was not in effect a subsidy to European manufacturers, who, because of the cheapness of food, were able to hire labor at low wages and thus compete unfairly with American industry.

There were other unexpected consequences. The export traffic being bulky and all one way, there was a great back haul of empty cars. To get freight into these cars the railroads made very low car-lot rates westbound. These rates enabled Chicago merchants to import goods direct from Europe in carload quantities, which they began to do instead of buying, as they always had done, from the import jobbers of New York. Suddenly these New York import jobbers were amazed to find Chicago merchants offering imported goods in New York—goods they had brought direct from Europe to Chicago and had then shipped back to New York. Then the New York jobbers understood what had been happening to their trade in the West. Chicago was distributing imported merchandise all over the land. Nothing could have been less to the fancy of New York. Her chamber of commerce addressed a memorial to the state legislature, saying, "The railroads have no right to break up this jobbing trade and transfer it to the interior. New York has prior claims to this trade, as it first settled and naturally belongs here."

An Artificial Trade Current

Who could have imagined that a struggle to hold the export trade in meat, flour and grain on the North Atlantic seaboard would cause the rich jobbing trade of New York to go 1000 miles west? An empty car westbound, a nominal rate to anyone who can fill it because anything it earns is so much better than nothing—and there you have the simple artificial elements that create a new current of trade, and create it as certainly as if, in the time before railroads, from a convulsion of Nature, a new river had been laid down.

And what was the outcome of this war? First, bankruptcy for all but the very strong roads and for even one of these; second, such a division of export traffic between the Gulf and the North Atlantic ports as might have been thought of in the first place; and third, a further and permanent derangement of the rate structure.

Continued on Page 121

The Baltimore & Ohio 600, 1876

It's the RIB that does it-
This solid leather rib, part of the welt itself, holds your shoes in shape and shuts out dampness.
Ordinary welting gives no protection against "treading over," and lets in dampness along the inseam.
BARBOURWELT
ORDINARY WELT

This rib of reinforcement keeps new shoes *new*

IT is the natural tendency of the human foot to "run over" on one side or the other and tread shoes out of shape. Once this has happened the good looks and style of new shoes are gone and, like automobile tires that are out of alignment, they wear out just so much faster.

Barbourwelt prevents this with a solid upstanding rib of leather which is banked up and clinched against the upper along the line of the inseam where your foot tends to wear the shoe out of shape. This rib of the *Barbourwelt* makes a sturdy retaining wall from toe to heel, preserving the trim lines of style and good designing that you liked when you bought the shoe.

There is only one genuine *Barbourwelt*. Other kinds of welting which casually resemble its ribbed construction are made in two pieces and cannot insure the shape of your shoes or keep out moisture. If you can find an opening between the rib and base of any welting it is *not* genuine *Barbourwelt* but something made to look like it.

260 manufacturers of America's finest footwear are now making genuine *Barbourwelted* shoes in many different styles, lasts and leathers.

Get your shoe man to show you one of the new *Barbourwelt* models in whatever make and style you prefer.

BARBOURWELT

"STORMWELT" *for winter* ◆ "DRESSWELT" *for summer*

BARBOUR WELTING COMPANY, Brockton, Mass. MANUFACTURERS OF HIGH GRADE GOODYEAR WELTING FOR OVER 30 YEARS

Try this test—

In genuine *Barbourwelt* there is no opening or seam below this rib. You can't pry under it.

Write us for a copy of the new booklet "What *Barbourwelt* Does For Your Shoes."

A Scientific Achievement

—*The Choice of Leading Automotive Engineers*

WITH the recent introduction of high-speed motors and high-pressure lubricating systems, excessive oil consumption became a big problem to automotive engineers. Oil-pumping was general and there seemed to be no way to stop it without robbing the cylinders of necessary lubrication.

Then came the PERFECT CIRCLE *Oil-Regulating* piston ring, developed by America's oldest piston ring manufacturer. Here was the scientific way to regulate cylinder lubrication—a ring that measured just the right amount of oil to the cylinder walls for perfect lubrication, and returned the *surplus* oil to the crank case.

Automotive engineers subjected this ring to every known test and found that it completely solved the problem. Today it is factory equipment in 140 leading cars and trucks, as well as both Duesenberg and Miller racing cars. This almost universal endorsement speaks for the unusual quality and performance of PERFECT CIRCLES.

When buying a new car it will pay you to favor one with PERFECT CIRCLE ring equipment. Or these better rings can be installed in your present car by any car dealer or competent repairman. Mail coupon in margin below for valuable facts about piston rings and complete explanation of the PERFECT CIRCLE *Oil-Regulating* principle.

INDIANA PISTON RING COMPANY · HAGERSTOWN, INDIANA
J. H. TEETOR, President; C. N. TEETOR, Vice-President and General Manager
Export Sales Department, 549 West Washington St., Chicago, Ill.

TEETOR
Perfect Circle
PISTON RINGS
Patented March 30, 1910—May 2, 1922

OIL-REGULATING TYPE, 60c and up

COMPRESSION TYPE*, 30c and up

*For best results, always use PERFECT CIRCLE Compression rings in combination with the PERFECT CIRCLE *Oil-Regulating* ring.

The Circle of "Perfect Circle" Users

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* Ajax	* Duesenberg	* McFarlan
* Apperson	* Elcar	* Miller Race Cars
* Auburn	* Franklin	* Oldsmobile
* Barley	* Gardner	* Paige
* Cadillac	* Hertz	* Peerless
* Chandler	* Hupmobile	* Pierce-Arrow
* Chrysler	* Junior Eight	* Rollin
* Cunningham	* Kissel	* Stutz
* Diana	* Locomobile	* Velie
* Dorris	* Marmon	* Willys-Knight

IN MODELS INDICATED

Anderson 41	Jordan 8
Davis Series 90	Nash 131
Flint 6-40	Reo 6
Moon Series A and Newport	

PERFECT CIRCLE
Oil-Regulating Piston Rings

Write name and address in margin and mail for valuable piston ring data. Indicate whether Repairman ☐ Car Dealer ☐ or Car Owner ☐

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Many singular manifestations of the jealous idea have been neglected in the effort to trace its large outline.

What of New Orleans? In 1877 she is heard to be saying:

"The Missouri, Kansas and Texas and the Iron Mountain railroads have given St. Louis an opportunity of forcing her trade upon Texas, though she is much further off than New Orleans. She is not only putting general dry goods, drugs, shoes, hats and millinery goods, all brought from the East by rail, into Texas but she is draining away the grain and cotton."

You may be sure this could not have happened if the railroads had not happened and if New Orleans had been able to hold the mouth of the Mississippi against any boat operated by fire or steam not under her power of license.

State jealousies were notorious. The Iowa railroad commissioners obliged the railroads to charge rates that made it difficult for Illinois to sell hay and grain in Iowa's southern dairy counties in competition with good Iowa hay and grain. The Illinois railroad commissioners retaliated by obliging the railroads to charge rates that would make groceries dear in Iowa. Texas, thinking to protect her infant industries, warned the railroads that if they made freight rates too low on goods from without such as Texas wished to manufacture for herself, the railroad commissioners would exercise their power to chastise the railroad by reducing all rates within Texas; illustrating how the power to make rates may be, or might have been, used for the protection of state industries notwithstanding the fact that tariff barriers between states are illegal.

Bagdads, Tyres and Sidons

All the early railroads were local, conceived and built in the exclusive interest of certain cities and localities. It was by no means always accidental or from thoughtlessness that they were made in different widths so that the equipment of one could not run on the tracks of another. That was often by design, expressly to avoid interchange of service and facilities. For railroads to join their tracks together and move one another's freight and passengers in a continuous manner would have seemed as absurd to the early proprietors as for rival merchants to match and swap goods. Besides, if service were continuous from one railroad to another, how could you be sure trade would stop to transact itself in your town? It might go straight through to another town.

The thought of national transportation had to evolve. Unlike the jealous idea, that was in every case keen and definite, the Bagdad idea was always somewhat nebulous and difficult to disentangle. And yet it has been perhaps the more powerful of the two. This could be explained. Jealousies of place and first right tend to set one another off in a state of tension, whereas the thought of national transportation works steadily in one direction. It worked very slowly at first.

On the question of admitting Texas to the Union, Daniel Webster argued no. If the undertakings of the country became too diffuse, it would fall apart, he said. The danger was that the local interests of extreme sections would outweigh the interests of the nation as a whole.

This was not the thought of an old man out of vision. The year was 1845. Railroads were still local. There was no railroad system. Even down to the Civil War there was only one company that owned and operated more than 200 miles of continuous railway. People were not yet continental-minded.

What Webster dreaded was quite possible. He was from New England. What had New England in common with Texas? Regard New England now. It is an intensely industrialized country off by itself, fabricating cloth and things of metal, with neither fuel nor raw material of its own. Its industries could not live, its population could not exist, without very low arbitrarily low—freight rates on cotton from the South, wool from the West, coal and iron from Pennsylvania. These rates are so low that the railroad system of New England could not live by a simple division of earnings on a mileage basis with the connecting roads outside. Therefore it is necessary for the New England roads to have a special portion of the total through freight rate from the far-away cotton fields, coal mines and blast furnaces. The Interstate Commerce Commission, now having power to say how the earnings from a joint through rate shall be divided among the roads that perform the service, has only recently ordered that the share of the New England roads shall be increased 15 per cent.

Lines bringing freight long distances to the point at which the New England roads receive it shall take less for their work in order that the New England roads may have more for theirs. The justification is that this arrangement is necessary to save the New England roads, to save New England.

Thinking of what might have been, one will realize that there was no logical necessity, economic or political, for this country to be one and whole as it is. Its extreme parts, with their naturally diverse interests, might never have coalesced in the first place; and they did, as a matter of historic fact, coalesce with great difficulty. Having done so, the whole might easily have fallen apart again. What held it together was not sentiment alone, as we like to suppose; perhaps not sentiment primarily. There was tremendous binding power in a network of low through freight rates, which we have named caravan rates, running from every point to everywhere like Lilliputian cords so that trade might flow in all directions with perfect ease, the streams of it crossing and recrossing, irrespective of distance or natural barriers. Empire transportation. The Bagdad idea.

Wherever you want it, you may make your house of pine from the South, fir from Oregon or cement from Pennsylvania. You may buy St. Louis shoes in Boston or New England shoes in St. Louis. A head of lettuce may come from Jersey, Georgia or Idaho. The South that produces the raw cotton has set up cotton mills of her own; so now it is that New England cloth is sold in New Orleans and North Carolina cloth in New York and Chicago.

As it came forth that night of the banquet at the end of the Union Pacific rails 280 miles west of Omaha, the idea was a little mixed. The trade of Asia with Europe never did turn itself across the North American continent, in at the Golden Gate of California and out the rocky door of New England. But it wasn't needed. We were ourselves four or five empires in one, needing swift caravan routes and low caravan costs, such as would enable you to choose for your morning vitamins an orange from either California or Florida. All otherwise it was a sound idea. Bagdads, Tyres and Sidons did appear "all along this track" and others. If you doubt it, ask for light in Billings, Great Falls, Portland, Spokane, Tacoma or Seattle.

The political importance of cheap, horizontal, universal transportation, now so apparent, was for a long time obscured by violent onsets of the jealous idea of place advantage. People at either end of a long caravan route enjoyed very low freight rates; people at intermediate points paid higher rates. Hence the famous long-and-short-haul controversy. Those who paid more for a short haul than others paid for a long haul of the same commodity in the same direction on the same road simply could not be reasoned with. How could you say it was worth more to haul a ton of freight from New York to Denver than to haul it—the same kind of freight—from New York to San Francisco? Or how could you say it was reasonable that the inland people of Spokane should be charged the rate from Chicago to the seaport of Seattle plus the local rate back from Seattle to Spokane, as if their freight actually went through Spokane to the coast and back again on the same rails, which, of course, it did not? The disparity between the low long-haul rates and the higher intermediate or local rates was very hard to explain. Almost never in the specific instance could it be justified rationally. Two principles were in conflict—one local, one national, both valid.

There was no point at all in a transcontinental railroad as such unless it were to tie San Francisco to New York by inland caravan route that could beat the water route. The water route was first around the Horn and then by way of the Panama Canal. To beat it in point of time only was not enough. The railroads had at least to match it in cost. That meant very low rates for freight moved in trainloads across the continent. But then, of course, it seemed unreasonable, and technically it was, that one in the middle of the continent should have to pay a higher rate either to San Francisco or New York than the whole rate was from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Long and Short Haul Rates

Generally the question was argued on this ground: That the railroads could not afford to haul all freight for the rates obtained on the long caravan routes; it required the sum of these low rates and the higher local rates together to make a profit. But that was quite incidental. The point was, and is, that if freight rates were made according to distance, the industries of the East would be ruined because they could not reach the West with their goods. The cost of transporting them would be prohibitive. This would affect the West disastrously at the same time, for the West is agricultural, and sends its surplus east, just as the East is industrial and sends its surplus west. If you made distance freight rates, industry would have to go west and agriculture would have to be revived in the East, and we should presently be a very different kind of country, tending to fall into a number of separate self-contained economic areas.

When the Federal Government began to regulate freight rates, almost the first thing written into the law was the long-and-short-haul clause, forbidding a railroad to charge more for a long haul than for a shorter one of the same nature in the same direction. Wisely, however, someone thought to write into the law the provision that the Interstate Commerce Commission might make exceptions. And it has been making exceptions ever since.

The low caravan rates were necessary, even vital, according to the principle on which the economic life of the country as a whole had been freely founded. It was the principle that ruled the minds of the railroad managers before regulation. Roughly, it was to keep everybody in business everywhere, which meant to make such rates, reasonable or unreasonable, as would tend to abolish distance and level the planes of trade.

If the railroad rate structure had been scientific from the beginning, every charge determined by cost on a mileage basis—distance tariffs, in other words—the development of the country certainly would have been very different, and probably the foreboding of Daniel Webster would now appear to have been prophetic.

Was it foresight on the part of the railroad managers—a kind of high economic statesmanship? They make no claim to this merit. They never thought of it. Their one sublime passion was to move freight. All the rest was circumstance. If you like to believe there is destiny in

(Continued on Page 125)

O R T H O

Sound waves travel like the "waves" on a field of grain.

This general property of sound has been understood, but the technique of designing a high quality sound transmission which would not interfere with the evenness of the flow, and which would obviate deflection, has not been understood.

In cooperation with the world's greatest authorities on sound and acoustic principles, we have discovered how to design and to manufacture apparatus, which, through matched impedance, provides efficient transmission for sound throughout the usual range of audible tones, and so—for the first time in history made practical application of this scientific truth to the reproduction of musical sounds.

The result is a musical instrument which in performance and in construction is unlike, and vastly superior to, anything the world has ever known.

PHONIC!

Imagine a musical instrument that will bring into your home, not the miniature reproductions you are accustomed to, but a breadth, volume and sonority of tone which avoids all the objectionable characteristics of reproduced music.

Imagine what this will mean—mighty choruses and great orchestras, the great musical talent of the world, at your beck and call, and dance music you can dance to which is not drowned out by laughter, conversation and the shuffling of feet in any sized room.

The finished product *exclusively Victor* will be available to you about November 1.

There is but one Victrola and that is made by the Victor Company
Look for these Victor trade marks

TRADE MARK
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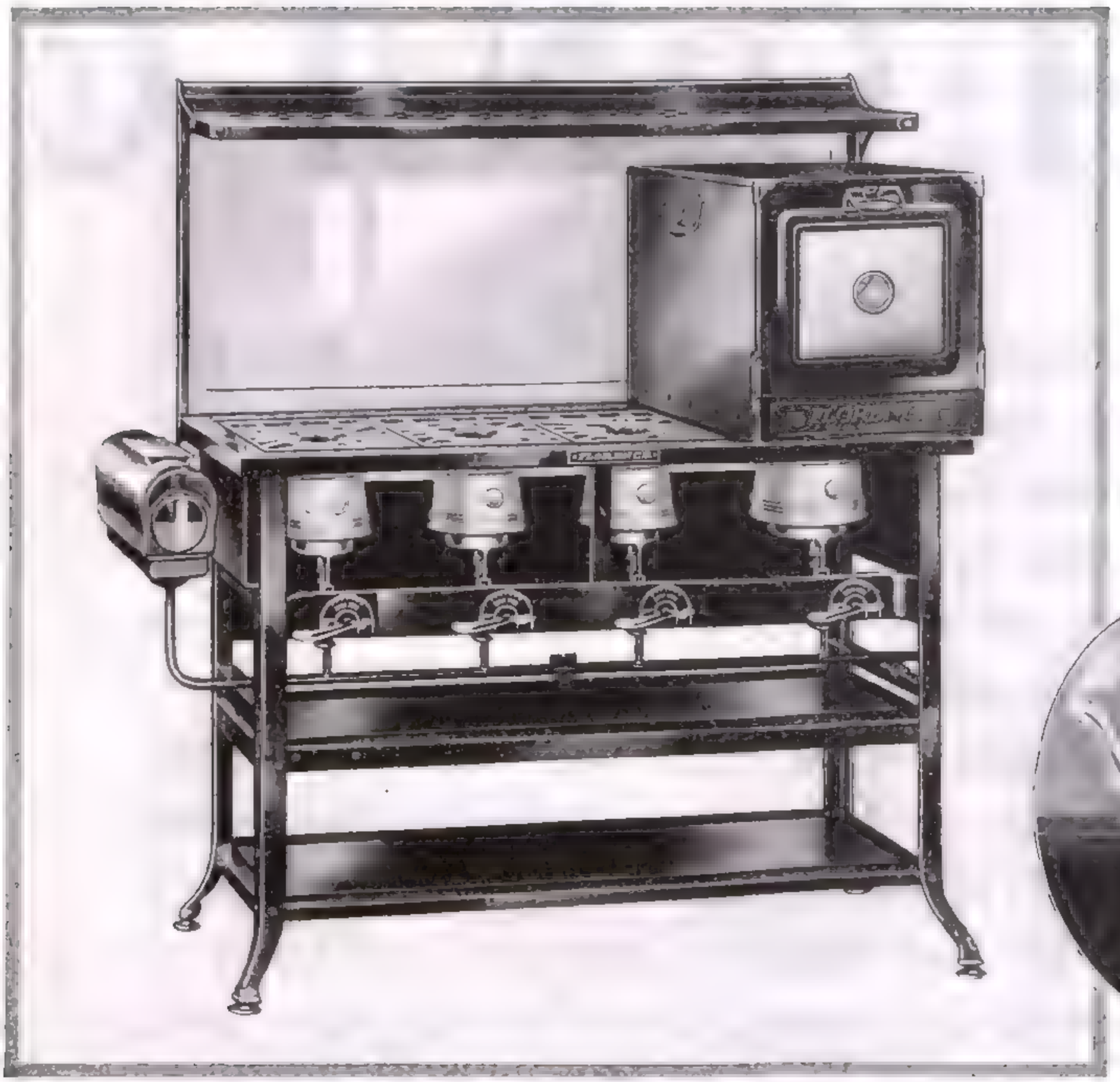
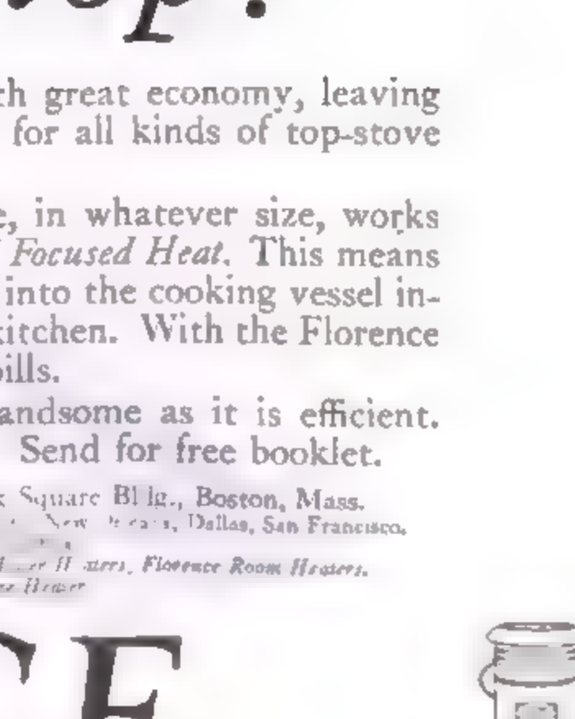
Victor Talking Machine Company, Camden, N.J.
Victor Talking Machine Co. of Canada, Ltd., Montreal
Canadian price-list on request



FLORENCE Burner with outer jacket cut away to show how flame is *focused* on the cooking vessel. There is no wick, for the Florence operates on the most advanced principle of combustion engineering, mixing the vapor from kerosene with *heated* air. This assures complete combustion and intense heat.



Have you seen this Florence Stove with the *new grid-top?*

NOTICE the roomy cooking surface of this Grid-Top Florence Oil Range, now on sale in addition to the regular Florence.

You can use every inch of the space—for quick cooking directly over the burners, for simmering over the cast-iron lids, and for keeping food warm near the back of the stove. You can move cooking vessels around on the even surface with no danger of spilling their contents.

Another real convenience is the top warming-shelf above the stove. The extra shelf under the stove is not only a convenience, but it makes this range unusually strong and rigid.

The single Giant burner under the oven does all types of baking efficiently and with great economy, leaving the three other burners free for all kinds of top-stove cookery.

Every Florence Oil Range, in whatever size, works on the scientific principles of *Focused Heat*. This means that the heat is sent directly into the cooking vessel instead of being wasted in the kitchen. With the Florence you save time and cut fuel bills.

And the Florence is as handsome as it is efficient. See for yourself in the store. Send for free booklet.

Florence Stove Company, Park Square Bldg., Boston, Mass.
Dealers Everywhere — New York, Chicago, New Orleans, Dallas, San Francisco.
Also Makers of Florence Oil Heaters, Florence Room Heaters, Florence Gas Range Heaters

Florence Water Heater
For plenty of hot water. *Send for free booklet.*

FLORENCE Oil Range

The stove with *Focused Heat*

Florence Oil Room Heater
To prevent chilly rooms. *Send for free booklet.*

(Continued from Page 121)

circumstance, this also may be proved. But not here.

The challenge of the West was the great circumstance. Until about 1850, the East could not think west of the Mississippi Valley. California was not west. It was around Cape Horn. San Francisco that way was farther from New York than it was from Yokohama. Then the first railroad crossed the Mississippi to see if there wasn't some freight on the other side, and the shape of all American activities changed. Asa Whitney's phantasy of a transcontinental railroad became all at once comprehensible.

Grazing at first was the basic industry beyond the Mississippi, ideal in two respects. The natural buffalo ranges nurtured cattle and sheep at no cost whatever save for the herding, and this was freight that walked on its own legs to meet the railroads. Then after the Civil War a mighty migration began. Thought of free land was a spell more powerful than the lure of gold. Also the railroads, from their public-land grants, had much of their own enormous tracts to sell and colonize. They organized immigration from Europe on a large scale.

Grain farming followed grazing. Tame seed cast upon that virgin soil for the first time multiplied itself prodigiously. Suddenly a dramatic and impossible situation appeared. Two parallel manias had produced it—one for free land and one for speculative railroad building.

Charles Francis Adams, Jr., was not the only eminent railroad authority who said farming had gone too far west. The case was that the West could not consume its own produce. The East did not require the surplus. The cost of transporting it to seaboard for sale to Europe, supposing Europe wanted it, was prohibitive. Either the East would have to move west with its cities and industries bodily to save the West or the West would have to come back east to save itself. Either solution was logical; unfortunately, neither one was feasible. Therefore the situation was both mad and hopeless.

Rationally, yes. But the fate of the West was not in the hands of eminent railroad authorities who thought rationally. It had got itself into the hands of men who knew only one way with trouble. They were not economic statesmen. They had no theory among them. They saw the West burning corn for fuel, mountains of wheat rotting on the ground, and said, "This is freight. There is somebody to buy it if we can move it. Let's move it."

Making Transportation Cheap

There was the slight difficulty that the cost of moving it halfway across the continent to tidewater was more than it was worth. They solved that by saying, "Then we've got to make a kind of railroad with which we can move it at less cost": meaning bigger cars, more powerful engines, steel bridges and heavier rails for the big equipment to run on—all in order to increase the trainload. Here was the principle of mass production applied to transportation. They did it. And that is why an American railroad train is to a European railroad train as an elephant is to a donkey.

Not only had the Western roads to rebuild themselves by that idea; the Eastern railroads had to do the same thing, for they took the Eastern end of the haul. Here and there one gets a profile glimpse. The Baltimore and Ohio had to rebuild its bridge over the Susquehanna at Havre de Grace. It announced that it meant to make a permanent bridge—one that should last for a hundred years, and it wrote to all the locomotive builders for an opinion as to what the greatest weight of a locomotive would be for a century to come. The locomotive builders conferred and agreed.

"Eighty tons," they said.

They could not imagine a heavier locomotive. The Baltimore and Ohio built the bridge accordingly. In a little while the middle of it was sagging under locomotives that weighed 200 tons; and it was thrown away and replaced by a stronger structure.

In a decade the cost of hauling the ruinous produce of the West to seaboard was at least halved. But the charge for hauling it fell even faster owing to strife among the railroads.

Standard-Gauge Roads

One of the radical consequences of moving the surplus food produce out of the West at any cost was to recast the whole system of American agriculture. Eastern farmers were hit very hard. Their natural geographic advantage in relation to seaports and the centers of domestic demand was canceled by the low freight rates on Western foodstuffs, especially meat and grain. And those rates, by increasing suddenly the availability of food, caused prices to fall headlong. The value of Eastern farm lands declined. New Jersey land that was worth $100 an acre under wheat when the harvest was taken by hand has never been worth so much since.

Naturally the Eastern farmers were vocal in misfortune. They wanted freight rates to be reasonable and scientific, according to distance. Specifically, Ohio farmers demanded that since Kansas was three times as far from New York as Ohio, the rate on grain from Kansas to New York should be three times the rate from Ohio. But once the railroads had so bedeviled economic geography that Kansas and Ohio were equidistant from New York, it could never be changed back.

So Eastern farmers turned to truck and dairy farming, thinking that was safe enough from such mishaps. They were wrong.

It is the business of railroads to serve their own. The roads of the West were for the West. There had to be truck and dairy farming in the West also to round out its agricultural pattern, and of this kind of perishable produce, as of grain, there appeared presently a great surplus wanting a market in the East. To meet this necessity the railroads evolved refrigerator cars, and now they bring melons and green vegetables across the continent to compete every morning with local, indigenous truck gardens in the markets of Chicago, St. Louis, Pittsburgh, New York and Philadelphia.

So the American railway system grew. That is to speak of it as a whole. And it has that aspect, for suddenly one day, literally between two days, from an impulse of the Bagdad idea, tracks from one end of the country to the other were torn up and changed to a standard measure, and ever since then service has been continuous from one railroad to another. You pay one fare or one freight rate from point of departure to destination and the railroads afterward divide the money in proportion to the amount of service each has performed. There is one curious exception. Everything breaks at the Mississippi. There you change cars; there the freight streams east and west run into great sorting pools and are reshaped. It is not exactly the river line, but a north-and-south line roughly to correspond. St. Louis is a breaking point; it is on the river. Chicago is the other great breaking point. There is no real necessity for this interruption. Partly it represents a survival of the old notion of taking toll of trade as it passes. Yet it is true historically, geographically and in the existing structure of freight rates that the country lies in two pages, right and left. All east of the Mississippi and Missouri rivers is one page; all west of that is the other.

Nevertheless it is possible, even necessary for certain purposes, to regard all the railroads together as one machine, engaged day and night ceaselessly in producing a commodity called transportation. The American public consumes an enormous quantity of this commodity, far more of it in total and per capita than any other people in the world.

Annually the railroads haul a ton of freight 3500 miles for each man, woman and child in the country. This is almost impossible to imagine. No individual person will be able to account for his share—a ton of freight moved nearly ten miles each day for him alone. Yet the fact is statistically evident. You may take it from either the railroads or the Interstate Commerce Commission. It is one of the few figures on which they agree.

Then there is the transportation of passengers. Annually the railroads haul each man, woman and child in the country a distance of 325 miles. You yourself may not have traveled at all last year. That only means someone else has traveled more. A commuter, one of millions, going to and fro between his suburban dwelling and the city may have traveled 25,000 miles.

It is no longer possible for the individual adequately to comprehend the economic implications of his private existence. Consider what one frugal meal may represent in terms of transportation. A melon from the Imperial Valley; a head of lettuce from Texas; a chop from Montana; a slice of bread in which Kansas and Canadian wheat will be mingled. Where does your gas come from? California, Texas or Mexico; and you never think of it. A motor car is a private means of transportation. But what a lot of transportation was needed in the making of it—ore from Minnesota, coal from Pennsylvania, copper from Butte, glass from Belgium, wood from Oregon, rubber from the other side of the world, fabric from New England. You cannot eat, drink, walk in the streets of a city or read in your bed at night without consuming transportation. The rate at which our use of it increases is astonishing. In 1900, for every man, woman and child in the country the railroads hauled a ton of freight only 1800 miles. The amount of transportation consumed per capita has doubled in twenty-five years.

Place Value

Now what happens to the thing, whatever it is, simply by reason of being transported? What fact is added to it? The fact of place value. This is to be considered. A surplus bushel of wheat in the middle of North Dakota—a bushel more than will be eaten in the neighborhood—has no value whatever unless it can be moved to a city or a seaport. A typist in a small village forty miles from a city may have there no economic value as a typist. Transport her to the city and back each day, which in a year amounts to a journey around the world, and she will find a market for that acquired capability. The first value of a city is its place on the road, water road or railroad. And its importance will depend upon the condition of the road and the character and cost of the service thereby.

When you consider transportation in this light, as an organized act privately performed whereby place value is conferred upon things, persons, communities and areas, you begin to realize that what we all go about calling the railroad problem is much more than a state of economic facts. The act is by nature extremely complex, the manner in which it is performed must be determined by impersonal principles, and yet everyone's final relation to it is personal and selfish. Conditions of livelihood, profit, success, wealth and comfort are acutely touched, and as to these it is more than human to be sweetly reasonable. You yourself may wish to be and think you are, but you will perceive that others are not and others will see that you are not.

There is no railroad problem singular. There are certain questions debating in clamor, all matters of issue from what was meant to appear herein—namely, how it came to be and inevitably is that national, sectional and individual interests are in a state of perpetual and healthy conflict. Some of the questions are unreal and therefore angry, like the one that began before air brakes and deeply agitated thoughtful minds. That was who in the end should rule the country—the people or the railroads. It settled itself and all that worry was wasted.

The Sweetest Pipe In The World

The style of your pipe deserves as much attention as the cut of your suit—and Milano Pipes are designed in the smartest styles ever expressed in briar.

Milano briar, incidentally, is a century old; color and grain are superbly beautiful. *No pipe, regardless of price, is made of better briar.*

Milano comes in 26 exclusive styles, smooth finish, $3.50 up; cool-smoking Rustic models, $4.00 up. All are "*Insured*" for your protection. Look for the White Triangle on the stem.

WM. DEMUTH & CO.
World's Largest Manufacturers of Fine Pipes
230 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK

MILANO
"The Insured Pipe"

THE CRISIS IN COFFEE

(Continued from Page 40)

reliable advices at the time I write, which is mid-July, the actual new yield for 1925 is estimated to be about 10,000,000 bags, which is a good crop. To this must be added a carry-over of not less than 3,500,000 sacks, of which 1,500,000 are in Santos and 2,000,000 in the government warehouses in the interior. It makes a total of 13,500,000 for São Paulo. Although the official estimate of bags in the government warehouses is given out as 2,000,000, many believe that there is more than this quantity segregated. When I was in São Paulo one of the officials in the Ministry of Agriculture told me there were 2,638,185 bags.

The estimated yield of Rio coffee is 4,500,000 bags. The grand aggregate for all Brazil, therefore, would be 18,000,000 bags. This should mean lower prices; but despite last year's comparatively big output the rates have not only continued high but apparently are on the road up.

Another factor must be considered in appraising the coffee crop. It is the yield of the areas which produce the mild variety. Here the yield ranges from 3,720,000 bags in 1917–18 to 8,463,000, the crop of 1919–20. The estimate for the new crop of mild is 6,500,000 bags, which would make the world supply available for the coming twelve months 24,500,000 bags.

Consumption follows close upon production. Last year it aggregated 21,978,550 bags, which was the largest known. We head the list of coffee drinkers with an average annual intake, so to speak, of 10,550,000 bags. France comes next with 2,864,000 bags, Germany third with 1,500,000 bags, Italy fourth with 800,000, Holland fifth with 790,000, and Sweden sixth with 702,000. One of the smallest countries of Europe, Belgium, ranks eighth, with 683,000. England, whose principal vice is tea, is eleventh, for she consumes only 273,000 bags. The Brazilians practice what they preach, because a republic with 30,000,000 inhabitants uses up more than 2,000,000 bags of coffee each year.

Coffee Stored in a Warehouse at Santos

The Coffee Exchange

The Brazilian coffee grower is not having an altogether easy time despite the artificial bulwark that the government sets up for the safeguarding of prices. There is an acute labor shortage on the *fazendas*. Moreover, the increased cost of living—Brazil is no exception to the world rule—has augmented the cost of production, for wages have had to be raised. A coffee pest, full destructive mate to the boll weevil, has begun to ravage the berries and so far remains unchecked. Frost, excessive rain and drought, likewise contribute their share to the troubles of the *fazendeiro*. Then, too, the maintenance of the productivity of the older plantations is a problem, since coffee is an exhausting crop. Still another is the growing competition of other countries. There is a tendency in Brazil to minimize the possibilities of competition from distant coffee-growing regions, but such optimism is dangerous, as the South American planters may find out to their cost.

A word about trading. Coffee is dealt in both as spot coffee, which means actual coffee, and options, which are futures, just as in the case of cotton. In spot buying, the importer, agent or jobber buys from samples which are submitted to him. If he wants 1000 bags on a Monday, he can have them in his possession within a comparatively short time. If, on the other hand, he desires to speculate on a rise, he purchases for future delivery which may be several months hence, or even longer. These options may change hands many times, varying in price with market conditions and future crop prospects. When it wants to protect the market against decline, the São Paulo government buys futures right and left. This serves to keep up the price.

This brings us to Santos, heart of the Brazilian coffee domain and the barometer of the business as well. It is a suitable place to begin our journey through coffee land, because all the passenger steamers, which are the big coffee carriers, stop there.

Even before your ship ties up, you get the coffee smell. The green bean charges the air like a pungent incense. So vital is the necessity to clear the cargo that the vessels work continuously. There is constant competition to get alongside. On the morning I arrived at Santos seventy-two ships were anchored in the channel, waiting for berths.

By an ingenious process, the sacks go on a sort of endless chain from the warehouses, then under the street and up to an aerial carrier which drops them into the holds of the waiting craft. Like the cannon in the famous poem, you have coffee to the right of you, to the left of you and all around.

Santos literally drips with coffee. What silk is to Yokohama the green bean is to this bustling municipality by the sea. The city is on an island which helps to shape the Gulf of Santos. A deep-water channel leads several miles to the quays, which, it is interesting to state in passing, are practically all owned by one Brazilian family, the Guinles, the descendants of an obscure tailor who came over from France in 1848. Santos lives on, and by, coffee. The total declared value of all exports invoiced at our consulate there during 1924 for shipment to the United States was $139,310,501, of which coffee furnished $139,007,766 or 99.08 per cent. Remove the staple from Santos and it would deteriorate into a dull, provincial town.

Just as Yokohama has its silk street, Amsterdam its diamond quarter, Peking its priest-robe row, and Canton its ivory highway, so has Santos its coffee lane. Within the confines of the Rua Quinze de Novembro is crowded all the trading. At one end stands the new *bolsa*, which is Portuguese for exchange, where options are bought and sold. On the curb and in the middle of the street, however, is transacted the spot buying and selling. In noise and animation this area resembles the vanished curb market of New York, which for years made life a bedlam in one section of Broad Street.

In the adjacent streets are the offices of the factors in the coffee market. Every big coffee-jobbing house in New York has an agent in Santos. In addition are many individual traders, who include scores of North Americans and Germans. Some of them have lived in Brazil for thirty or forty years. All that many of them know is coffee. By that curious irony which marks many other callings I found it almost impossible to get good coffee in Santos. Thus there is kinship with those traditional cobbler's children who always go barefoot.

With production and marketing out of the way, we can proceed to the all-important matter of price, the crux of the whole coffee situation. It means that we have reached valorization, the cause of all the complaint and the agency for the increase in retail cost to which the Yankee housewife so strenuously objects.

To find out about valorization, we must move on to São Paulo, capital of the state and the center of control of the coffee industry. When you make this journey by rail you travel on a road that has various distinctive features. The São Paulo Railway, which is British-owned, is not only one of the costliest in all South America but also pays a dividend of 12 per cent. It is so prosperous that it has been called "the road with the golden spikes." Tourists who have heard this phrase applied actually look for the yellow metal on the roadbed.

In connection with the dividend is an interesting fact which explains why the road is one of the best maintained anywhere. According to its charter the dividend is restricted to 12 per cent. Any excess of dividend must go to the state. In consequence, so the story goes in São Paulo, the officials lie awake at night trying to devise means for spending earnings on the railroad.

The São Paulo Railway is likewise the greatest of all coffee carriers. Every bag of the bean that is exported from Santos must be hauled over its rails. It is one of the finest little monopolies in the world. This monopoly is made all the tighter because the line climbs a fairly steep mountain and any other kind of transport for merchandise would be out of the question. Instead of using the cog system, which is usually employed for incline railroads, the train load is hauled on an endless cable. The load is always balanced, because the train going down hauls the one going up. While the trip from Santos to São Paulo lacks the majestic beauty of the Andes there are many lovely vistas.

Sao Paulo

Once in the city of São Paulo the North American feels at home, because it is, in many respects, the wonder community of South America. The third largest in size south of Panama, it combines the push of Chicago with the almost miraculous expansion of Los Angeles. During the past thirty years the population has quadrupled. It is now a bustling municipality of 800,000. The place has grown so fast that public utilities have been unable to keep pace. There is an almost chronic shortage of water and electricity.

The atmosphere is in sharp contrast with that of Rio de Janeiro. São Paulo is alive with bustle and movement while Rio is lethargic and essentially Latin. The Paulistas, as the citizens of the state are called, are the most progressive in Brazil. They contribute many of the presidents of the republic, and they pay 53 per cent of the national revenues. Although coffee is the commercial stand-by, there is a considerable textile, hat, and shoe business. Silk, from worm to finished product, is also becoming an important industry.

The revolution which began in July, 1924, and which is still going on in the southern states, started in São Paulo. For nearly three weeks the coffee capital was a bloody battleground. The rebels seized a section of the São Paulo Railway and coffee shipments were suspended. Numerous buildings still bear marks of the struggle.

Nowhere in all Latin America, not even in Buenos Aires, do you find such a mingling of races. The alien, or rather the one-time foreigner, dominates commercial and productive life. More than 30 per cent are Italians. One reason for this predominance is that many thousands of them were imported to work on the coffee plantations. Many immigrants, such as Francisco Matarazzo, have become merchant and manufacturing princes.

So strong and prosperous are the Italians that the principal residence street, the Avenida Paulista, on which the wealthy live, is more often referred to as the Boulevard des Italiens. Because of the presence of such a multitude of the new-rich, a wag once called it the Parvenida Paulista.

Continued on Page 130

Skinner's Satins

Linings for men's suits and topcoats. Linings for women's coats, suits and furs. Dress Satins, Millinery Satins, Shoe Satins.

"*Lined with Skinner's Satin*"—A phrase which speaks volumes to the man who wants only the best in his suit or topcoat. A phrase which has become a by-word among high grade tailors and clothiers in emphasizing the quality of their garments.

The luxurious feel of Skinner's Satin as you slip into your coat is matched only by your confidence in its *wearing quality*. That is why Skinner linings have been in such demand ever since 1848.

"LOOK FOR THE NAME IN THE SELVAGE"

Estab. 1848

WILLIAM SKINNER & SONS — NEW YORK, CHICAGO, BOSTON, PHILADELPHIA — MILLS, HOLYOKE, MASS.

100,000 200

Owners' actual records of White Truck mileage

336 Whites have run **300,000** miles and more each

759 have run between **200,000** and **300,000** miles each

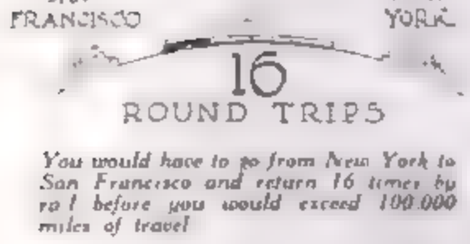
1204 have run between **150,000** and **200,000** miles each

3720 have run between **100,000** and **150,000** miles each

giving us the astounding total, by owners' actual records —

6019 Whites have run **100,000** miles and more each

100 000 miles is four times around the world



You would have to go from New York to San Francisco and return 16 times by rail before you would exceed 100,000 miles of travel

There is a White Truck model to meet every transportation need. Truck chassis, $2,150 to $4,500; Model 50A Bus chassis, $4,950.

The names of all of the owners of the 6,019 White Trucks which have made these great mileage records are listed in a 100,000-mile booklet, published annually. You will find owners in your own section of the country, in your own line of business. Write for it. We will gladly send it to you—free

WHITE

300,000 miles and more

No truck owner will operate a truck long enough to run 100,000 miles unless those miles are *money earning miles*

Once more the owners of White Trucks report from their actual records a volume of high truck mileages that has no parallel.

More than 6,000 Whites, whose owners actually check and report mileages, have run 100,000 miles and more each. We have no accurate record of the hundreds of additional Whites which have exceeded 100,000 miles. We do not count them.

A high-grade motor truck *should run* 100,000 miles Whites *do*. Isolated performances of one truck, or even one hundred, are not performance standards. Hundreds of White Trucks, as far back as 1917, had set the 100,000-mile standard of measure for motor truck performance. And, while thousands of them have been reaching that mark, other Whites have gone on—doubling, trebling, quadrupling it.

More than 300 have passed the 300,000-mile mark and are still giving dependable service. Many have exceeded 500,000 miles.

Some 100,000-mile White owners have only a single truck. Some have as high as twenty or thirty in their White fleets that have each delivered 100,000 and more *money-earning miles*. Some Whites have achieved 100,000 miles in a few years. Others have required 10 years to run that distance. Still others, serving their owners with equal dependability and profit for 14 and 15 years, have not yet reached 100,000 miles.

But White Trucks in all sections of the world—all models, in all lines of business—have contributed to this record. Mountain grade and desert sand, clinging mud and frozen ruts, broken city streets and untracked wilderness—through all kinds of going Whites have carried their pay loads over their hundreds of thousands of miles in all weathers, climates and altitudes.

We could offer no stronger proof that White Trucks give you more sustained, continuous, profit-making transportation than any other motor truck you can buy.

No other truck manufacturer has ever published such a volume of evidence of dependability, economy and long life. No other truck manufacturer can.

200,000 miles is almost as far as the distance to the moon—216,423 miles.

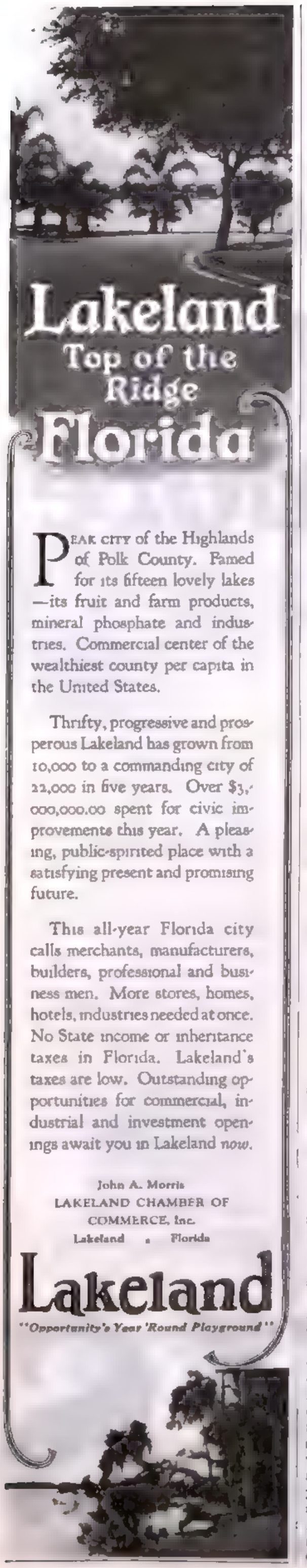
200,000 miles is more than 50 times the distance between New York and London.

UNITED STATES RAILROADS

300,000 miles is more than the total mileage of all the railroads in the United States.

THE WHITE COMPANY
CLEVELAND

TRUCKS


Lakeland
Top of the Ridge
Florida
Peak city of the Highlands of Polk County. Famed for its fifteen lovely lakes—its fruit and farm products, mineral phosphate and industries. Commercial center of the wealthiest county per capita in the United States.
Thrifty, progressive and prosperous Lakeland has grown from 10,000 to a commanding city of 22,000 in five years. Over $3,000,000.00 spent for civic improvements this year. A pleasing, public-spirited place with a satisfying present and promising future.
This all-year Florida city calls merchants, manufacturers, builders, professional and business men. More stores, homes, hotels, industries needed at once. No State income or inheritance taxes in Florida. Lakeland's taxes are low. Outstanding opportunities for commercial, industrial and investment openings await you in Lakeland now.
John A. Morris
LAKELAND CHAMBER OF COMMERCE, Inc.
Lakeland • Florida
Lakeland
"Opportunity's Year 'Round Playground"

(Continued from Page 126)

You get an idea of alien penetration when I say that of the 32,486 coffee properties in the state of São Paulo, 13,197 belong to foreigners. Again you have the Italian domination, because they possess 9759 *fazendas*. The Portuguese own 1336, the Spanish 1137 and the Germans 642.

Though numerically they do not rank with the Italians, the Germans are vital factors in the commercial life of the city of São Paulo. All the big Berlin banks have branches there and you see Teutonic names on business signs everywhere. We have an adequate representation. Nine out of every ten motor cars are Yankee-made, and the American Chamber of Commerce is a constructive force in the community.

It was during my visit to São Paulo that I made a trip to the coffee country, going by motor from the state capital to a point beyond Campinas, where the coffee belt begins. I spent the day at a model *fazenda* which had 100,000 plants all laid out in regular avenues. The mass of foliage was like a verdant sea. The berries had turned, but the harvest had not begun.

I refer to this visit merely to point out two facts that bear on the general situation. One is the growing fear of the coffee pest that I heard expressed on all sides. The other is the apprehension felt by growers over a possible boycott of the Brazilian product by North Americans. While valorization protects the price, it also makes for a feeling abroad which in the end may upset all the precautions.

We can now take up valorization. To realize fully what it implies, you must be told at the outset that it is under the general direction of the Ministry of Agriculture of the state of São Paulo. In Brazil the various states have much more authority than those that comprise the United States of America. Each has its president, cabinet and congress. None is so self-contained or autocratic as São Paulo, which has its own army and concludes agreements with foreign countries. Formerly control of coffee was a federal function, but a few years ago the national government turned it over to São Paulo. There is no official stewardship of the Rio output.

Valorization means the entrance of the São Paulo government into the coffee market on a scale which enables it to control the price of the commodity. This is accomplished by the official fixing of prices at a point higher than the prevailing market rates. The agencies employed are purchase of options on supplies, segregation of stocks, and, what is less expensive, the regulation of entries from the interior into Santos, the principal port of shipment. The natural result is to prevent congestion of stocks which would in turn depress price. Before valorization approximately 85 per cent of the new crop streamed into Santos within six months after it had been picked.

Dominating the Market

Putting valorization in another way, the immediate object is to acquire enough of the current crop to enable the government to dominate the world market. When stocks in the consuming countries are sufficiently depleted, it can force buying at prices remunerative to the Brazilian grower. The whole procedure is only possible in a state like São Paulo.

To get the reason for valorization we must go back for a moment to the business of crops. For a period of thirty-five years beginning in 1880 the world production of coffee, exclusive of Brazil, averaged from 4,000,000 to 4,500,000 sacks each year. Brazilian production, however, increased during this period from 5,000,000 sacks to more than 13,000,000. Though world consumption expanded, the advance in output was proportionately larger, bringing about an inevitable oversupply. Thus in the crop year 1896–97, when consumption rose only about 5 per cent, production increased from 10,000,000 to 13,000,000 bags, followed the next year by a further increase to 15,500,000 sacks. Crops kept on getting larger until 1906–07, when the total world production was 23,814,000 bags. Large stocks and falling prices induced the São Paulo government to institute valorization.

As far back as 1902 a preliminary measure, which prohibited the planting of new coffee plants for several years, was passed. No immediate effect could be gained, because plants do not begin to produce until the fifth year. In 1906 the government intervened in the market and bought 8,500,000 sacks, which were warehoused and sold later at a profit. The withdrawal of this huge supply meanwhile forced up the price.

Following this intervention, the steady world increase in consumption helped to equalize conditions and the next valorization operation did not take place until 1917. The São Paulo government, aided by a loan from the federal government, supported the growers, because all the producers had been seriously affected by the fall in European demand during the war. With the proceeds of this loan, a considerable quantity of coffee was purchased both at Santos and Rio and retired from the market.

For the Defense of Coffee

In 1921 valorization was again considered necessary. So much coffee had to be bought that during the following year a sterling loan of £9,000,000 was obtained in London on the security of the big stocks on hand. As always, the stocks were held until the psychological moment when demand had increased. Then they were unloaded. The success of this deal is evident when I say that the São Paulo government cleared a profit of 40 per cent.

It was in 1921 that the government began to limit entries into Santos to 30,000 sacks a day. The following year this was reduced to 28,000. In 1924 it was raised to 35,000, but shortly after I left Brazil in May of this year it was cut down to 20,000 sacks in order to maintain prices.

In order to make valorization more effective, the São Paulo government erected nine large public warehouses in the interior where coffee is stored pending shipment to Santos. The effect has been to regularize the market, as the Paulistas express it. A falling price would be inevitable if the entire year's crop were sent down to Santos in a short time. The operation of these warehouses has taken control of coffee out of the hands of the growers. Where formerly they could ship at will to Santos, they must now send it to one of these government storage establishments.

When I asked my host about the warehouses on the occasion of my visit to a *fazenda*, he replied, "They have become cemeteries where we entomb our crops."

The warehouse system has brought about a state of affairs in which the North American importer, and especially the big roaster, finds serious faults. The old plan of rushing the coffee to Santos as soon as it was harvested, at least enabled the coffee-trading world to know precisely how much coffee there was in Brazil. Now the stocks withheld in the interior are no longer known. This circumstance has led the Yankee buyers to suspect, not without reason, that there is really much more coffee in Brazil than the Paulistas would have them believe. Hence the widespread feeling that the high prices of coffee are not the result of natural shortage, but of a deliberate maneuver to bull the market.

All the valorization schemes to which I have referred were temporary measures to meet what the São Paulo government considered emergencies. They were promulgated sometimes on very short notice and the buyers had no recourse. The word of the São Paulo government is law. So general became the disaffection, and so marked the decline in consumption in the United States because of high prices, that a definite institution to "defend the coffee industry," as the phrase goes in Brazil, has been set up. The exact translation of its Portuguese name is the Institute for the Permanent Defense of Coffee. It means that valorization will be the regular thing henceforth.

The institute consists of five members, two representing the interests of the growers. The others are government officials. In the all-important matter of selecting the coffee-growing members of the institute a political tangle developed. The regulations provide that the two coffee members are to be chosen by the growers, and then confirmed by the president of the state. Acting under this, they named Dr. Henrique de Souza Queiroz, head of the Sociedade Rural Brazileira, and Dr. Paulo de Moraes Barros, honorary president of the Liga Agricola. The president accepted only the former, and substituted Dr. Francisco Ramos.

The functions of the new organization are to make loans to the planters on easy conditions, to regulate entries into Santos, to purchase coffee for retention from the market when it shall be deemed necessary, to institute a system of statistics, and to carry on propaganda for the Brazilian coffee in foreign countries. Part of the revenue for the support of the institute will be derived from a tax of one gold milreis—the equivalent of about fifty-four cents in our money—on each sack of coffee.

Has valorization stabilized the industry? The prevailing ferment in the roasting and consuming ends of the business would indicate that the principal result, aside from high and fluctuating prices, has been to make the planter and his partner, the São Paulo government, successful speculators. They control supply so as to keep up the price, but valorization is as unsound as it is uneconomic, and, as I have already pointed out, may eventually cost Brazil a considerable part of her meal ticket.

An authoritative criticism—it is really an indictment—is embodied in the memorandum presented to the São Paulo government for discussion by the delegation from the National Coffee Roasters' Association, which is in Brazil at the time I write this article. Among other things it states:

"You are as fully aware as we of the change which has taken place within the recent past in the storing of the visible supply. While under natural conditions the consuming markets of the world would carry a good share of this visible stock, they do not feel willing to do so now, when artificial control is enforced. The latter situation involves too much hazard. In consequence the large bulk of this supply remains with you. This change in the situation has two-fold consequences; it causes an increased tax for carrying charges in the producing country, meaning higher import costs, and the importer becomes very dependent on extremely prompt service from both shipper and carrier in order to keep in supply the exact grades required for his customers."

The Roasters' Criticism

"An ample supply of the better grades of Santos coffee is of the greatest importance to the roasters. It has not been available at all times, and it probably will not be available at all times in the future under existing policy of restricted deliveries at Santos. We refer to a period some months ago, when the stock in Santos was small in quantity and very limited in selections. Importers were handicapped at that time. Just now the Santos stock seems ample in both quantity and quality. However, with restrictions fixed at 20,000 bags daily, it can only be a question of time when a scarcity of selections will return.

"In our opinion any attempted control of supply will not only signally fail in increasing returns to São Paulo planters but will work unnecessary hardship on distributors, and do harm to the entire industry, if it does not take into consideration the fact that the requirements of the trade vary not only in seasons but also according to the maturity and marketing of the mild coffees from various parts of the world.

"Broadly speaking, coffee importers and roasters have not experienced for some

(Continued on Page 132)

Stop Wasting Tea

USE

TAO TEA BALLS

The Finest Tea You Ever Tasted

Tao Tea Balls take the *guess* and *waste* out of tea-making. One Tao Tea Ball makes 4 to 5 cups (according to strength desired) of a better, always uniform and more delicious tea. Tao Tea is blended from specially selected tiny bud leaves from the tips of the tea plants of the finest gardens of Ceylon, India and Java. Three generations of tea experts labored to produce for you this *supreme* tea. They call it *FLOWERY Orange Pekoe*. Yet because of our new and better way of packing—the Tao Tea Ball way—it is more economical than ordinary good tea. The Tao Tea Ball is the modern, *safe* way of packing tea. Accurately measured and packed by special machines in handy gauze bags, this supreme blend is sure to get to your table exactly as our experts have blended it for you—and at a cost of less than half a cent a cup.

QUALITY—ECONOMY—CONVENIENCE

Tao Tea *is the finest tea you ever tasted*. It is quality supreme—Tao means "supreme." Endorsed by Good Housekeeping Bureau of Foods, Sanitation and Health, Serial No. 3070 This handy and economical way of packing eliminates all guess-work and waste from tea-making. Tao Tea never becomes bitter, no matter how long it brews. No messy tea leaves to clean up—so convenient, so economical, so good.

ASK YOUR DEALER TODAY FOR

TAO TEA BALLS

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER

If your favorite dealer cannot *immediately* supply you with the Junior, we are prepared, for a limited time and for introductory purposes only, to send Juniors to you anywhere. Send us the name of your dealer and 40 cents in U. S. currency or money order. (No stamps.) We will send you a Gold tin of 20 Junior Tao Tea Balls—all charges prepaid.

TAO TEA CO., INC., 103 PARK AVE., NEW YORK CITY

Announcing THE JUNIOR in the GOLD TIN

THE group of packages illustrated above shows the Regular Tao Tea Ball line and the new Junior Tin *(also shown enlarged on the right)*. The Regulars are the 10 Ball Tin, the 20-Ball Tin, the 50-Ball Caddy, and the Caddy Refill. Buy the Black and Gold Caddy once—after that save eight cents each time by buying the heavy, glassine-lined and thoroughly sealed Refill.

EACH Tao Tea Ball in the regular line makes four to five cups or more, according to strength desired. They are family size tea balls. As one Tao Tea Ball a day is enough for the average family, these handsomely lacquered black and gold tins will last ten or twenty days, while the Caddy and Refill contain enough for almost two months.

JUNIOR Tao Tea Balls—in our new package—are intended for the smaller families (two people). Junior Tao Tea Balls are two-cup size, but most people get three cups. Many use Juniors for lunch—and Regulars for dinner. The Junior Tins are gold with black lettering—20 Juniors packed in each tin.

Fifth Avenue

Those who order household supplies for the great town houses and country estates of America, usually specify A. P. W. Satin Tissue as a matter of course.

It has achieved this enviable social acceptance thru years of undeviating merit. Fastidious people have simply learned that the *name* describes the *quality* — that Satin Tissue is a tissue as soft and soothing as satin. Its texture is also exceptionally firm, absorbent and as pure as the fluffy spruce pulp from which it is made.

Equip your bathrooms with A. P. W. Satin Tissue and in this important detail, at least, your home will match the elegance of Fifth Avenue.

Each 50c roll contains 2500 sheets and four rolls, for the average family, is a year's supply—cheaper than most inferior papers.

A. P. W. PAPER CO.
ALBANY, N. Y.

The roll of Toilet Paper listed below are identified by the A P W checker doll wrapper

Send for a Rag Doll

12 inches high ready to be cut out and stuffed

Get a Doll's House Free

house—or sent postpaid upon receipt of price and this coupon filled in with your dealer's name.

Enright's "all O' the Wheat" Bread

100% Whole Wheat

is the bread you have been looking for. We make the flour and the bread is baked by the best baker in your town. Buy it from your grocer and eat it every meal.

OLD FASHIONED MILLERS, INC.
SAINT PAUL, MINNESOTA

(Continued from Page 130)

years the safe-and-sound manufacturing and distributing return which every business naturally expects and is entitled to. Instead of this, they have had years of speculative or market gains, and sometimes years of heavy market losses, and at all times legitimate manufacturing and distributing results have been materially affected and disturbed by the wide fluctuations in the import cost of coffee."

Another factor which has already begun to operate against the São Paulo industry is the poor quality of the crop. Experts have pointed out that it is more than a coincidence that, since the limitation of shipments to Santos, the quality of the coffee has declined. At first this was believed to be due to the smuggling in of a lot of Rio coffee which was mixed in with the better São Paulo grades. That, however, is responsible for only a small part of the deterioration.

There is a wide impression that high prices, rigid control and what seems to be a lack of confidence in the market have combined to induce the growers to gather as much of their crop as possible, regardless of condition, prepare it hastily, and get it on the way to Santos so as to take advantage of the attractive prices. Incredible as it may seem, coffee drying is done by the sun instead of by artificial means. Heavy rains, therefore, cause tremendous damage. The contention is that considerable rain-damaged coffee creeps into the Santos sacks.

This brings us to the matter of price. If it were fixed by the law of demand and supply, such as exists in practically every other commodity, there would be no crisis. The trouble with the whole coffee situation is that valorization, and not natural impulse, sets the scale. Even when you take into consideration the advance in price of every product during the past five years, coffee is almost abnormally high.

Before the World War Rio averaged from four to ten cents a pound, while the average during the past three years has been from seventeen and a half to twenty-one cents. Prior to 1914, Santos ranged from six to fourteen cents a pound. Since 1918 it has been as high as thirty cents. Mild coffee, which is not subject to valorization like the São Paulo product, averaged twenty cents before the war, and thirty and over since.

Brazil coffee during the past two years has steadily advanced. Last year Rio averaged fifteen and a quarter cents a pound. In July of this year it was twenty. In 1924, the best grade of Santos was twenty and a quarter, while at the time I write it is twenty-five. An inferior grade of Santos has ranged from eighteen and a half cents last year to twenty-three this year. These are all wholesale prices for the green coffee.

Something Wrong With Prices

That there is something wrong with coffee prices is apparent from the deduction I shall now make. On June 1, 1924, the world visible supply of coffee — that is, the coffee actually in warehouses and available — was 4,667,000 bags. At that time the best Santos grade, as I have just indicated, sold at twenty and a quarter cents a pound. On June first of this year, with the world visible supply 5,164,000 bags, the same grade brought twenty-five cents.

One item relating to the price of coffee is not generally known. It is the inevitable shrinkage which comes with roasting and increases the overhead. If a pound of coffee in the green bean costs twenty-five cents a pound, six cents must be added with the roasting. Expressed in a different way, if you put 100 pounds into the roaster you take out only eighty-one.

According to the coffee roasters, the retail price in the United States might conceivably be higher than it has been. They maintain that despite the increase of 125 per cent in import costs during 1924 and this year, the prices for the roasted article in the same period have advanced approximately only 60 per cent. The reasons were, first, that many distributors had a fair supply on hand prior to the major advances and lacked confidence in the permanency of the increases; second, they did not want to endanger the popularity of their brands.

In the memorandum prepared for the São Paulo government to which I have alluded is the following pertinent reference to price which reaches the heart of the matter:

"The coffee roaster and importer needs for his best development stability in price, not only because this would encourage the carrying of more liberal supplies without too much risk but also because it makes possible the successful carrying out of the best advertising and selling policies. The latter have often been disturbed or entirely voided by violent price fluctuations."

It only remains to deal with the reaction of the consumer, which, when all is said and done, constitutes the vital phase. People are using less coffee. This is the North American answer to Brazilian valorization. According to some recent statistics, consumption has decreased exactly 20 per cent. This is based, among other things, on a poll taken by one concern with 12,000 retail stores.

Crop Statistics Needed

What has happened is not so much a buyers' strike as a widespread measure of economy by the individual housewife. This, in turn, is more or less devastating to the roaster, who is the principal link between the Santos market and the consumer.

With decreased consumption on the part of the average man and woman came a decline in buying by the roaster. The net result is that Santos is almost glutted with coffee because exports have declined. In February, for example, shipments totaled only 45,525,257 pounds as against 70,945,713 pounds for the preceding month. At the time of my visit nearly $40,000,000 worth had piled up. This was one reason why the shipments from the interior to Santos were reduced in May from 35,000 bags to 20,000 bags.

Last December the National Coffee Roasters' Association presented a petition to Herbert Hoover, Secretary of Commerce, requesting Federal aid in procuring relief. This document stated the situation along the lines that I have followed, and asked that the department approach the Brazilian Federal Government or the São Paulo state government, or both, for coöperation in making available for the United States coffee distributors official and reliable statistics. In commenting on this vital need the petition stated:

"These" — statistics — "should include entire facts as to stocks in the port warehouses and the interior warehouses, weather conditions, condition of growing crops; also official and conscientious estimates of plantation stocks, if any, and of prospective yield of the coming crop.

"There can be no objection to furnishing this information to the last detail, when it is once realized in Brazil that the large interests of the coffee industry are joint interests. In the long run the Brazilian and United States coffee interests prosper or suffer together, dependent upon the right or wrong policies of either. The trade here is too large, and too important, to continue longer on the unsound basis due to lack of facts as now. Any policy that will make possible intelligent, sound trading in this country must bring ultimate benefit also to the Brazilian producer."

With regard to control, which is the root of the trouble, the association made this declaration:

"We are unwilling to go on record in any way as favoring artificial regulation of supply, but if regulation is deemed necessary by São Paulo, it should be flexible enough to prevent such wide price fluctuations as the present, or the extreme low of 1921. A condition of fixed supply and variable demand must result in wide fluctuations. Without doubt, some further revision of the present policy can be made which would eliminate these wide fluctuations. Nothing is more important to the Brazilian planter, or more important in the full development of the industry, than that there may be at all times an ample flow of coffee to the United States consumer at a fair and reasonable cost."

Save for a comprehensive investigation made by Dr. W. L. Schurz, our commercial attaché at Rio, the Department of Commerce was powerless to intervene. It was therefore decided to deal directly with the Brazilian authorities. Accordingly, Felix Coste and F. J. Ach went to Brazil in May, authorized by the National Coffee Roasters' Association to urge upon the São Paulo government the necessity for intelligent coöperation with the Yankee importer, and to try to effect escape from the rigid control which has brought loss upon the business. Berent Friele, who had previously gone to Brazil as representative of the National Chain-Store Grocers' Association, is collaborating with the delegates from the roasters' association in the negotiations with the Institute for the Permanent Defense of Coffee.

It is too early, of course, to get a line on the outcome of these deliberations. Whatever the result, one thing is certain: Brazilian coffee has reached the crossroads so far as continued big Yankee consumption is concerned. If the São Paulo government, through its Institute for the Permanent Defense of Coffee, stands pat on rigidity of control and lack of adequate statistics, she may lose a considerable portion of her market in the United States.

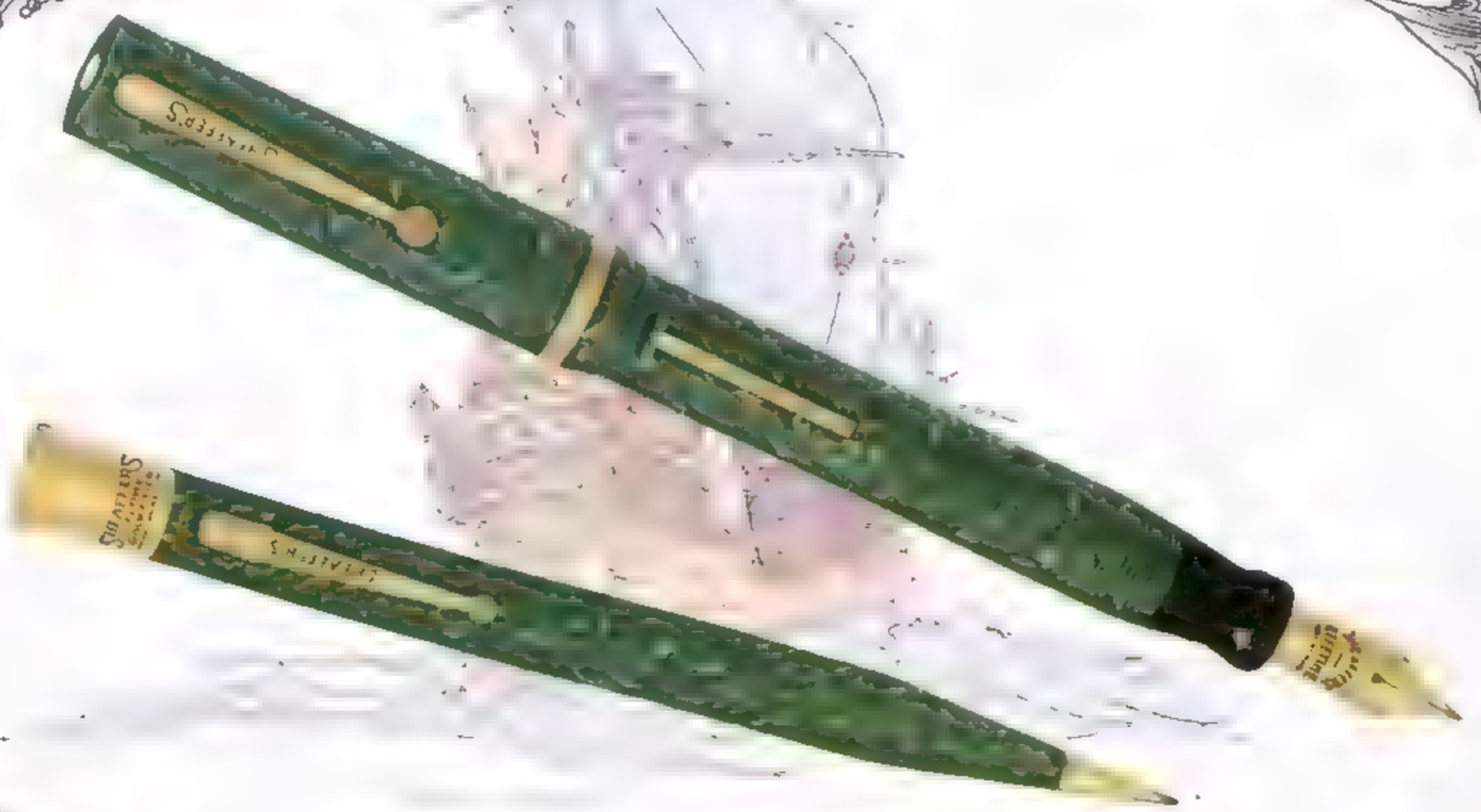
On the other hand, if a free and continuous flow of the product is available for us, and at the same time we are not kept in the dark about what is going on both at *fazendas* and in the warehouses, all will be well. It is for São Paulo to decide. Self-preservation, whether of life or industry, is the natural thing, but it becomes unnatural when such a procedure as valorization dislocates the natural activities of trade.

Coffee From Other Sources

The handwriting is already on the wall, because there is a steady increase in our use of coffees from areas other than Brazil. The February imports from the Dutch East Indies exactly doubled those of January. This is typical of what is happening with other mild varieties. New fields are constantly being opened up. São Paulo is now having fresh competition within the confines of the republic. Hundreds of thousands of plants have lately been planted in Northern Parana, the state which adjoins on the south. The Department of Commerce is being urged by importers not only to increase the coffee output in the known producing countries but also to investigate the possibilities for development in Porto Rico, Cuba and Hawaii. The logical basis for this argument is that we are too dependent upon Brazil for our coffee needs.

Nor is it unlikely that we shall enter coffee production ourselves. More than one Paulista expressed to me his great wonder that North Americans do not acquire coffee properties in Brazil. We have been blind to the exceptional opportunities which have been open during these past two years of low Brazilian exchange. With dollars we could have bought valuable plantations on a basis that would have returned the cost, and even a profit, in a comparatively short time. The establishment of North American growing companies in the coffee belt would provide the means for a direct *fazendeiro*-to-roaster distribution, and thus bring about a divorce of speculation from production so far as it is humanly possible to do so.

Editor's Note—This is the seventh of a series of articles by Mr. Marcosson dealing with South America. The next will appear in an early issue.



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W. A. SHEAFFER PEN COMPANY
FORT MADISON, IOWA

AS A WOMAN THINKS

(Continued from Page 37)

of having the same judgment meted to me again than sitting like an innocuous saint with my mouth shut.

If that scripture should be literally and universally obeyed, how could we develop public opinion? And after all is said and done in the name of law and religion, does not public opinion remain the strongest moral force we have for controlling the conduct of men?

I may be a trifle short now and then in my contributions to charity, but no one can accuse me of not being liberal and constant in my contributions to public opinion. The result is that, so far as I know, I have one of the worst-weathered reputations in this section. I am coming to that presently. In the meantime, if you take my word for it, there is nothing novel or inflammable in the sins I have committed.

I am not excusing myself for the lack of valor I have shown along this line, you understand; but I am offering an explanation, which relieves me in a large measure from both blame and praise in this matter. When you have had the Ten Commandments striped upon your conscience with a switch at a tender age, when you have spent nearly a quarter of a century practicing the beatitudes in spite of your own carnal desire to raise the dust occasionally with an instinct more effective in mortal affairs than a beatitude, and when you have spent the remaining years of your life serving a sentence to hard labor, a flirtation seems a frivolous waste of time, even if such an affair affords you the gratification of being a worldly wise and tragically experienced woman.

I have contemplated this kind of diversion much as one considers a wild speculation; but after mature reflection I have always decided not to invest, because it seems to me the man gets the diversion and the woman gets the black eye, no matter how sweetly and beautifully and modestly she conducts her romance, especially if it ends in marriage.

The older you are the greater risk to your happiness, and even to your peace, there is in marriage. I cannot conceive of a husband revolving comfortably in the widow's orbit I have measured off and made for myself. Least of all can I conceive of his sitting still in it with any peace of mind. I suppose many other women feel the same way, else there would not be four times as many widows as widowers in this country, according to the United States census.

A widower is probably the most transient manifestation of man there is among us. I have often wondered why this is so. I am no alienist, which is now that supreme authority among us for determining our character and conduct; but my suspicion is that marriage once contracted becomes a habit with a man, and that he is the most invincible habit-forming creature on this earth.

You may feed one only three articles of food for a year and he will stick to them as long as he lives! I knew one who cured himself of indigestion twenty years ago by taking a cup of tea and two pieces of dried apricot for lunch. He has never varied his midday meal from that day to this. If his wife died, I suppose he would marry again precisely as he goes to his club and orders that cup of tea and the preserved apricots for lunch.

On the other hand, marriage is a state of love for women—barring the alimony class, of course—and they are so narrow and personal in their devotion that they do not so readily transfer their allegiance to another husband. Apparently they are not so enterprising or broad-minded in their romantic emotions as men are, though we seem to be widening out considerably in these latter years. It would not surprise me if the time comes when even widows may become obsolete, and we shall have no such wisdom among us as a sad, sweet-faced elderly woman wearing her widow's weeds and sitting in the amen corner, or ambling about doing good deeds in the neighborhood. She may have her second or third husband and be engaged in a campaign for a better sewerage system in the city where she lives.

What I mean is that we seem to be growing more like men mentally and morally every day and in every way. I reckon it is all for the best, but it does feel queer if you are a woman and a widow who cannot keep up with the quick step of your times and know yourself to be dwindling away into the narrow, withered-faced relict of your former husband.

I remember one day years ago decorating myself with such ladylike views as these in a conversation with Mark Sullivan, who had just refused a story I offered for his weekly. He listened kindly and patiently until I had probably exhausted my repertoire of noble sentiments for that day. Then he seized his hat and made for the door, thought better of it, paused, looked back at me curiously and delivered himself of this warning:

"You may be that good, but if you are you are bound to be lonesome."

For a moment I experienced some kind of faint alarm, as sinners must when the preacher gives them one last chance at the end of a revival to repent and be free men. It occurred to me that I had better hurry out while the spirit moved me and do something rash. But I could think of nothing sane, discreet and becoming to do that would also be rash. I am not so sure it is conscience that makes cowards of us all. It may be the vanity of self-respect that holds us in check.

After all, I have not been so very lonely, only slightly peeved as I grow older at the implication of having lived a narrow, dreary life.

Years ago, after the death of my husband, I adopted one of the milder sins of our times, much as my mother, who was a very frugal woman, used to be wasteful with pins because she insisted that a little inexpensive extravagance was good for the soul. I do not know about that; but I am still so ashamed of my transgression I will not confess it, although with a discerning eye you may see it for yourself as one of the complimentary details in the picture on the frontispiece page of My Book and Heart. Otherwise I am far behind my times in yielding to temptations.

Why should one take to strong drink because this is now a fashionable perversity practiced against the prohibition amendment, as ill-bred people disregard other people's respect for law and decency? We depend too much upon artificial stimulation. There used to be a home-brew known as fine conversation which was much more delightfully intoxicating than any brand of bootleg liquor now known to polite society. Lacking conversation here, I have frequently risen to a state of happy inebriation by following a particularly entrancing train of thought.

This is one thing I have observed about gambling—it renders a man or a woman sinister and silent when other people present are obvious and vocal. They are mortgaged mentally by a fixed idea. In this connection I recall a visit made years ago to Monte Carlo. I missed the thrill. All my life I have been such a desperate gambler against fate, adversity and the weather that the games I saw played there seemed childishly inadequate so far as gratifying an adventurous spirit is concerned. Men and women simply pawned themselves for a little gold, lost it or doubled it in a moment, and then repeated the experiment indefinitely. My notion about such people is that they lack the courage to sit in the long game of life and play it according to the rules.

I am something of a piker, financially speaking; but I have always entertained the conceit that I might have done very well in Wall Street if I had not been more profitably engaged. My dealings have been chiefly with the earth and editors. Both are frightful risks. A flood or a drought may destroy your harvest. The forensic mind of the editor may have changed while you are writing the thing he thought he wanted, or you may have missed your cue and produced something he never dreamed of. My rule is never to kick against the pricks. What is the use of adding wounds to your misfortune, because if you push one of them he can give you reasons frightfully diminishing to your vanity for turning down your copy. They are the most convincing men on earth at that business.

I recall only one triumphant exception in my twenty-five years' experience with them. In 1915 I had a contract to deliver three short stories to be published in a New York magazine. When they were delivered, the editor wired me that he would take them, since he was obliged to do so under the terms of the contract, but that he did not want them. The implication was not complimentary. Two days later I arrived in New York, called the editor of another magazine and offered him the same stories at an advance of two hundred dollars each on the original price. He agreed to take them sight unseen. I hurried off to call on the other editor who held the manuscripts.

He was astonished, and obviously not glad to see me. But my manner was so regretful and apologetic that he recovered his more vehement faculties at once. Never have I heard such a scathing criticism of literary composition. But I let him do his worst; I urged him on to speak yet more contemptuously of the things until words failed him.

I do not remember ever feeling meek in the presence of mere man, but any woman can look meek. I folded my hands and regarded him like a shorn lamb in a cold wind.

He accepted the compliment and relaxed. He said he regretted the necessity of being perfectly frank, but he thought under the circumstances it was his privilege to tell the truth about those stories. He was willing to keep the things, but they were not worth the price he had promised to pay for them, and so on and so forth. Oh, certainly not, I agreed; they were not worth anything to him, but to me, everything. My honor was involved; I could not think of allowing him to keep them, and so on and so forth, in a sad, low tone.

This contest lasted an hour before I was at last obliged to fling off my sheep's clothing, give him a glint of my real mind and demand them. He yielded then only on condition that I send him another story within the year. I agreed on condition that he should pay for it at once in advance, for no other reason that I can think of than to see how far I could go, seeing that I had started so glibly on this adventure.

I delivered the three condemned stories to the other editor, having told him the scandal connected with them, and returned to my hotel with checks amounting to nearly four thousand dollars.

This indicates that I have some natural talent for speculating, but I am thinking my career as a writer has lasted longer because I have had the shrewdness not to develop the gift.

There is a wideness of the mind not dependent upon the experience of a broad manner of living, if you know what I mean. But let that go; I suppose after all is said that can be said one way or the other, a man's point of view about such matters depends upon his quality and his taste. Many people mistake jazz for joy, a loose life for a full life, successful selfishness for the survival of the fittest and the rationalism of a dirt dauber's intellect for wisdom. My mind tends toward the great simplicities, whether they are actually to be attained or not. I prefer to clothe my egotism according to the nobler scriptures denning immortality than in the less expensive worldly vanities.

This is a mean advantage to take of those critics who lack the spunk of such divine egotism without ever being able to prove immortality is an illusion of the mortal mind inspired by the fear of death. I have my anxieties about the traveling passports of saints in the next world; but if it is possible to obtain a furlough from paradise, I shall apply for one as soon as I am incorruptible and spirit-proved, return to this world and pinch a few friends and critics who now look askance upon my professions of faith.

If I shall have developed no more than one wing, I mean to spread it in a smile, rustle it triumphantly in their ears by way of whispering, "Thou fool!" But I do not suppose this will make any difference. It has already been written and proved that "even if one rose from the dead" they will not believe.

So my years have gone by. If you have read this record so far you will have perceived that these last ones lack the glory and loveliness of those earlier years. I am better known in the world and not so dependent in spirit as I used to be upon the angels in heaven. I have not outgrown their ministrations; I seem to have lost them. Sometimes at night in this lonely house, lying awake, I remember the child I used to be in the little room at home, when I literally believed in my own guardian angels, one at the head and one at the foot of my bed.

What sublime experiences children have, and how serenely they accept them! I used to fall asleep nonchalantly conscious of these angels and their protection. Now if for one fleeting moment I could be aware of such hallowed companionship, I am certain my corruption would put on incorruption and I should rise from that bed a spiritual body. I should be young and lovely; and the next morning, though I might look the same, I should be changed. I should have the heart of a child, know no evil, believe everything and draw all men to me.

I have often wondered what becomes of us here in this life. For what we were in the beginning does pass away, and we become the millstone around our own necks. No matter how good we try to be or how bad we actually are, we barely keep up appearances. It is not time that changes us, but our own desires, ambitions and the fierce struggle we make to get what we want. The body breaks under the strain, our faculties begin to wabble like shooting stars, even if they leave a trail of light behind them. We lose our grip, let go and stand aside, but not satisfied. No matter how wise we have been, we grow simple. No matter how rich, we become mendicants searching the faces of youth for a little praise or recognition, ready to accept any flattery, however obvious, disposed to keen our noses and let out that long plaint of weariness and disillusionment peculiar to our condition.

Many years ago there was a distinguished Methodist preacher in Tennessee. He rose so high in the ranks of his brethren that we called him a divine, and he had some kind of double-D title conferred upon him. He was a good man and did valiant service for his Lord and for the church. At last his strength began to fail. Some power of the Presence went out of him as it always does when the magnetism of personality dies down in a preacher. His sermons lengthened intolerably, which is the final symptom a minister in our church shows before the bishop and presiding elders superannuate him. No congregation wants the Word drooled to it even by a saint. So this old man was retired on his niggardly little pension and went to live with his married daughter.

One day I met him on the street, pushing a baby carriage with his youngest grandchild in it. He wore his pastoral clothes, stiff collar and white bow tie. His linen

(Continued on Page 139)

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A better design . . . A better metal for sparking points . . . A better insulator core . . . A better glaze

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More than 80% of all cars produced in this country, Fords excluded, are factory-equipped with AC Spark Plugs
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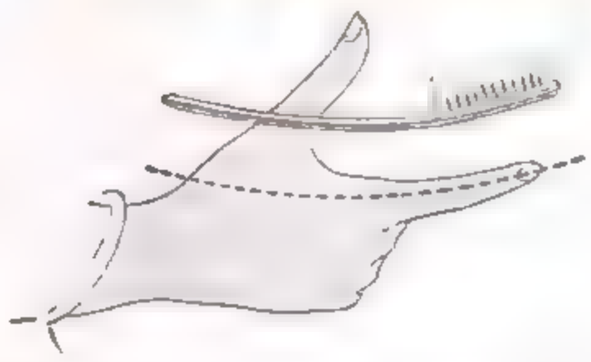
Decay Germs reach *ALL* Your Teeth *—Does Your Tooth Brush?*

Test this yourself

The index finger in the picture above shows you how your jaw is curved. If you place your finger in your mouth against the outside curve of your teeth, it will come out as you see the finger in this photograph. Your teeth grow in this curved formation. Note in the diagram how the Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush, both in the curve of the bristles and in the curve of the handle, conforms to this formation. With Pro-phy-lac-tic you can easily reach every tooth and brush every part of every tooth thoroughly.



Is your brush hitting on all 32?

A good brush cleans your teeth thoroughly. It reaches all your teeth. It sweeps off the film of germs and mucin from every tooth. It leaves no tooth endangered by the acids of decay.

SKILLED men studied the contour of the jaw. They made a brush to fit. The bristles of this brush curve; the picture shows you how. Every tooth along the length of the brush is reached and cleaned.

They put a cone-shaped tuft on the end of the brush. This helps you reach your back teeth. They curved the handle. That alone makes it easier for millions of tooth-brush users to reach and clean every tooth in their mouths.

Think of what help these features of the Pro-phy-lac-tic could be to you. No more trouble trying to make a flat brush clean a curved surface. No more awkward stretching of your mouth by brushes with the wrong shape of handle. No more fear that ALL your teeth may not be thoroughly clean.

Consider this tooth brush of yours. Is its bristle surface concave? Does it fit the shape of your jaw? Does its handle curve outward? Is it easy to reach your back molars with it?

The Pro-phy-lac-tic gets in between teeth. The saw-tooth bristles pry into every crevice, break up and sweep away the mucin, and dislodge food particles which otherwise might hide away and cause trouble.

The big end tuft helps in this work and also performs another very important task. With it you can easily reach and clean the backs of teeth, even the backs of hard-to-get-at molars. It pries into all the depressions and crevices, no matter how deep.

There isn't a part of a tooth this brush can't clean, and its scientifically arranged

This picture shows how the Pro-phy-lac-tic fits the inside contour of the teeth. You can see how much more irregular are the tooth surfaces on the inside curve. The Pro-phy-lac-tic fits the prominent curves of each tooth and penetrates deeply into the crevices between. Note how the large end tuft goes around behind the rear molar. When the teeth are brushed correctly, vertically away from the gums, the bristles clean every curve and crevice thoroughly.

bristles are of such resilience that the film of germs and mucin is quickly swept away.

Men and women are better looking to-day. Smiles are brighter; teeth glisten. These whiter, prettier teeth you see everywhere. They are teeth that are really clean. They have no coating. The tell-tale marks of decaying food are missing. These teeth owe their beauty to a brush, the Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush. Millions use it regularly to give their teeth a pearly whiteness.

Sold by all dealers in the United States, Canada and all over the world in three sizes. Prices in the United States and Canada are: Pro-phy-lac-tic Adult, 50c; Pro-phy-lac-tic Small, 40c; Pro-phy-lac-tic Baby, 25c. Also made in three different bristle textures—hard, medium and soft. Always sold in the yellow box that protects from dust and handling.

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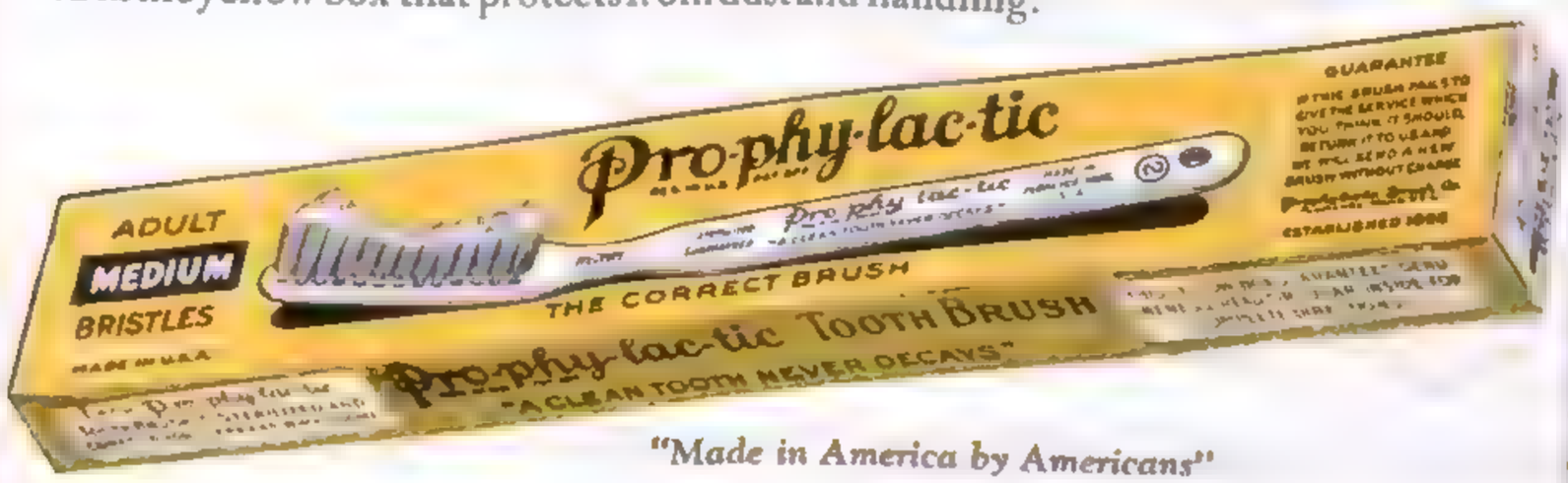

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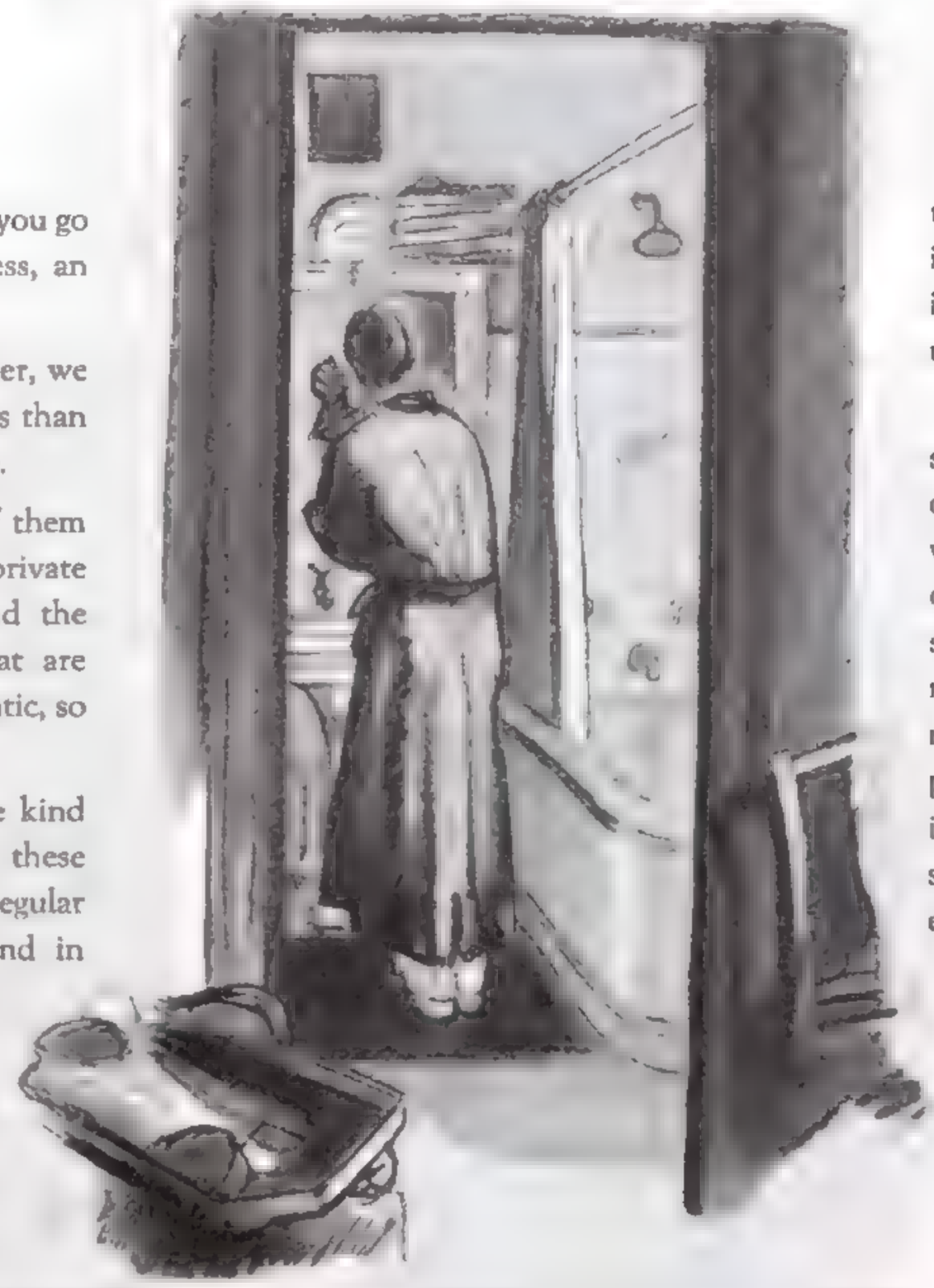


WHAT you pay for, when you go to a hotel, is comfort, cleanliness, an interested personal service.

These hotels have gone farther, we believe, in supplying those things than have any other hotels anywhere.

There's not a room in any of them which doesn't have its own private bath, circulating ice water, and the other Statler conveniences that are *built in*, to make comfort automatic, so far as possible.

And you have more than one kind of restaurant to choose from, in these hotels—for in addition to the regular dining-rooms you expect to find in hotels of the first class, we provide also a cafeteria, or a lunch-counter, or both.

As to cleanliness—we probably spend more money for maintenance of these houses than you'd consider at all reasonable or necessary. That's the way we keep our hotels *new*, our equipment and furnishings up to our high standard. We discard, every year, thousands of dollars worth of furnishings which still have years of usefulness in them, but which don't qualify with us for "newness" of condition.

And perhaps you know where we stand on the question of service. Our organizations are *not* new, but are well-built, well-trained, well-seasoned, operating under policies which state, with the utmost plainness, that *no transaction is concluded in these hotels until the guest is entirely satisfied.* We pledge you, from the minute you come in our door, an interested, gracious, satisfactory personal service from every employee with whom you come in contact—and there's always somebody on the job, representing the management, to see that you get prompt adjustment and satisfaction if you have to complain.

Those are all things that you're entitled to, when you're traveling. And you'll always get them at these hotels.

E. M. Statler

Rates are unusually low, in comparison with those of other first-class hotels:

Single rooms are from $3 in Cleveland, Detroit, and St. Louis; $3.50 in Buffalo, and $4 in New York.

Twin-bed rooms (for two) are from $5.50 in Cleveland, Detroit, and St. Louis; from $6.50 in Buffalo, and from $7 in New York.

And remember that every room in these houses has its own private bath, circulating ice water, and many other conveniences that are unusual.

In every room, too, is posted a card on which is printed the price of that room. We believe in the policy of one price and a square deal—and therefore mark our goods in plain figures.

Boston's Hotel Statler is building:

In the Park Square District of Boston (Columbus Ave., at Arlington and Providence Streets) construction has begun on the new Hotel Statler—which will have 1300 rooms, 1300 baths, and all the comforts and conveniences for which these hotels are world-famous.

Buffalo—and Niagara

The newest Hotel Statler (1100 rooms, 1100 baths) is in Buffalo—delightfully situated on Niagara Square. Across the street from it is the new Statler Garage, a marvel of convenience throughout—and especially appreciated by tourists visiting NIAGARA FALLS, which is but 23 miles away. The old Hotel Statler in Buffalo is now called HOTEL BUFFALO.

STATLER HOTELS

Buffalo~Cleveland~Detroit~St. Louis

Hotel Pennsylvania *New York*

The largest hotel in the world—with 2200 rooms, 2200 baths. On 7th Ave., 32d to 33d Sts., directly opposite the Pennsylvania Station. A Statler-operated hotel, with all the comforts and conveniences of other Statlers, and with the same policies of courteous, intelligent and helpful service by all employees.

And Statler~Operated Hotel Pennsylvania~New York

(Continued from Page 134)

was as white as the apron of a neat nursemaid. But what a look in his eye, an expression of tears! Isaiah demoted! Nothing humanly unkind had happened to him. His daughter had probably taken this method of airing the baby and getting her father to take exercise at the same time. But when you have preached salvation with power from the pulpit for fifty years, it is worse than a fall from grace to be reduced to pushing a baby carriage.

I halted to wish him good morning and to admire the baby. He did not care much for this morning, and let the baby go for a moment; he wished to say something to me.

"If you knew what old age really is, you would pray for death while you are young!" he quavered.

I tried to comfort him, but he was too terribly wise to be comforted.

"You know," he went on, "I am not supposed to be of sound mind. So they give me little tasks like this to keep me occupied," regarding the infant ruefully.

"When you have been ordained and preached the gospel for many years, and moved men by the spirit, it's a terrible experience to be set aside as of no further consequence. I may act a little queer; you do when misfortune and defeat overtake you in your old age. But if I behaved as senselessly as a lot of young men do, I'd be haled before a lunacy commission!"

And this was twenty years ago, when nobody thought of summoning an alienist to determine the mental responsibility of a youth who had run amuck and committed a crime.

As I grow older and feel the changes that wisdom and experience make in me, and learn to sit down more to husband my failing strength and to keep silent longer when younger people are exploiting the foolishness of their wits, I often think of that old man toddling feebly behind the baby carriage, shorn of all his earthly glories save the insignia of his long pastoral coat tails, despised because his mind had passed the spring and summer seasons of animal wit and aggressiveness, but pathetically wise.

I am determined to avoid his fate by taking thought now while my will is strong, and I have fairly good business sense, and still reign too high in my own estimation to be spoofed or cajoled by the flattery of being merely humored. I am already old enough to fix a measuring eye upon any younger person who undertakes to pacify me with the mere assurance that such-and-such a thing is all right; nothing is going to break; everything is greased and the clutch is working properly. I have known myself to get out of the car and find something wrong and ready to break, and much of it is not greased, and the brakes needing to be relined.

This sort of enterprise does not enhance your reputation for sweetness and light among young people, but we must simply keep up our courage and stand the gaff. If you are a woman, and have passed the age of control by your merely feminine charms, the only thing left is to exercise sufficient authority to put the fear of God in these youngsters and sit tight. My grandfather was not so far wrong when he was dying and ordered us, who were about to supersede him in living, out of the room! That was the last act of authority performed by a gallant gentleman who showed a proper contempt for sniveling youth.

I do not know how it happens, but as we grow older our friends and relatives become miraculously younger. We seem to survive too many of those companions with whom we started in life and passed our achieving years. As our infirmities increase, they wax stronger, and we become no more than a memory sitting in the chimney corner. However generous and considerate they are of your feeling and comfort, you have lost your standing among them. The consequences are inevitable. You cannot hold your hand with them. With the best intentions, they are ready to take up your burdens and manage your affairs, which is really a tender way of taking your life away from you and leaving you in your old age without the means of supporting your own vanities and self-respect.

Never again can you show how much better judgment you have than they have in matters of management and economy! You may be permitted to hold your dear old yellow deeds, though frequently in a weary moment you also surrender them; but they have come into real possession of your property and they are inclined to use it recklessly, according to this speeding, spending new world they are making for themselves, while you become the helpless pensioner upon your own hard-earned bounties.

Nothing like that shall happen to me. I have observed young people very carefully. They are really the pensioners upon our wisdom and reared upon our earnings. If every man and woman past sixty should suddenly die, there would be one grand wake of a funeral, then this world would rock upon its foundations and go to pieces. I give youth thirty days to destroy the whole thing. What I mean is that we are very important the older we grow, and for conscience' sake should endeavor to live as long as possible in full possession of our powers and affairs.

I have sometimes considered passing my last days writing a book of gospels for the aged, designed to stimulate their courage and sense of self-importance. I have observed that we begin to lose these when we lose the purely physical attributes of strength and animation. This is that period when the mind clears and can be used most effectively according wisdom and experience, instead of those emotions which inevitably affect our actions and judgments during our younger years.

The time comes when these friends and these relatives who have grown up long after we grew up will gather around you out of respect, affection and politeness; but you are a short circuit. There will be such a divergence in your point of view from their points of view that no common ground of conversation or comradeship remains. They will be sitting up with you off and on in this manner as if you were the dear dead body of an ancestor, although you may be getting your breath as usual and looking straight through those innocent young things, too polite to read aloud what you see going on inside of them.

The thing to do then is not to retire to your own room like a sundown old cat, or like a pathetically forgiving old woman, but to exile them. Send them back to sink or swim in the world they have made for themselves, and keep yours. Live and die under your own roof, even if you do it alone. I have a suspicion that it is a lonely passage, even if everybody is present.

I willed the world to these young powers and princes ten years ago when I came to this valley. They can have it. I am willing any time to spare them a few words of advice about how to conduct it, and I like to step around in it once in so often to see how things are going. But I reserve this small one, laid off like a garden between these hills, and fitted to me as a fine old tune is fitted to the simple words of a good old hymn.

Very few people enjoy the privilege of laying the scenes of their own minds. They are controlled by circumstances, conventions and that windy weather of other people's minds known as the spirit of the times. If a man conceives the ambition to do such a thing, the easiest way is to climb into an attic, close the door and write out the scenes of his mind on paper. And this is pure fiction so far as he is concerned, even if he produces a volume of the profoundest philosophy. He has not lived it; he has merely thought it.

This is the reason why I have never bowed my dizzy old head to the greatest thinker of them all. I have done too much active living between the devil and the deep blue sea to be petrified into a state of admiration by a mere system of thought. Let him try out his theories on the land, in the street, in the commercial or industrial world, in society, even in the church, and find out how long they will last.

But watch the philosopher! He keeps out of the ructions of real life, which is the only personal evidence he shows of being one. All that stuff he has written is for you to practice. I never heard of an up-and-doing ubiquitous philosopher. He may lecture, but he does not live; he only exists. His books are popular or unpopular, but the man as a man would prove ineffective if he should be put to the tests the simplest of us must pass in order to matriculate as serviceable scholars in the real arts of living. I should be willing to match one of my narrow circuit-rider's days in living, or a half of one of my own days spent in this green attic of the hills, with one of Herbert Spencer's days anytime; not that I know his private life, but I have my suspicions that there was not much of it. He was too entirely absorbed in recording his ideas to have had the energy and initiative to dramatize his thinking into deeds.

The more one reflects upon the business rather than the theories of living, the more do creeds and philosophies shrink in importance. It is like starting on a long and arduous journey burdened with luggage. You are handicapped by too many doctrines and complicated systems of thinking, which interferes with that moral elasticity so essential to courage and a good conscience. You may become famous for your piety or your wisdom, but you do not arrive. Respect for a doctrine or for logic trips you at the very moment when you might have made the grade. You may found a transient school of thought, obtain the flighty tail of a following; but there is no profit beyond that of gratified vanity in such an adventure. The world will presently swing through the lightening dust of your great mind and go on its way as if you had never happened—as this earth would scarcely be spattered by radiance if it passed through the flame tail of the brightest comet.

What I mean is that it is useless to pretend to be very good or very wise. We cannot be, and overcome one another as frequently as we do in the long competition of living. I suppose this is one reason why righteousness and wisdom make such slow progress in this world and have had so many backsets. The sensible thing to do is to choose a life within your capacity to achieve and do most of your thinking along the line you have chosen.

So I have gone on, writing a few books on the side, but laying the scenes of my mind in the valley. I can go out any day and trace my real thoughts for the last ten years. By the looks of them it is easy to infer that I have no great mind and not much money to spend. But it is also clear that I was thinking and planning for happiness, not for riches. The forests still stand taller and greener than when I came, though the timber in them is worth three times as much as my whole estate here. The red hillsides have been changed into green pastures. It has been like taking over the care and maintenance of an old, sick and impoverished relative to restore the land to health and vitality. But it is fertile and willing now. I make no apologies for what it has cost. I have been too wise to keep books with Nature and the weather. But I doubt if what I have spent in buildings, dams and breaks in all this time equals what the average woman with the same income would have spent on clothes, operas, motors and journeys from her favorite summer resorts to her favorite winter resorts in half as many years. And I still have my investments, while she must repeat her expenses each season if she keeps up her indulgences.

It all depends upon your taste in living and your idea of pleasure whether you spend lavishly for the splendors and gayeties of the fashionable world, or moderately for the long peace of a quiet place, round quiet days and starlit nights.

I do not appear to have been brilliant or very extravagant anywhere; but the only

(Continued on Page 141)

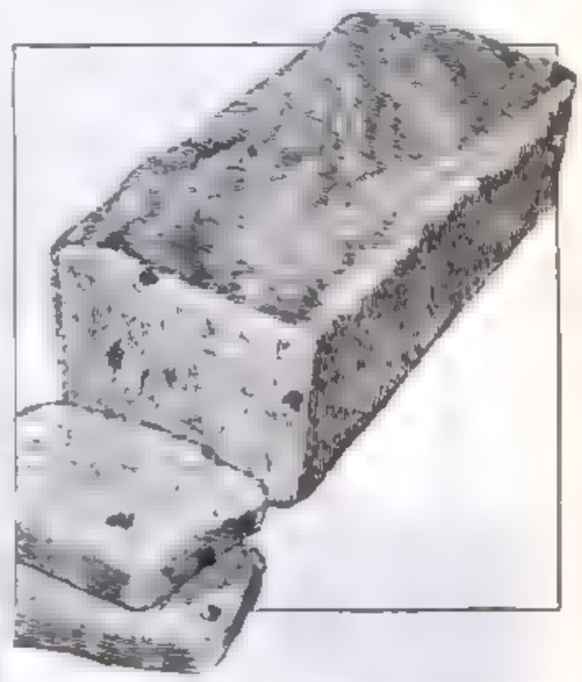
A quick Bran Bread

HOW often you want something delicious in a hurry. Something that is more than plain bread, but isn't cake. Something really special!

Brer Rabbit Molasses bran bread, eaten with butter, and a tumbler of milk, makes a food fit for gods, for children—or even for people who are fussy about their diet!

Brer Rabbit is rich in the mineral salts that doctors say we need. And has the true flavor of old-time molasses that makes everyone want more.

Whether you use the light delicate Gold Label, so perfect for the table, and fancy cooking; or the darker, full-flavored Green Label, you can always trust Brer Rabbit's baking quality.



BRER RABBIT MOLASSES BRAN BREAD

You will find this recipe delicious. Dissolve two teaspoons soda in one cup Brer Rabbit Molasses. Add three cups sour milk, three cups whole wheat flour, and three cups bran. Now add one cup seeded raisins. Bake in moulds, your favorite shapes, slow oven.

Brer Rabbit Molasses

In two grades: *Gold Label*—highest quality light molasses for eating and fancy cooking. *Green Label*—darker, with a stronger flavor.

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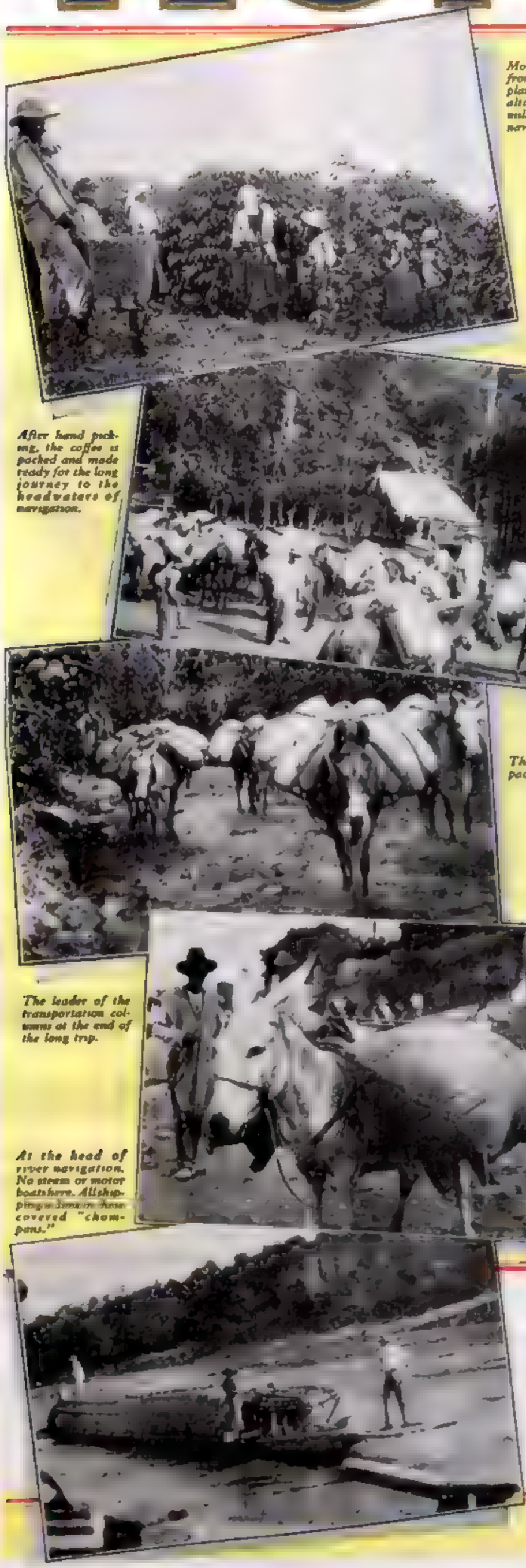

Monarch Coffee comes from the most famous plantations in the high altitudes, hundreds of miles from the head of navigation.

After hand packing, the coffee is packed and made ready for the long journey to the headwaters of navigation.

The start of the pack train.

The leader of the transportation columns at the end of the long trip.

At the head of river navigation. No steam or motor boats here. All shipping is done in hand-covered "champans."

For the MONARCH Pantry

Tea	Peanut Butter	Tomatoes
Cocoa	Preserves	Spinach
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Chili Sauce	Spaghetti	Fruit Salad
Sweet Pickles	Corn	Yellow Cling Peaches
Salad Dressing	Early June Peas	Red Raspberries

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QUALITY *for 70 years*

(Continued from Page 139)

place where I fail to show at a modest advantage is on the banks of the creek which flows through this valley, gory with mud in the spring and winter floods, clear and sparkling as a happy woman's eye at other seasons. Twice every year I contend with this treacherous watercourse, twice every year it rises and sweeps over the land. Afterward there remains not a vestige of my works along the banks to restrain it.

Still, this valorous worm of a creek is near to being my dearest possession. The time was when my heart was filled with anxieties and fears for those whom I loved. Now there is no one to love and nothing to fear. The time was when I was at grips with poverty and every vicissitude. Now I am no longer very poor, and I do miss my vicissitudes as a demoted soldier misses his decorations for gallant service. And there was a time when the world inside the church was fiercely critical of me and my works. Now the weather has changed and I miss the lash of the harsher saints. But I have a happy presentiment that when all my works are finished, and I am a memory grown faint in the minds of men, I shall still be an aged willful woman in this valley, prancing majestically back and forth along the banks of this creek, ordering fortifications raised against its violence. The world will have passed and I shall have been reduced to littleness of consequences there; but I shall have something to do, one last fight to win. This is something to which to look forward when you have nothing else to win.

This record, as truthful as I can make it, must read like a very well-constructed plan for a kind of happiness suitable for a person of my age and gender. But looking back through these years, I cannot recall any such experiences. It seems to me that I have always been in an anguish of labor or in a state of suspense, always looking for more burdens to bear, giving more bonds for title to my own life and liberties. It may be that happiness is a state of unconsciousness, and that I have been too consciously looking for it; but I am beginning to have a faint spiritual intimation that I have practiced my Scriptures to the wrong tune. I am not so sure now that the keynote of a good life should be self-sacrifice.

I am finally beginning to believe that the Scriptures were meant to preserve us from too many awful sacrifices, and that I may have used them too much like the shroud of my mortal mind. I am ready to concede that Nature is full of tricks to serve its own ends; but it does seem beneath the dignity of the good God to have persuaded the simple minority to sacrifice themselves for the profit and comfort of the indifferent and unrighteous majority, which is precisely what happens. It is really written that we shall present ourselves living sacrifices wholly acceptable to God.

I wish I had remembered and understood the meaning of that passage sooner. It would have saved me much hardship and left more space for human happiness. It comes to me now that it is less exhausting to make oneself wholly acceptable to the Lord than to those of our fellow men who can fish for our services with these Scriptures.

For they want as many sacrifices as you can make, and will give you as many of their burdens to bear as you will carry; but our heavenly Father only demands a right spirit toward Him to make us reasonably safe in our relations to our fellow men—which would by no means cover the terrific labors and sacrifices some of us have made along this line.

I am coming now to the closing scenes of my life as I have lived it in the past, because I mean to close these scenes. As a Christian, I have had the wrong training; as a middle-aged woman, it will be difficult to go against this training; but I do hope to have time to make the experiment.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

WE GO INTO THE PIG BUSINESS

(Continued from Page 27)

sum potato pealings and sum orang peal and a lamp wick and poared them into one of the barrils. the nex house was Mister Halls and we got sum sour dough and sum eg shells and coffee grounds and sum boans and a pan of bred crusts and a broken lamp chimney. at old Wood Odlins we got 2 or 3 biskits and milk and lots of things and a pair of corsits and a congress boot. at Gus Weeks we got sum good stuff including a broken lamp and 2 bottles 1 broken. at old Getchels we got 3 pales full of stuff and a peck of corn. at old Ike Shutes fathers uncle Roberts we got a lot of dishwater with roten apples floting in it. when we had filled both barrils we drove our old cart up to Jady Hill. the old decon come out and looked into the barrils and snifed. then he poared out the stuff over a big gridion and picked out the lamp wicks and the lamp and the botles and the corsits and congris boots and then he poared it all into his pig troths and they all piched in and squeeled and rooted and fit. i bet i woodent want to eet enny of their meat. i asted the decon what he did with the things the pigs coodent eet and he sed he dride them and they wood bring sumthing when the junkmen come round.

Tuesday July 19, 186—me and Pewt and Beany went out on the swill cart this morning. had pretty good luck, we got 2 barrils full inclooding a old stove pipe hat and 2 bandaner handkerchifs. the old decon was kind of glad to get them.

Wednesday July 20, 186— brite and fair today. i started up the old plug. Beany fell rite into a full barril and went out of site all but his legs whitch we pulled him out by. Beany was mad and sed he woodent wirk enny moar but we both told him he had augt to be grateful to us for saving him from drownding and he finally sed it was all rite. we drove down Gilmans lane to the gravil while Beany went in swiming with his close on. when he come out he rung out his close and was all rite. we got a set of false teeth today with red gums. i wonder if the old decon will sell them to the junk man. perhaps he will use them. he aint got menny teeth.

Thursday July 21, 186— hot as time. we got a ded hen a silver watch and 2 or 3 of the glass tinklers that hang on lamps and a flat ion. Pewt pluged the ded hen and it went rite into a open window of a house. i wonder what the peeple will think when they find it.

Friday July 22, 186— still hot. Pewt fell down the steps of folsom block today with a pale of swill and got soping and spilled it all over him. the decon was mad and sed if we wasted so mutch swill he wood take it out of our pay. today we pluged sum potatoes at fellers and they fired rocks at us. we have got to be cairful. we got a lether belt and a pair of suspenders. i gess if it hadent been for the belt the decon wood have fired Pewt.

Saterday July 23, 186— rany all day. we had 2 trips today becaus tomorrow is Sunday. this morning we got mostly salt fish and potato pealings and this afternoon mostly beans and brown bred crusts. we also got a kerosene can and a paint pale and 2 wooden combs with most of the teeth gone and a switch of hair. it was womans hair and too long for the decon and he has got wiskers enuf ennyway. he pade us tonite only he took $.10 cents off becaus Pewt spilled that pale of swill.

mother sent me away from the table tonite i smelt so bad. i must be moar cairful. she asted me where i had been and i sed i had jest been fooling round. she told me i had better stop fooling and settle down. i wonder what she wood say if she gnew i was wirking every day with Pewt and Beany. i can gess pretty well what she wood say so i had better not tell her.

Sunday July 24, 186— went to chirch today. it seamed kind of good to be back in the Unitarial again and to see Beany stick his head out behine the organ and forget to blow and let the wind go out. it seamed jest like old times. i.gess the peeple are glad to get us back. specialy Keene and Cele becaus they can sing so good. they sung a duet today. father went to chirch. he always goes when they sing. he always maiks me go wether they sing or not. sumtimes I think it is tuff to be a boy but when i think if i was a girl i wood have to sing in the quire and coodent go swiming without close on and had to wash dishes and cook things and coodent fite and sware and fite roosters and hook apples and things and plug hard apples on a stick and break winders way over on another street and have other fellers caugt and licked for it and sumtimes if you are lucky it is fellers whitch you cant lick but wood like to and plug ripe cucumbers at fellers with his best close on and play tittattwo on old ladys windows which come out with kittles of hot water and calls for the police and thretens to tell your fathers, and cant keep snaiks and toads in your pockets and shin trees after birds nests and go fishing nites for eals and hornpout and do things like them then i am glad i am a boy. of coarse a boy has to work like time and split wood and lug water and go errands and go to bed rite after supper and sumtimes before supper when you are sassy or have did rong things and have got cougt whitch sumtimes hapens never mind how cairful a feller is ennyway i woodent be a girl for enything wood you.

Monday July 25, 186— went back to wirk today on the cart. we got a pretty good load including 2 tooth brushes a babys shoe 3 woolin stockings without enny heels or toes to them and a red garter. i wonder what the decon will do with the tooth brushes. he aint got enny teeth.

Tuesday July 26, 186— today Beany did the meenest thing to me i ever gnew. we was going down High street and Pewt was driving. Beany pluged a rotten muah melon at Fred Weaks. well it went over Freds head and hit a man rite in the back of the head and squashed all over him. he had come out of a house and was bowing to a lady with his hat off and his hair all oiled and parted down the back and jest as he stratened up the mush melon took him. well he was the madest man i ever saw. he gumped and grabed the horse and sed whitch of you young hellions done that and Beany sed i told you Plupy you wood get into truble if you dident stop fooling and of course he gnew that Pewt hadent done it becaus he was driving so the man grabbed me by the neck and the seet of britches and before i gnew where i was he had tirned me rong side up and rammed me head first rite down in one of them barrils of swill cleer to my waste. well a lot of it got into my mouth becaus he done it so quick i coodent get ready like when a feller dives into the river and i tell you i felt pretty sick. i went into the river and sloshed round till i got it off my close but i dident get the taist out of my mouth although i drunk about a pale of water. i wood have given Beany a bang in the snoot but i felt two sick. i will get even with Beany sum day you bet. i am glad i am not a pig. i will never eat a peace of pig again as long as i live. it dont seam now as if i cood ever eat ennything ever again but peraps i shall get over it after a while. but i can taist that swill now.

Wednesday July 27, 186— i felt better today. Pewt and Beany let me drive and they lugged the pales. today we got a little ion looking glass frame that swings in and out. the glass was broke. the deecon was glad to get it. i dont see what it was wirth with the glass gone. brite and fair today.

Thursday July 28, 186— gosh it is most August and ⅓ of the vacasion is gone.

Cut your coal bills and get more heat

WHEN you pay your coal bill, it's a big satisfaction to know that you are going to get heat out of all your fuel. That's better than wasting money and steam fighting air, which rushes back into your radiators when fires are banked and cools them off.

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LEPAGE'S GLUE

today we found a broken gug in the swill. also a pair of ey glasses with the glass gone. also 2 almanicks and a bill for 4 quats of rum. i told the deecon that this biziness was like a grab bag at the May fair of the Unitarial chirch in May. you never gnew what you was going to get when you grabed. Friday July 29, 186— today when we got back with our swill to the deecons we was soping wet for it raned hard. the load today inclooded part of a sicingle a headstall with blinders and the stufing of a saddle. the deecon sed he cood use the headstal and the sicingle but the stufing was no good. his pigs were drunk and most of them laid down and snoared. 2 or 3 tride to get up and waulk to the troth but they fell down and grunted and went to sleep. i gess the broken gug we got yesterday was full when it was broke. he sed they wood be all rite by supper time. he sed they all wanted to fite but they was two drunk. the deecon sed that had augt to teech us tu waulk in the strait and narrow path and not yeeld to the flesh pots of Egipt and he told us that wine was a mocker and strong drink was ragging all of whitch we gnew befoar but we dident say nothing becaus tomorrow is pay day and we dont want to get him mad.

Saterday July 30, 186— today we had 2 trips in the swill cart. the 1st trip was a good one. it inclooded a lether pocket book without ennything in it. a red flannel undershert and 6 lampwicks a thing sumthing like sizzers to snuf candles with and a old hoopskert. this afternoon we got a big load whitch inclooded a odd slipper a shoe buckel a dime novil whitch i had red and whitch was naimed Silent Steeve the Sure Shot and a ded cat. it was a maltee. i got even with Beany and this is the way i done it. we had stoped on Plesant Street near Hemlock square. Pewt had went into old Wood Odlins with a pale and i set on the drivers seet. Beany was leening over the side of the cart looking down the street. old Ed Derborn the man whitch rings the town bell set on his piazer leening back in his chair sound asleep with his feet on the railing and a red handkerchief over his head to keep the flise from biting his bald spot and climing into his mouth and nose. well i reeched for that old ded cat easy and got it by the tale and swung it round my hed 2 times and let ding at old Eds piaza. well it hit rite down by his chair and maid sutch a slam that Ed give a gump and throwed up his arms and went rite over backwerds with his hine legs in the air. Beany herd the noise and looked round and begun to laff and old Ed gumped up lifely and when he see the ded cat laying on his piazer and see Beany laffin he come out in 2 stradles and before Beany gnew what had hapened he had Beany by the gnap of his neck and draged him over the side of the cart.

well you never see sutch a licking as Beany got. it was a ringtaled pealer. Ed he shook him and batted him rite and left. he wood bat him one way and then bat him the other and Beany hollered you bet. bimeby Ed he maid Beany pick up the cat and throw it into the river below the dam. he sed he had a good mind to maik Beany eat it. when he was coming back with Beany me and Pewt see him grab Beany again and give him a shaik and 2 bats and when he come up to the cart he sed this lying little cuss sed he dident do it and that one of you felers did and I give him a little moar for lying. it is meen enuf to throw a ded cat at a mun but it is meener to try to ly it onto sumbody elce. so if you fellers think i havent licked him enuf you can give him sum moar and he hysted Beany into the cart and i drove off Beany dident say nothing and so i sed i told you Beany you wood get into truble if you dident stop fooling. well Beany gumped out of the cart and trule to find a rock to plug at me but he coodent find one and bimeby he clim back.

old Deecon pade us our $50 eech and Beany felt better i bet he wont be so smart another time

Sunday July 31, 186— it is Sunday again and i am kind of glad of it. i can see now how men and fellers whitch wirk hard all the weak like to have sunday come when they can go round the yard in a old shert and pants and slipers without heals. i cant do that becaus i have to go to chirch but they is always sum fun when Beanys there. father dident go today. it was two hot and Keene and Cele didnt sing a duet. when he goes i have to sit up strait and mind my pees and ques. if father aint there i can maik up faces at Potter Goram and Nipper Brown and other fellers and sumtimes get them laffin. then i can draw pictures of peeple and fold them up and wach my chance and snap them over to sum of the fellers and maik them gigle out in chirch. today i drawed a picture of old Steve Pettigrew with his old bald head and his front teeth sticking out like a woodchucks. old Steve is awful ritch and feerful meen. so i rote under the picture this beautiful poim whitch i maid up myself,

the meeniest man i ever gnew
is uncle Steven Pettigrew
my father sed so so its true
a meen old cuss is Pettigrew

then i folded it up so it wasent enny biger than a white ally and snaped it over to Pewt. Pewts phew is jest in front of old Pettigrews and i gess i dident snap it hard enuf for it fell rite into old Pettigrews lap. i thougt i shood die i was so scart. well old Pettigrew picted it up and unfolded it and looked at it and i cood see the red go from the gnap of his neck to the top of his head until he looked like a lamp poast. he looked at it a long time and then he put it in his vest pocket.

well jest then i had to laff. i dident want to but i coodent help it. i felt jest like a feller does when he goes to a funeral or when the minister pernounces the bennydiction. you dont want to laff but you are so scart for feer that you will laff that befoar you knows it you do laff. so i had to laff rite out and old Steven looked round and saw me and he drawed down the corners of his mouth and kind of snarled and i gnew i was in for truble.

well after chirch old Steeven put for our house and when i got home he was there talking and shaking his fist at father. i shood think by this time that peeple wood know that when they begin to sware and dam and tell father that if he dont lick me they will that father aint that kind. when they begin to get mad father gets mad. so i gnew i was all rite and after a while old Steeven went off saying he wood bring a action fer definition of carickter. after he had went father gawed me a little and sed as long as he had got the picture he gessed old Steeve wont get very far with his lawsuit, but he sed if i wasent moar cairful about getting him into truble he wood shaik my liver out. ennyway i got out of that better than i hoaped. sumtimes i have luck and sumtimes i dont.

Monday August 1, 186— old deecon is playing a mean trick on us. he has put a nother barril into the cart and we have to go over the side of the river where we live. we dont have to go up coart street but we do have to go up front street and spring street and water street and we may get cougt by our folks enny time. he sed he coodent pay us enny moar but he cood get 3 boys to do it for $.25 cents apeace. so what cood we do. we all need the money. i think sum of the peeple on front street throw away there stockings and garters and broken glass before they gets worn out as the peeple on high street do. we got 3 stockings and a lamp shade and one of those little silver birds that you screw on the table and sew with. on water street we get rotten apples and potatoes and spoiled corn and old beans and things. we got a lot of old fassits sum from rum barrils and sum from molases barrils and roten mush melons and things. it is pretty hard wirk and the only part of it we like is going in swimming after we get throug and saterday nites when we gets our pay.

Beany got bit by a dog today on the leg. there is 3 dogs on front street that bites evrybody whitch goes to their houses. we are getting prety sick of it. Pewt neerly got bit and the only way he escaiped was by throwing a pale of swill at the dog swill and all and the man whitch oaned the dog made Pewt scrape up the swill and gawed him terible. i gess if peeple think that we are going to be bit and knawed by dogs they will be mistaiken. tomorow we are going to bring our sling shots.

Thursday August 4, 186— we wirked again today. mother says she dont see why i smell so sumtimes. that is when i dont have time to go in swimming befoar i go home to dinner. i always change my close but that aint enuf. Pewt and Beany has got there heads shingled but mother wont let me. after i can go in swiming i am all rite. our load from high street inclooded a lantirn with the glass broke out a pair of nippers with one nip gone and the broom part of a broom with the broom handel broke short off. from front street and water street sume fine teethed combs and a pair of gloves and a broken spittune. old deekon was kind of mad with us becaus he thougt we had broke it but we told him nobody wood have threw away a good spittune. it had red and blue roses painted on it and yellow birds. there isnt ennything mutch prettyer than a elegant painted spittune in the house. i dont see why mother dont like them but she says she wont have one in the house. i dont see why.

Friday August 5, 186— wirked this morning and went in swiming this afternoon. mother says if i come home to dinner again smelling so bad that she will maik me eat in the barn and she will see to it that father will forbid me going to Ed Toles barn again this seeson. i havent went to Ed Toles for neerly 2 weaks but i dident tell her that becaus if i dont get time to go in swiming before dinner and father tells me i cant go to Eds why i dont lose ennything becaus i dont want to go to Eds as long as i hold my gob. so all i sed was yes marm. today our high street load inclooded a lot of chicking boans while the front street load inclooded a lot of tripe. we wasent sure of it and Pewt thougt it was a peace of tirkish towell. Beany sed it dident maik mutch difference one taisted about the same as the other. we also got 2 candel sticks part of a hoopskert and 2 tirky wing brushes and a fan with broken sticks and a nursing botle. i wunder what old deecon will do with that. if the deecon throws the stuff we dont recognize to the pigs it is tripe. if he puts it away to dry it is tirkish towell.

tomorrow afternoon there is to be a big time down to the house next to Gails where we have to go for swill and where the big Newfoundlounder dog is. so we want to go and we have got to wirk. so we have desided we will drive in to mister Gails house and if ennyone says ennything to us we can say we have to come for our swill and if they dont say ennything we will stay and hear the music. they are going to have sum fine music. Rashe Belnap plays the cornet and Ed Tole plays the fiddle. it aint the saim Ed Tole whitch fit roosters with me and mine licked his but another Ed Tole. a feller naimed Hogden of Kensington plays the flute and one of Peelicky Tiltons uncles plays the bass vile and Ed Piper plays the piano and Gim Folsom Billy Folsoms father plays the offyclide and old Jake Tole plays the trumboan. i bet it is as good music as they have in Boston.

Saterday August 6, 186— the wirst has happened. we have lost our gobs and our pay and have smashed up the old decons dingle cart and spilled swill over all gods creasion so father sed. when i think of the money i have lost and the gob i feel verry sad but when i think of what hapened i neerly laff myself to deth and so does Beany and Pewt. and so does father but he taiks cair not to laff where i can see him.

well this morning we wirked hard and got a chance to go swimming befoar dinner. then in the afternoon we went over to old deecons. about 4 oh clock we hiched up and went first down water street and got 2 barrils filled. evry feller seamed to be clearing up for the weak and we had ded fish and old vegitibles and a curry comb and 2 brushes and a whisk broom. then we went way up front street first and wirked down. well by the time we got down to the common we cood hear the music and it sounded fine. the players were out on the grass on a platform whitch had been made of barrils and boards and was covered with red white and blue cloth and carriges and hacks were being drove up and ladys with long tranes and silk dresses and ribbons criscrosed on their ancles and holding up their dresses to show them and long ear rings and their hair done up in waterfalls with 2 long curls falling down over their shoulders was waulking to the piaza on the arms of men in stovepipe hats and swaller tale coats and yeller linen britches and shiny boots with their hair oiled and parted behine and shaikin; hands and bowing to sum ladys and men on the piaza and then setting on settees and chairs on the lawns and eating ice creem and things and looking like the peeple in the pictures in Godys lady book and the New York legger. well the orchestry was playing splended and so we drove up as neer as we cood and lissened and were having a good time.

Bimeby we notised that peeple begun to look at us and the ladys begun to put their handkerchifs to there noses and fan themselfs and call for smelling bottles and 2 women fainted and peeple were running with botles and slaping their hands and rubbing their heads and sloping water on them and the music players stoped playing and held there noses and evrybody looked at us mad and a feller come running over to us and sed what in hel are you doing with that stinking old cart here and Beany he sed we come here for mister Gails swill and i gess we have got as mutch rite here as ennybody and the feller he sed i will show you who is boss here you sassy little devil and he grabed the old horse by the headstal and yanked the ranes out of my hands. well in ½ minute that horse shet down his little stub tale on them ranes and begun to kick and plung and rare and squeel and run. well the feller held on and hollered and yanked and the horse went rite round in a cercle on the lawn. the swill barrils was gumping and spatering and me and Beany and Pewt was holding on with all our mite and the peeple was hollering and swaring and hipering for the house and the orchestra fellers was grabing their fiddles and trumbones and cornets and runing and swaring and Peelicky Tiltons uncle put his base vile on his back and hipered away looking like a big dorbug. well i gess we went round 2 or 3 times befoar we hit the platform and over went the cart and me and Pewt and Beany and the hoal yard was covered with dishwater and biskits and potato pealings and egg shells and lampwicks and roten apples and coffy grounds and mush mellons and slops and pails and swill barrils and me and Pewt and Beany.

but we dident stop there long i tell you for we gumped up and put for home as fast as we cood go. we left the old horse and the old cart and evrything elce. father says they sent for old deecon and maid him clear up the place and sed it was lucky nobody was killed. peraps he wont think it so lucky when he finds that i was one of the fellers whitch drove the swill cart. ennyway we dont dass to ever go over to the deecons again to ask for our pay. if we had only got our pay befoar the last trip we wood have been all rite for we were getting kind of sick of our gob. i hoap father wont find out it was us whitch drove the cart.

Editor's Note—This is the sixth of a series of sketches by Mr. Shute. The next will appear in an early issue

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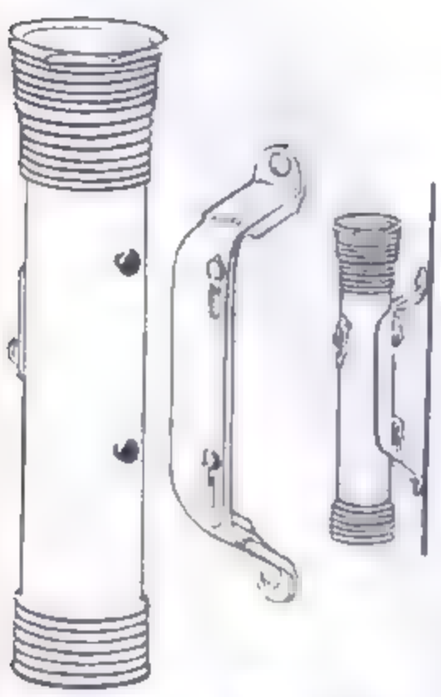

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PHILADELPHIA

LITTLE GOLDILOCKS

(Continued from Page 5)

"That so?" inquired Red with interest.

"Of course not. Look at the cantle! Look at the horn, or whatever you call the thing in front! He'd have to be pulled out like a tooth. What I'd like to see is one of you Westerners on an English saddle. That takes riding "

"So I've heard," said Red. "They look kinda thin and slippery."

"Have to use a knee grip," observed Mr. Tufts more affably. "And, of course, it's a matter of balance."

"I suppose the trouble with them," said Red, who trained the Old Man's polo ponies to the English saddle, "is that there's nothing to hold on to if you get into trouble."

"Exactly," corroborated Mr. Tufts, and would have enlarged on the matter, but at that moment, coming down a hill, they struck a terrific hump. The barbed wire immediately leaped at his back with violence and struck him a terrific blow between the shoulder blades.

"Suffering cats!" yelled Mr. Tufts, when he could yell. "Was that a trunk?"

"Only the wire," said Red. "Hurt you any?"

"It's probably torn my coat."

Red examined the rear of Mr. Tufts' coat while the truck careened madly on.

"Only a snag or two," he said. "But they carry some swell clothes at the store in town. If you go in there and say I sent you ——"

"Thanks," grunted Mr. Tufts stiffly. "I don't get my clothes that way."

The rest of the ride was not conversational, save for the parrot, which took to shouting "You've revoked" over and over in a slightly excited manner. Just once Red made an effort and inquired if Tufts had ever been to a dude ranch before.

"No," said Mr. Tufts coldly; "and I don't think I ever shall be again."

At the main house the Old Man was waiting. He scanned Mr. Tufts from under his beetling eyebrows with interest as he took the parrot's cage.

"How'd your parrot stand the trip?" he inquired genially.

"It's not my parrot," snapped Mr. Tufts.

"I see. Well, I hope Red took good care of you on the way out."

"He took better care of a roll of barbed wire he brought along."

"Well, wire's a mighty important thing around here," said the Old Man, and eyed Mr. Tufts again, this time rather closely.

"And dudes are not?"

"I wouldn't go so far as that. But, you see, we have to have the wire."

Mr. Tufts had had every intention of taking ten grains of aspirin and going to bed, but on his way to his cabin he spied the new girl and suddenly changed his mind. Instead, he put on his English breeches and boots, tied a new tie with particular care and sauntered out again. He did not, however, see the new girl again, but spent the evening on the lawn, watching various groups of riders starting out for a twilight canter over the meadows, and telling the Old Man about improving his stock by bringing in a Thoroughbred stallion, while from some place unknown came the sound of a phonograph playing I've Got the Blues, and occasional bursts of young and cheerful laughter.

He went to bed that night in his one-room cabin, leaving the door open for coolness. And before he went he poured himself a small drink out of a bottle, to offset the effects of the aspirin. He was very tired, and the moonlight poured in through the open door and bothered him, but finally he dozed off.

In the middle of the night he was wakened suddenly by the sound of one of his monogrammed hairbrushes falling to the floor. He sat up, not yet quite certain where he was, but he oriented himself almost immediately, and it was then he saw that somebody was in his room. A heavy figure, rather short, was standing outlined between him and the light outside, and it had what appeared to be his precious bottle uplifted in his hand.

He was not a brave man, but that bottle had been brought across the continent and was one of a carefully selected and packed dozen. So Mr. Tufts leaped from his bed and grappled with the intruder. And the intruder was hairy and grunted horribly, and before it had slid out at the cabin door it had swatted Mr. Tufts very violently on the side of the head.

Mr. Tufts reeled around until he had found a chair and dropped into it.

"A bear!" he kept muttering to himself. "It was a bear!"

It was not for some time that he recovered sufficiently to notice a pungent and familiar odor in the cabin. That roused him, and he lighted a match and investigated. His precious bottle was gone, but a part of its contents was trickling along the floor.

IV

BILL the Bear was in a strange mood the next morning, but at that he had very little on the corral.

Now the usual method of the corral with a new dude is somewhat arbitrary. He goes up to the corral boss and meekly asks for a horse; Tom looks him over, yells to the saddle boss, who appraises him for size of saddle, and then rope in hand rides into the corral. It is the opinion of some people that once inside the inclosure he simply shuts his eyes and throws his rope, and that that horse on which the noose settles is brought out; but be that as it may, that particular horse is thereafter assigned to that particular individual, and barring accidents, so remains.

But this morning was different. Mr. Tufts intended to choose his horse, and said so. He stood for some time outside the corral, and finally picked on a tall bay.

"Bring him out," he commanded calmly. "I want to see him in action."

"You mean that's the horse you want?"

"I didn't say that. Bring him out and let's see what he can do."

"We're not showing samples," said Tom.

"And I'm not riding any animal you choose to put me on," said Mr. Tufts, with equal brevity. "I'll pick my horse or I'll know why not."

Thus it happened that the line-up of morning riders, meekly awaiting their animals, was treated to the edifying spectacle of Red, the crack rider of the outfit, walking, trotting and cantering a succession of horses before a supercilious youngish gentleman who made adverse and most unpleasant comments on them, their action and their lineage.

And that gentleman ended up by saying loudly, "Well, now we've seen your pack animals, where do you keep your saddle outfit?"

"I'll tell you," said Red, above the titter that rose; "most of them are turned out to pasture so no fool Easterner can get a hold of them and ride the guts out of them."

In the silence that followed this, Mr. Tufts gazed into the barn.

"What have you got in there?" he inquired. But as Red made no reply, he sauntered into that holy of holies, where the Old Man's Palamina occupied a box stall, where Loco Lizzie, who had eaten loco weed and was plumb crazy, stood ready to kick, bite and squeal at any provocation and where dudes were about as welcome as the foot-and-mouth disease.

Red freed the last rejected animal and it shot back to the corral. And a minute later the new girl spoke to him.

"Mr. Tufts is in the stall with Loco Lizzie, Red," she said. "Do you think it's safe?"

"Probably not. But who cares?" said Red bitterly.

Tufts escaped unscathed, however, and the entire outfit sighed with disappointment when he emerged. He had selected the Old Man's Palamina, as a matter of fact, and complained bitterly when he was refused.

After a time he chose the tall bay he had first looked at, and—"Tom," Red called, "put down Sleeping Sickness for Mr. Tufts."

"That the horse he wants?"

"So he says."

"Sleeping Sickness?" inquired Mr. Tufts. "What's wrong with him. Don't he go?"

"He'll go all right."

"Does he buck?"

"Never heard of it."

But there was suspicion in Mr. Tufts' eyes as he prepared to mount.

"If you're thinking of putting anything over on me, you'd better think again."

"What d'you mean—putting something over?" Red demanded. "I'll tell you, Mr. Tufts," he added confidentially, "that's a good horse. I knew you were a horseman when you picked him. But about those spurs now, if you're in kinda deepish water and want to get him across ——"

Mr. Tufts grinned and cut him off.

"Don't you worry about me," he said. "I was riding a real horse when you were rocking a hobby. I'll get him over all right."

He started off.

The new girl, whose name turned out to be Nancy—there were no surnames in use at the corral—was near Red when he turned around.

"What's the matter with that horse?" she demanded.

"That horse? Why, Sleeping Sickness is a good horse," he said aggrievedly. "Look at him going now! Action's the word for it."

"You winked at Tom! I saw you."

"Can't a fellow get a bit of dust in his eye without you calling him for it?" His manner was innocence itself, but the girl still watched him, in her curiously direct manner.

"What about the water?"

"Well, I tried to tell him. The fool wouldn't listen."

"What about it?" she insisted.

Red looked at her and then glanced away. He was always a bit dazzled when she was close by.

"Well," he said uncomfortably, "you see, if he should happen to spur him while he's in water anywhere ——"

"Well?"

"Well, he's plumb likely to lie down—that's all."

Suddenly Nancy laughed. She threw back her head and laughed, cheerfully, delightfully. And Red joined her, rather sheepishly.

"In a ditch!" she gasped.

"Or in the creek," said Red, wiping his eyes with a not too clean bandanna. "Those breeches of his, now ——"

Perhaps nothing so suddenly unites two people as the sharing of a secret joke between them. And when some twenty minutes later Mr. Tufts came back to the corral, it was Nancy who caught Red's eye and was obliged to retire abruptly into the barn.

Mr. Tufts came back afoot—rather, on two extremely wet feet. In fact, not an inch of Mr. Tufts was dry. His hat was gone, his collar was a dejected string, and from the top of his boots there escaped ever and anon a thin fine spurt of water.

"Where's your horse?" Red called to him.

"I don't know and I don't give a damn."

He limped past the barn and down to his cabin, into which he retired in high dudgeon. There, by inserting a foot between the iron bars of his camp bed, he was able to draw off his boots, and finally to peel off his other garments. But it galled him extremely that he was obliged to open an entirely new bottle in order to take his aspirin. He never took aspirin without

(Continued on Page 149)

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(Continued from Page 147)

something to offset what he had heard were its depressant qualities.

That afternoon he made a complaint to the Old Man.

"Well," said the Old Man, "I'm sorry you've had trouble, but if you will choose your own horse ——"

"Trouble! Malicious mischief, that's what it was."

But later on in the complaint the Old Man picked up his ears.

"A bear!" he said. "What sort of a bear?"

"I didn't have time to classify him. A grizzly, I'd say."

"Don't keep candy in your cabin, do you?"

"No," said Mr. Tufts shortly.

"We've got a tame cub around here, and I dare say that's what it was. You needn't worry about Bill. He's perfectly gentle."

"Gentle!" snarled Mr. Tufts. "I'm not asking about his disposition. The thieving rascal! If he comes in again ——"

"Oh! He took something, did he?"

Mr. Tufts hesitated. The ranch circular had clearly stated that no intoxicants were permitted on the property, and the Old Man's eyes were distinctly suspicious.

"No," he said slowly. "I threw him out before he got anything."

When he had gone the Old Man put on his big hat and wandered over to the bunk house. The boys were trying out broncos and half-broken horses in the breaking corral, and no one was near. The Old Man sauntered over to the apple tree and looked down at Bill.

"Get up," he said, "and let's have a look at you."

But Bill only opened one eye and groaned. The Old Man bent down over him and sniffed. There was a faint but undeniable alcoholic aura around Bill, and his morning bottle of milk lay untouched beside him.

"You're a pretty sight," said the Old Man severely. "You're still tight, and you know it."

He jerked the bear to his feet, but Bill only tottered to the apple tree and stood leaning dizzily against it for a minute. Then he collapsed again.

"You're a drunken loafer," said the Old Man disgustedly. "He threw you out, did he? Why in blazes, when you had all that courage in you, didn't you bite hell out of him?"

V

AS TIME went on, Mr. Tufts' initial unpopularity in the corral grew, and in return he gave the cowboys and wranglers a sort of contemptuous familiarity that galled them exceedingly. He was plainly scornful of their riding, too, and referred to them generally as the bronco steerers.

But he seemed unable to keep away from them. He was always at the corral, criticizing openly, or sitting on the bench by the barn door with a small twisted smile on his lips. In the evenings he invaded the sitting room and criticized their taste in phonograph records, sitting as closely as possible to Nancy and addressing most of his remarks to her.

When she swung herself lightly into the saddle and started down the road, he was always just a minute or so behind her. He would catch her by the ford and say something to the effect that "Beautiful young ladies mustn't ride alone"; or, "Don't you want a gate opener this evening?"

And Red, watching from the corral, would follow them mentally over hill and dale, and suffer agonies of futile jealousy.

"Darned old bunch-quitter!" he would mutter, and savagely go on tightening cinches and changing stirrups.

"All set now, Mrs. Jones?"

"Well, I think it's better."

A bunch-quitter—that's what he was. Never running with the herd, off hidden in draws, the bunch-quitter was the curse of the morning wrangling. And Tufts was like that. He never joined the noisy, cheery riding parties. The girl he took was in for a long and sentimental tête-à-tête, and the girl was generally Nancy. Usually his talk, when she could shift it from herself, went to the outfit.

"Pretty crude, they are," he would say, watching her. "Don't you think so?"

"They're absolutely genuine, if that's what you mean."

"So you've fallen like the rest! You surprise me! What is it? The clothes they wear? That's plain dude stuff—local color."

"But they never wear anything else."

"No," said Mr. Tufts, grinning; "I agree with you. In fact, I doubt if they ever take 'em off."

It was the horsemanship of Mr. Tufts, however, which chiefly got on the nerves of the corral. Day after day he took out a new horse, only to bring it back with a complaint.

"Kick!" said Tom bitterly. "He could kick the salt out of a biscuit."

He changed saddles frequently also, and had to have the intricate lacings of the stirrups unloosed and their length altered, times without number. And his criticisms of all things Western were constant and bitter.

"Why the dickens do you brand your horses?" he demanded once. "Even if a fellow did see a horse here fit to take East, the brand would spoil him."

"We brand 'em so you Eastern horsemen can tell 'em apart," said Red blandly.

What could Tufts know of the bitter winters there? Of the December drive south to better grass, with the herds of the Diamond D and the Double Bar O and all the other outfits hopelessly intermingled? And then of the spring round-up, and the cutting out and bunching of their own brand, and the long drive north and home again?

"The poor nut," Red commented to himself.

There was that day when the Old Man's Palamina, feeling good, had done a bit of bucking with the Old Man riding it out in good style, and later on the Old Man had come back to find that somebody had put a different bridle on the horse, one with a spade bit.

"Tom!" yelled the Old Man in a fury. "Red! Joe! Who the devil changed this bridle?"

"Mr. Tufts, sir," came in a sort of joyous chorus.

"Come here, Tufts. Just what is the idea?"

"Well, if you don't know what that horse needs," began Mr. Tufts sulkily, "I ——"

"It's a fancy of mine," said the Old Man loudly and distinctly, "to bridle my own horses according to my own ideas. Now you take that damned thing off and fix this animal the way you found it. And be quick about it," he snapped savagely.

There was only one fly in Red's ointment that day. Nancy had not been there to see Tufts' discomfiture. She was usually around, very unobtrusive, but keenly watching. She would sit quietly on the bench and scrutinize the men as they worked. And it wasn't long before she knew most of the horses by name. She was observant too.

"That blue roan, Sally, is lame this morning," she would say quietly; or, "Leander has cast a shoe."

"She's forgotten more about horses than Tufts ever knew," was Tom's comment.

After their own fashion, the boys adopted her. That is, they put her to work. Sometimes she operated the cut-out gate, sitting high up in the air and operating it with her foot. As the saddlers came along she let them in; the broncos and half-broken horses she kept out. And this takes an eye.

"How do you know them all?" Mr. Tufts inquired one morning, crawling up precariously beside her.

"I was raised with horses," she said absently. "And don't talk; I'm busy."

She hunted lost horses, drove out the cavvy, and in the barn looked after the horses which, as the season went on, began to show the effects of the summer's work. Thus it was Nancy who attended to the cinch sores, daubing on them the dark-green gall cure, and even, when that failed, experimenting with stove polish for the same purpose.

This last was Red's idea.

"Horse of mine had a bad sore one time," he said, "and that's all I had—stove polish. Well, I figured if it made a glaze on the stove, it would do the same on a horse, and it did."

"What on earth were you doing with stove polish, Red?"

"I've got a ranch of my own on the Rosebud," he said, with a glance at Tufts, who was near by, of course. "And once a year or so I polish the stove. I'm some polisher," he added boastfully.

But later on he told her about his ranch. It wasn't much of a place, but he'd homesteaded it himself, and it was his.

"Just a shack on it now, you know," he explained carefully; "but some of these days I'm going to put a house on it and live there."

He looked at her. She was the finest and prettiest girl the Lord had ever made, he considered, and she sure did know horses. With a girl like that now, a fellow ——

"Some of these days," he added, with a sigh, "if I live long enough!"

"A log house, Red?"

"There's no style about a log house. I've got that already."

"But there is, really. You can put Indian blankets on the walls and do all sorts of things to them. Curtains, you know, and all that."

"I ain't so smart with my needle as I used to be," said Red, and grinned at her. But, although his mouth smiled, his eyes were fixed on her with a sort of wistful hopelessness

"I've got some good pasture there," he said. "I could run quite some horses if I had 'em, and maybe some steers. Not a lot. There's more money in a hundred fat beef cattle than in a big herd of range stock."

But after such a talk Red was apt to go away by himself and call himself a variety of picturesque names. He knew well enough what would happen. One of these days she would go away again into that strange and luxurious world from which she had emerged. And she would write him a letter and at Christmas she would send him a card, and then it would all be over. Oh, he knew all right! He'd seen it happen before—only not to him, not to him.

Watching for the rural postman coming up the road in his flivver truck; allowing a decent interval, and then wandering into the store to ask if there was any mail for him; and going out again with a forced grin and a mail-order catalogue clutched in his hand. And Tom watching quietly and inventing errands to get him off the ranch for a while.

"You'd better ride over to Stevenson's, Red, and see what he wants for that chestnut mare he's talking about"; or, "There's going to be some riding at Salter's next Sunday, Red. Better take the Whirler and go over."

No! Not for him. He'd ride this thing out or drop off before the hazers grabbed him out of the saddle.

In all those weeks he had only one happy moment. That was when Mr. Tufts, learning that Nancy was wrangling one morning, rose early and jabbed his spurs suddenly into his sulky, half-awakened animal.

With extreme suddenness an earthquake began to occur under and around that Eastern horseman, ending with a bit of volcanic action which ejected him, like a rock from a crater, straight up into the air and down again.

"Pretty much like pulling a tooth, at that," was Red's comment as he watched Mr. Tufts, so to speak, reassembling himself. And from that time on, that particular animal was known in the corral as The Dentist.

But it was Nancy who began, at this time, to watch the outfit with suspicion not entirely unjustified.

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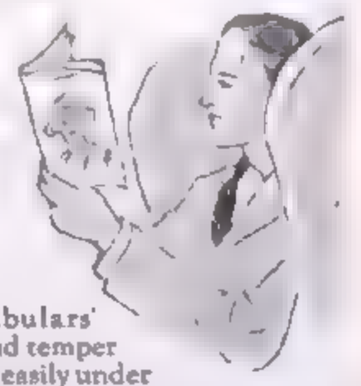

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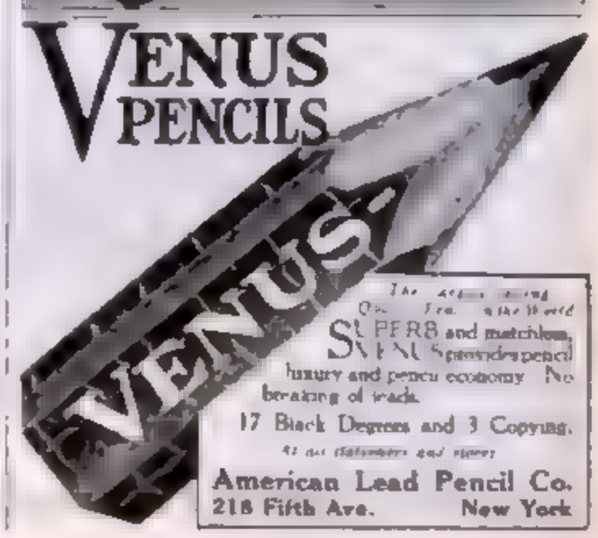
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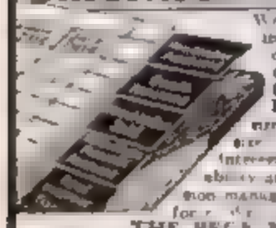

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"It's a conspiracy against him," she told Red hotly. "You wouldn't care if he broke his neck."

"It doesn't have to be his neck. A rib or two would satisfy me."

It is probable that the rift between them really began about that time. Certainly Nancy began to substitute for her former casual manner to Tufts a watchful and slightly protective one. And if this deceived Mr. Tufts, it drove Red to a jealous desperation that made him occasionally sarcastic with her.

"How do you spell 'latigo,' Red?" she asked him one day. He eyed her.

"Me?" he said. "You're asking me how to spell? Why, I was grown up before I knew you didn't spell 'dog' 'd-circle-g.' Go and ask Tufts; he's educated."

"Well, he's polite, anyhow," she flashed, and left him.

The little rift grew and widened. It was to Tom now that Nancy went with her comments and suggestions; it was with Tufts she rode in the dewy evenings, or when the moon hung like a great lantern over the cleft in the mountain wall. And when the phonograph in the bunk house wailed I Love You, there would be an unbearable pain about Red's left fifth intercostal space, in the region of his heart, which was all that he could bear.

As time went on Red began to show considerable wear and tear. His tall young body was thin and his eyes, when no one was looking, often had a desperate look in them. On Sunday afternoon, riding bucking horses to entertain the crowd, he was utterly reckless; and the Old Man, ramping around near the bucking chute, would call to the hazers to take the fool off and lock him up somewhere.

After one such experience Nancy sought him out, where he sat on his heel under the apple tree with Bill, and tried to reason with him. But he only looked up with hard, defiant young eyes.

"I'm all right," he said. "You run along and find your little playmate. Bill and I, we're fine."

The Old Man, too, took to doing a little worrying on his own account. And finally he sent for Tom.

"How about getting Red off the place for a while?" he inquired.

"I been thinkin' about that myself."

"He might take the Whirler over to Salter's. There's going to be some riding there next Sunday."

"You've seen the way he's riding. He's likely to kill something—himself or the horse."

"I suppose so," said the Old Man heavily. "Well, if you think of anything let me know. He's a good boy."

After Tom had gone, he repeated that phrase, staring absently at a photograph which hung on the wall beside his desk. This was of a largish man on a very famous race horse, and the Old Man contemplated it thoughtfully.

"He's a good boy," he repeated to the picture. "She'd be all right with him. But she's got this yellow dog of a bunch-quitter in tow, and I don't know."

After which mixed figure he sighed and rolled himself another cigarette.

VI

THERE came a time when wherever Red looked he seemed to see Nancy's small brown head and Tufts' pomatumed blond one. And at last it grew unbearable and he asked to be sent away from the ranch.

"Gimme a camping party or something," he said to Tom one day. "These dudes are making me plumb spooky."

"Sure thing, Red," said Tom, not looking at him. "Next one's yours, if you say."

So he waited for that. It meant escape, reprieve from active suffering, and he knew the mountains.

"All I do know," he considered, with the new bitterness that was in him. They had been his school and his university; he had gone out there with cow outfits when he had had to chin himself onto a horse, carrying water and chopping wood for the cook, he had nighthawked there before he was sixteen; had ridden night guard there over stampeding cattle in storms, singing to quiet them and afraid to light a cigarette for fear of starting them off; had been lost in them in the winter and hungry in them in the summer. But he knew them and he felt that they knew him. "They'll be good medicine," he said, and waited.

And at last the time came. Mrs. Rogers decided to go camping in the mountains.

"Just for a couple days," she told the Old Man; "to see the wild flowers and to rest at night on dear old Mother Earth."

The Old Man eyed her. She was a portly woman, the sort which always seems to be lying on a hump no matter how flat the ground.

"Well," he said, "we've got the earth, and I dare say you'll find the wild flowers. But I wouldn't count too much on the rest."

He had a conference that day with Tom, and later on Red was notified to take the party. But early that evening the Old Man, after a sort of mute consultation with the photograph on his wall, called Nancy into the office under pretense of showing her the great chest of skins there, and proceeded to sound her out with more thoroughness than tact.

"What's the matter between you and Red?"

"Red? Why, nothing at all!"

"Seemed to me lately you've been treating him as if he had something catching," he said. "He's a good boy, well broke, no vices and a steady worker."

He thought she colored, but she looked at him with the direct gaze of the man on the wall.

"It sounds all right," she said, "but I'm not buying just now."

And that was exactly as far as he got with her. When he told her Red was to take a party into the mountains and suggested she go along to help wrangle, her hesitation was barely noticeable.

"I'll go," she said, "if Red wants me. I'm not sure he will."

"Want you?" said the Old Man. "Why, the darned young fool ——"

But he thought better of that.

However, the Old Man was well content. He had pulled off what he considered a neat thing, and there was a sort of managerial interest in the way he watched Red and Nancy preparing for the trip; Red whistling over pack animals and saddles and inspecting panniers, and Nancy anxiously requisitioning stores from the storehouse; and a slight twinkle when he surveyed Mr. Tufts, gloomily watching from the bench in front of the barn, as the damned perhaps may look toward Paradise. So far did this carry him that he stopped before Mr. Tufts one morning and addressed him genially.

"How's your parrot getting along?" he inquired.

"I told you before it wasn't my parrot."

"That so? I'd forgotten. Had any more visits from Bill?"

Mr. Tufts looked up at him with an angry gleam in his eye.

"I'll say I have," he said shortly. "He's at my door every night trying to claw the lock off. He can slip his collar, and that cowboy he belongs to knows it."

"Well, don't leave anything indigestible around," observed the Old Man. "He was kind of upset in his stomach after that last time he got in."

He wandered off, leaving Mr. Tufts in a state of speechless fury.

It was that evening that Mr. Tufts returned from his evening ride and rode gingerly toward the corral. He was slightly stiff in one leg, but there was the light of discovery in his eye and a plan for revenge in his mind.

Red was on picket duty and Mr. Tufts addressed him with an unwonted conciliation of tone.

"Wish you'd try this horse out, Red," he said. "Either he's gone lame or he's pretending. I don't know which."

Red eyed him suspiciously, but there was no guile in Mr. Tufts' bland face and no limp for the moment in Mr. Tufts' gait.

"All right," he said shortly, and swung into the saddle. But before he had fairly landed, Mr. Tufts with an apparently casual gesture, took off his hat and waved it ever so slightly. Immediately the animal broke in two.

"Stay in the buggy, Red!" Tom yelled cheerfully as the animal bucked madly down the road. "Ride him, cowboy!"

But there was no riding that horse for Red, half mounted as he was. And as he picked himself up and went morosely back to the corral, he saw Nancy waiting for him with her small chin high in the air.

"So that's the sort of horse you're expecting Mr. Tufts to ride!" she said coldly.

"Oh, damn Mr. Tufts!" he replied gloomily, and went past her without further speech.

Nevertheless, with the optimism of youth, Red felt that the camping trip would clear matters between them. Not that he hoped for much. All he asked was to have her to himself for a little while; to sit with her perhaps by the dying camp fire after the women had gone to their tents, to talk a bit, or perhaps not at all, while the pines rose about them like the columns of some great cathedral and the horses grazed and rested in the open upland parks.

But as it turned out he was not to have even this. On the evening before the start Mrs. Rogers ambled up to the saddle house and called in to him.

"Oh, Red," she said, wheezing slightly, "I hope you don't mind. That nice Mr. Tufts wants to come along, and so I've asked him."

There was straight murder in Red's heart that night. Long after the lights in the sitting room at the bunk house were out and the weary phonograph was still, he was sitting among his pack saddles in the saddle house, lost in an apathy of despair. The ignominy of his fall was mixed up in it, and Nancy's new suspicion of him.

"He scared that horse," he said, over and over. "I saw him do it, the dirty skunk!"

Toward daylight he got up stiffly, and wandering down to the apple tree found that Bill was missing. A fugitive hope that Bill would get into Mr. Tufts' cabin and hug him to death passed through his mind, and although it passed, it left something behind it.

He stood for a moment, thoughtfully holding Bill's vacated collar in his hands. Then, still thoughtful, he moved cautiously to the door of the Old Man's office and softly tried the door.

VII

AS TO just what happened on that camping trip, opinions are divided. Apparently nothing much occurred on the way up. Red rode grimly at the head of the line, picking the trail, while Nancy, in the rear, pushed on the pack ponies. And in the center of the line Mr. Tufts rode along unhappily amid fields of shooting stars and wild roses, larkspura and forget-me-nots, and was the slave of the women who surrounded him. Little streams crossed the trail, where the horses buried their noses deep and drank and drank. And at every stream some fool woman or other wanted her tin cup filled, and Red never heard the call.

"Oh, Mr. Tufts, would you mind getting me a drink?"

And Tufts would crawl off his horse, muttering, and fill her cup for her. With aching shoulders, he tightened cinches, and even now and then was compelled to dismount and gather wild flowers.

"Oh, there's some wild hyacinth! Mr. Tufts, do get it for me. I want it for my wild-flower book."

He felt trapped, ensnared. His attempts to fall back with Nancy were foiled by the pack horses, pushing ahead of her along the trail. And still they climbed. His body ached, every inch of it. His boots felt tight and his neck stiff. Something was wrong with his face too; it began to feel swollen and strange. All he wanted was to get into camp and stretch out under a tree and not move until Red had straightened from the

Continued on Page 153

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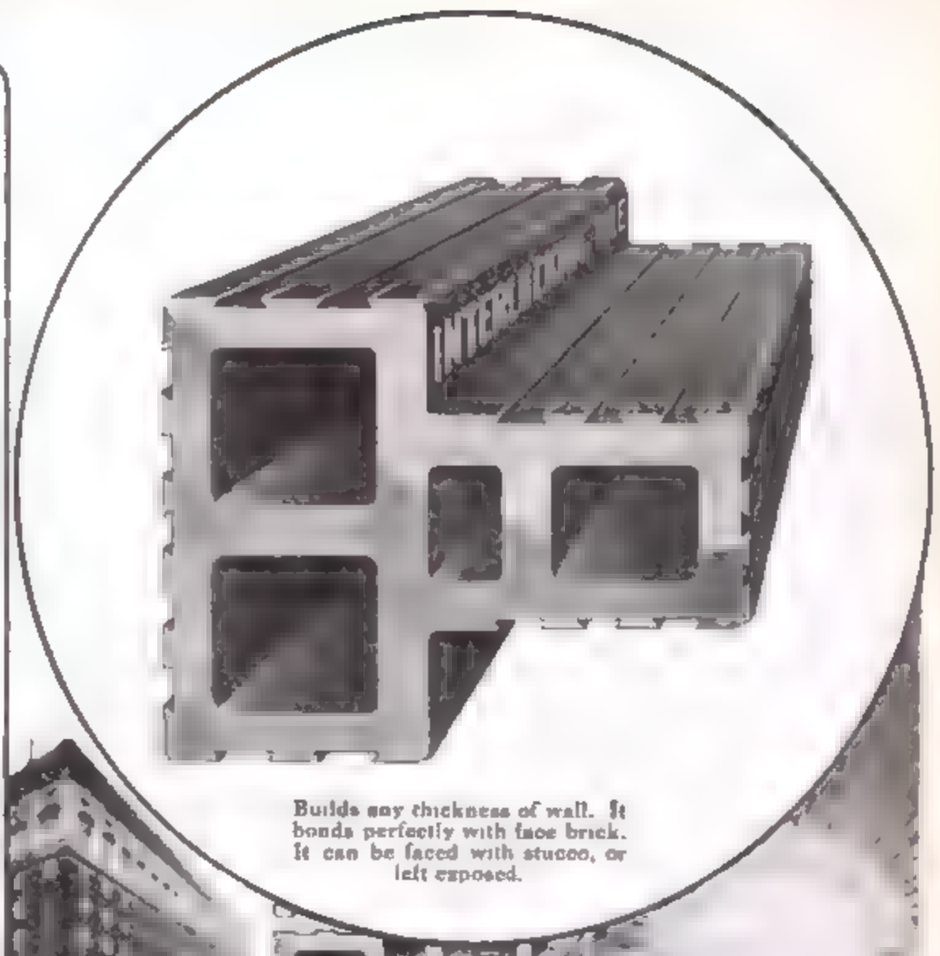

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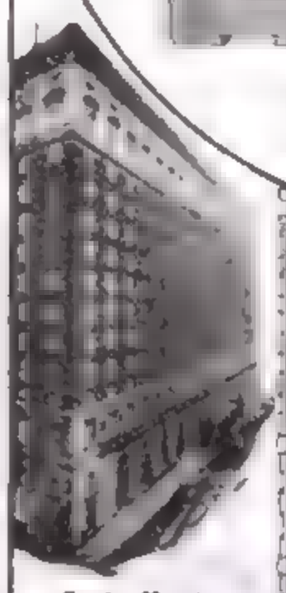
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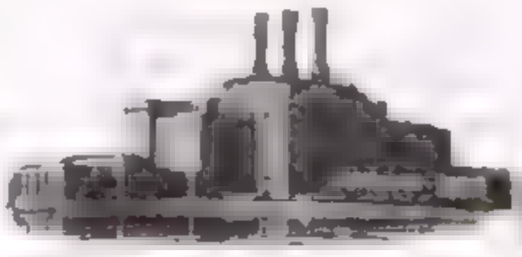
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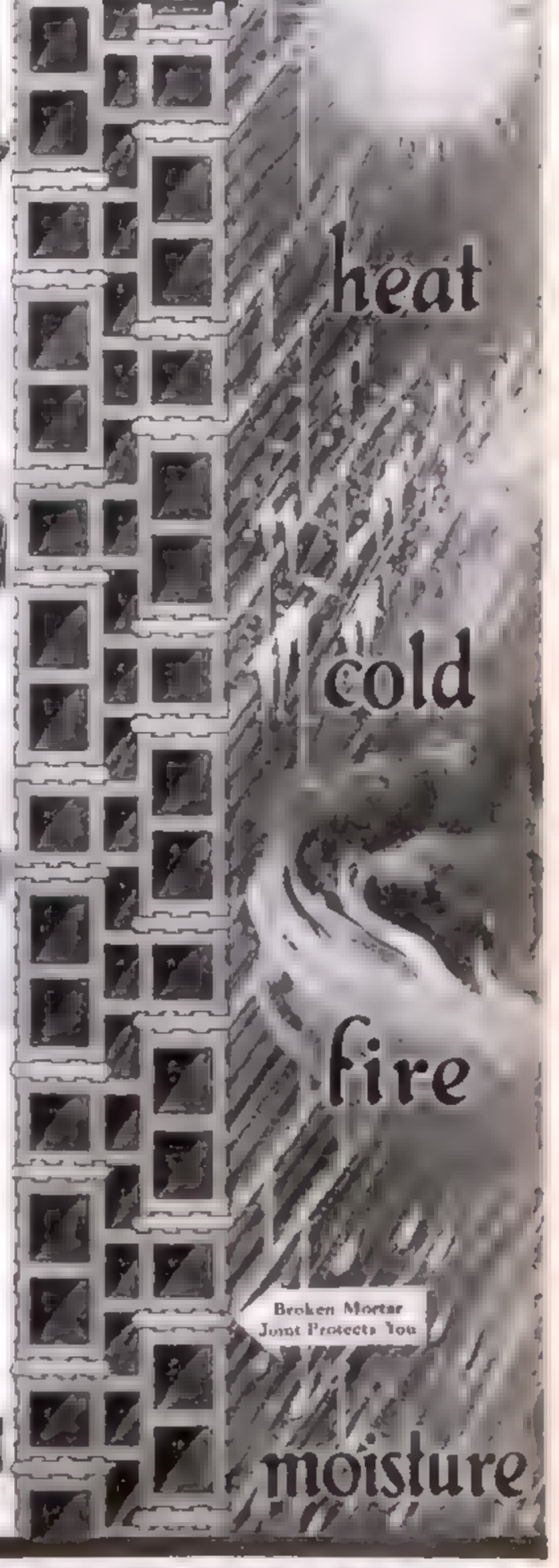

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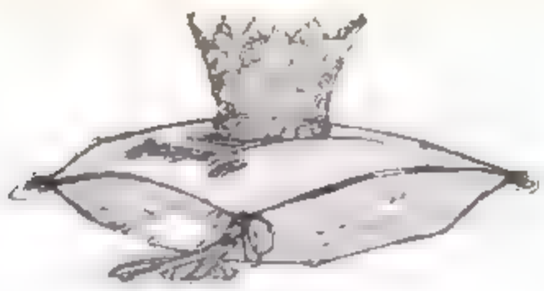

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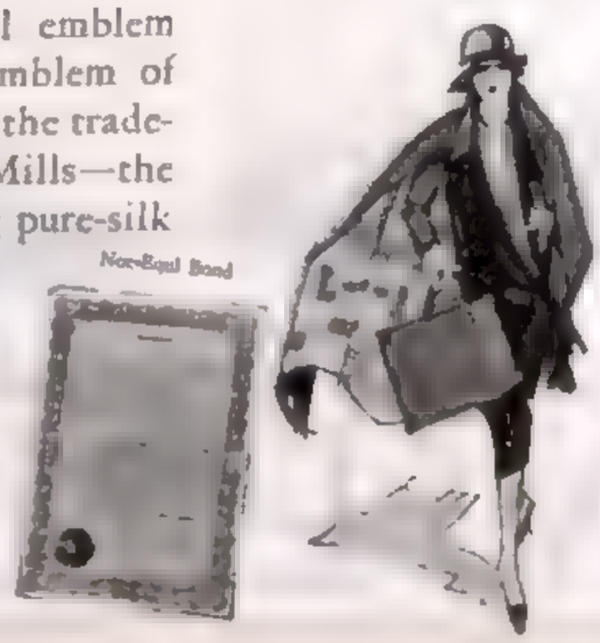

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sheet-iron stove and called, "Come and get it!"

"Mr. Tufts, I think my saddle is slipping."

"Oh, go to the devil!" would mutter Mr. Tufts miserably, and crawl off his horse once more

At six o'clock that evening the party rode into the camp, and Mr. Tufts fell off his horse and staggered to a bed of pine needles under a tree. He had no more than stretched out when Red yelled at him.

"Take that saddle off your horse, Tufts. What do you think you're doing?"

"Take it off yourself," said Mr. Tufts unpleasantly. "What do you think we brought you for?"

Red walked over to him

"Better get up, Mr. Tufts," he said quietly. "I've got the supper to cook and the tents to put up. Your horse is your job."

"Then I'll let the saddle stay on," said Mr. Tufts, yawning luxuriously, and turning over prepared to fall into sweet and dreamless slumber. Red was white with anger as he turned around and left him. After a time he unsaddled the weary animal and turned him out to graze, but there was a look of suppressed fury in his face that evening as he hammered in tent pegs and chopped wood for cooking fire. Only once, however, did he refer to Tufts, and that was when Nancy, straightening from paring potatoes, looked with a puckered brow at the sleeping horseman.

"Doesn't his face look swollen to you, Red?" she inquired.

"I hope he swells up and bursts," said Red savagely, and Nancy became ominously quiet.

The evening, however, was peaceful enough. Red told bear stories of a most fearful kind around the camp fire, so that everyone was covered with goose flesh, and Mrs. Rogers declared that you could scratch a match on her most anywhere. Tufts had settled himself on the ground at Nancy's feet and now and then cast up at her a sentimental glance, slightly marred by the fact that his eyes were by that time swollen almost shut. Now and then Red's eyes rested on him with a sort of gloomy satisfaction, although Nancy's solicitude made him fairly gnash his teeth.

"Really," she said once, "I think you ought to do something for that sunburn, Mr. Tufts."

"'Sall right," said Mr. Tufts, through thickened lips. "Just so long as you feel sorry for me, little girl, 'sall right."

"Maybe it's sunburn; maybe it isn't," said Red ominously, from across the fire.

"What the devil do you think it is?" Mr. Tufts demanded, lifting himself on his elbow and glaring across. "Dropsy?"

Red grinned back at him.

"Well," he drawled, "some folks just naturally swell up in these mountains. We brought a little thin fellow up once and by the time we struck nine thousand feet he was ridin' two horses and sleepin' in two tents. At ten thousand ——"

But Nancy threw him a cold glance and got up, and the rest of the women followed suit.

That was at nine o'clock. It was about 9:10, therefore, when Mr. Tufts, bending over the swollen creek to lave his swollen face, heard a sound behind him and looked over his shoulder. There was an enormous bear standing just over him, and as he looked it gave a hideous grunt and spread out its dreadful arms.

Mr. Tufts did not hesitate. He made one leap into the stream, was caught by the current and immediately swept from view.

VIII

IT WAS the next evening that the Old Man sent for Tom, and let him stand inside the doorway until he had rolled a cigarette thoughtfully.

"You talked to Tufts, Tom?"

"Some. He's got a bad case of poison ivy. Had to be led down, I understand. Couldn't see out of his eyes."

The Old Man grunted.

"What's this about a bear?"

"He claims one attacked him and threw him into the creek."

"That's not all, is it?"

Tom coughed.

"What I think," he said carefully, "is that he knocked his head on a rock and dreamed the rest of it."

"What is the rest of it?"

Tom avoided the Old Man's eye.

"Well, according to Tufts," he said, "this bear, it shoved him into the creek, and then ran along the bank and pulled him out, about a half mile below. A little more and he'd have gone over the falls."

"Humph!" said the Old Man. "Kind-hearted son of a gun, wasn't it?"

"Yes, sir," said Tom.

"Chased him down the creek and pulled him out, eh?" repeated the Old Man thoughtfully. "Regular life-saving type of bear! Well, one lives and learns."

"Yes, sir," said Tom, noncommittally.

After Tom had gone the Old Man got up and went over to the chest where he kept some of his hunting trophies and skins. He leaned over and searched it with an exploratory hand. After that he went through rather a curious proceeding. He gathered together his cigarette papers, his tobacco and matches and carefully fitted a cushion into a chair in a corner. Then he extinguished the light and settled himself in the chair, after the manner of a man who awaited something.

Nor had he long to wait. At 10:30 o'clock the door of the office was opened with extreme stealth, and a figure carrying a large damp bundle slid inside. It stood there, seeming to sniff the atmosphere, which smelled of very recent hand-rolled cigarettes, and to be ready to whirl and depart at any suspicious sound. But the room was dark and quiet. It came farther inside and closed the door.

"Just put it down there, Red," said the Old Man, out of the darkness. "It'd better be hung out tomorrow to dry. Never put a good skin away damp."

The figure tottered and then straightened itself.

"No, sir," said Red, in a shaken voice.

"And now you're here, Red," went on the Old Man, "I've concluded that by and large we're having too many bears around here. One bear may be local color, but when they attack our guests and imperil their lives, it's a different matter."

"I can pull out all right, if that's what you mean."

"You?" said the Old Man urbanely. "I was speaking about bears, Red. What have you got to do with it? To be exact, I was speaking about Bill."

So that was it! The Old Man was going to take it out on Bill! Red felt a sharp tightening of the throat.

"What about Bill?" he said hoarsely. "If he's taken anything I'll replace it."

"Unfortunately, in this case you can't, Red. He got at Mrs. Rogers' parrot, I believe, and stripped most of the feathers off."

"He was only playing," said Red pleadingly. "Why, Bill, he wouldn't hurt a fly! Of course, if the fool bird can't take a joke ——"

"That's it exactly," said the Old Man. "You see, Red, we appear to have a lot of bears around here that seem to think it's always the first of April, and something's got to be done about it. What I aim to do is to teach them that life is real, life is earnest. I forget the rest, but you know what I mean."

"Yes, sir," said Red, dumbly.

Half an hour later Red staggered out of the office and tried to collect a world which had gone to pieces about him, and which for the future would contain, for him, no Bill and no Nancy.

Bill was to go and Nancy was already lost to him. She had, indeed, not spoken to him since a brief interchange on the way down the trail that morning. She had wrangled and helped pack in silence, and at last her attitude had goaded him into speech.

"Seems to me you've got a suspicious nature," he had said. "Just because the fool can't see and thinks there's a bear and jumps into the creek ——"

"How do you know he jumped into the creek?"

"There you go! You'll be saying next I pushed him into the creek."

"I think you did," Nancy had said briefly; and Red, rankling under such injustice, had worked on in silence.

So that night Red went out into a cold and unloving world. Nancy, and now Bill! He found a grain of comfort when, the wind turning cold, the Prairie Lily got out of her boot and crawled under his blankets; but toward morning he rolled on her and she bit him savagely. He flung her out on the floor, and then remorsefully got up and felt around for her.

"Come on, Lil," he muttered. "You and I, we've got to stick together. I'm sorry, old girl."

But she crawled back sulkily into the boot. And at that moment, at his own valuation, Red wouldn't have brought three cents a pound on the hoof.

The next day was very bad indeed. Nancy brought in her horse and unsaddled it herself, ignoring Red's soft-voiced offer of assistance.

"Can't I do that for you?"

"No, thanks," she said, with an air of finality.

And in the evening, driving the cavvy out into the lease, it was Joe who went along, and not Nancy. He missed her with a terrible ache: over the thunder of hoofs and the flying dust her voice, clear and girlish—"Hi, hi-ee, hi-ee!" Rounding up the stragglers, turning the bunch-quitters, and so on and on and on until the lease was reached and the headlong stampede to the grass ended. Nobody to show him the purple in the mountains as the sun went down, or to see an island in the clouds, and even a castle on it.

"Don't you see it, Red? Battlements and everything?"

"Looks like the grand stand at the state fair to me!"

Or, "How high's Old Baldy, Red?"

"Eight thousand feet."

"You said six thousand yesterday."

"So it was. That peak's sure growing. It was a hole in the ground when I first came here."

All over. No more would her eyes survey the horses with a quick and practical glance, and pick out the lame, the vicious and the sick.

"That bay colt's got a touch of colic, Red. Watch the way he rolls." Or, "Tom certainly got stuck with that Quarter Circle H mare. She's blind in one eye."

All over!

He made one more effort to see Nancy that night; but if she was in her cabin, she did not answer his knock, and by midnight he had made up his mind. He would leave the ranch and forget that there were women in the world. He and Bill and the Prairie Lily—it was the hell of a family, but it was all he had. Oh, well ——

He spent the early part of the night assembling his few belongings in the saddle house; his bed roll, his silver-inlaid bridle, his Mexican horsehair lariat, which on state occasions replaced his everyday rope; a leather vest, made by an Indian squaw and decorated with the words Oolong Tea down the front in beads, as the squaw had copied it from a tin can; the chaps he had won for riding Hard-Hearted Hannah at the state fair, and a few other trinkets dear to the cowboy heart.

It was well after midnight when he had finished. He straightened up, and lighting a cigarette stood for a moment in the doorway of the saddle house, gazing out over the sleeping ranch, taking an inarticulate farewell of it, and of the horses, grazing or resting in the high upper meadow. His throat tightened.

He wandered into the barn and moved quietly among the night horses there to his own big gray.

"All right, boy. It's only me."

He went to the bin and filled a measure with oats. He was in the act of carrying it across, when a series of strange sounds caught his ear and held him frozen for a moment; yells and distant oaths, and what sounded like the smashing of furniture were coming from one of the cabins.

Red dropped the measure on the barn floor and ran.

IX

MR. TUFTS had put in a bad day. Mostly he lay in bed, watching his door uneasily for Mrs. Rogers, who kept running in at unseemly moments with a baking-soda compress. Lying on his back, his face was swollen to a puffy mass, like a rosy plateau from which arose the lambent volcano which had at one time been his nose. And his eyes were all but closed.

He had steadfastly refused to admit Nancy, and except for Mrs. Rogers, he remained in concealment. Now and then he dozed, but mostly he lay awake and itched and burned and fumed. For Mrs. Rogers that evening had brought him some information.

"Really," she said, "if it was a practical joke something ought to be done about it."

"What was a practical joke?"

"If it wasn't a bear at all, but somebody pretending to be one."

"But I saw it," he said. "The brute attacked me and threw me into the water."

"Exactly," she nodded. "And then those corral boys laugh at everything. The way they've acted about my poor parrot is simply heartless."

But the incident took his mind, as one may say, from poison ivy to bears, and he lay there and thought for some time. There could be no doubt that that bear in the mountains had pulled him out of the creek, whatever doubt there might be as to its pushing him in. There had, moreover, been a strange look in Nancy's face when he had told her about it. And that afternoon, as he was dozing, he had overheard an inquiry outside his window.

"Well, how's little Goldilocks today? Any more bears?"

And this had been followed by a burst of ribald laughter, quickly suppressed. The truth dawned on him like thunder.

Helpless fury and plans for revenge kept him awake until late that night. Once he got up and took a small drink, to see if it would make him sleep. And shortly after, he heard Bill sniffing around the doorway, and even working at the latch with his paw.

"Get away from there!" Mr. Tufts said bitterly, through the compress. "Get away or I'll knock your head off!"

And Bill apparently departed.

At something after midnight, however, he was roused again. Something had come in through his window and landed heavily on his floor. In so doing it had upset the bottle on his table, and a spirituous but pleasant odor began to diffuse itself through the cabin, followed by the sound of lapping. Cold fury possessed Mr. Tufts and added itself to his former indignation, but remembering his former experience with Bill he lay still.

Once the bear strangled and he hoped malevolently that he would choke to death. But the true possibilities of the situation did not present themselves until the bear, having finished the liquor, launched himself once more at the open window and fell short of it.

"Tight, you little devil, aren't you?" muttered Mr. Tufts. "Well, stay tight and be damned to you!"

Bill was tight. He appeared to be leaning up against the foot of Mr. Tufts' bed and swaying slightly. Raising his head cautiously, Mr. Tufts tried to see him, but owing to the swelling his vision was imperfect. He did notice that Bill seemed to have grown somewhat in the last few days, but that was all. And after two or three further futile attempts to make the high window, the bear collapsed on the floor, moaning slightly. After a time he slept.

It was about that time that Mr. Tufts had his great idea. Leaning cautiously out

(Continued on Page 157)

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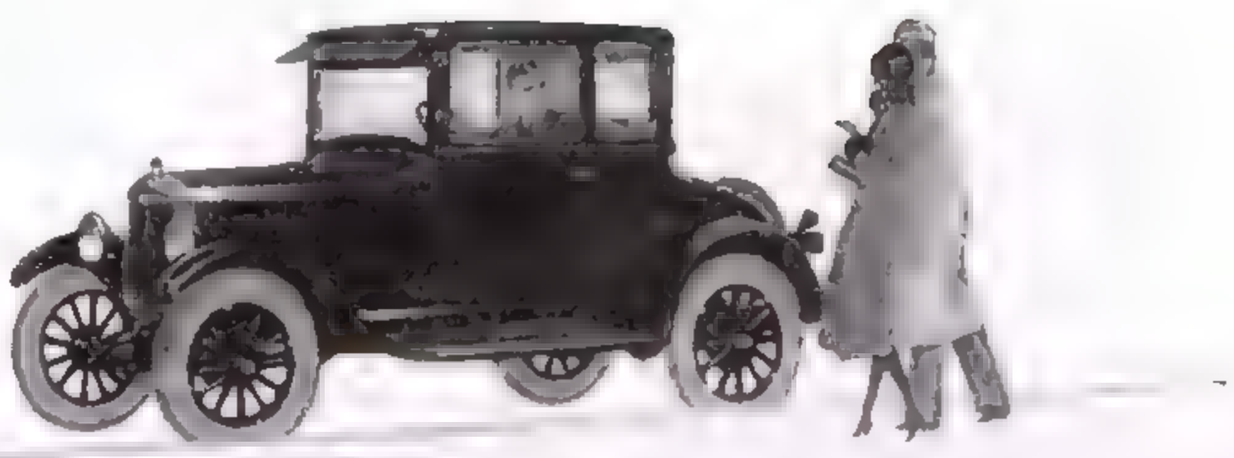

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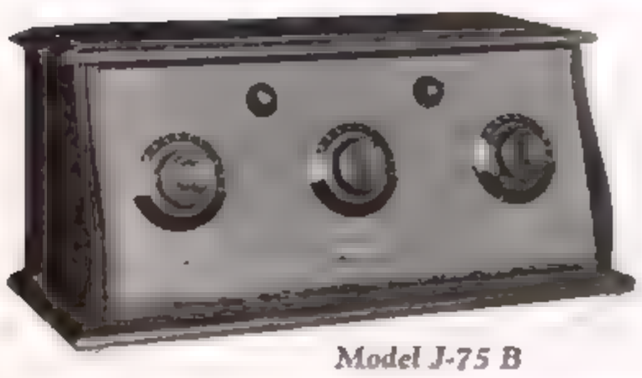

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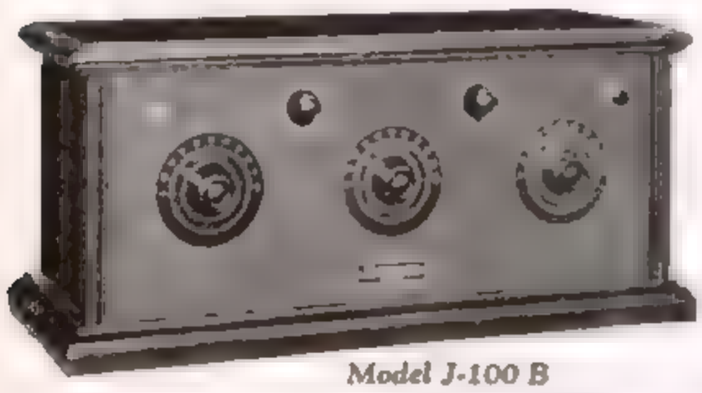

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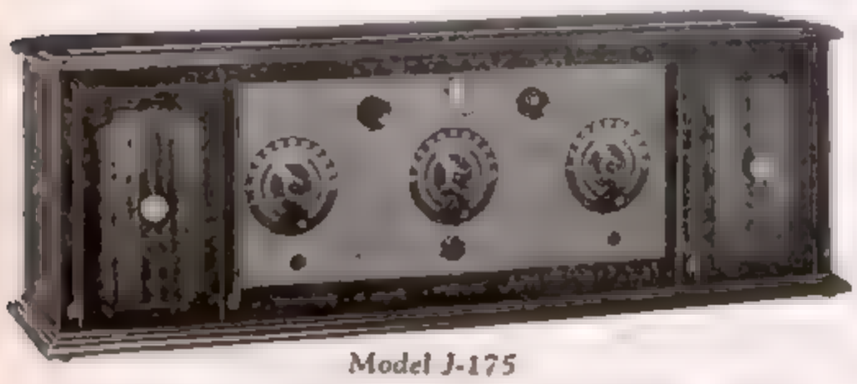

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(Continued from Page 153)

of the bed, he prodded Bill's foot as it lay within reach. No reaction following, he slid cautiously out of bed and put on his dressing gown and slippers. The bear moved a little then and tried to sit up, but his head was too heavy; it swayed tipsily from side to side and then fell again. He slept once more.

Mr. Tufts opened his door and looked out. The Old Man's reading light was out and his cabin dark. And Mr. Tufts, making a reconnoitering excursion, heard that gradual crescendo of snores, rising to an explosion, bursting, and then followed by a period of deathlike silence, which marked the Old Man asleep.

Very, very carefully Mr. Tufts opened the Old Man's door and left it so. Then he went back to Bill.

At the first outbreak Red had flung aside his cigarette and started for the noise on a dead run. Doors were opening cautiously here and there. And Mrs. Rogers' parrot, sewed into a piece of flannel to cover his nakedness, was yelling "Passing, passing!" in a hysterical voice from her front porch.

As he reached the Old Man's cabin the door opened suddenly and the Old Man himself leaped out into the roadway. He was practically in the condition of the parrot, minus the flannel, and his language was singularly unrestrained.

"Suffering snakes!" cried Red. "What's the matter, sir?"

"Matter!" roared the Old Man. "That —— cub of yours has gone crazy, that's all!"

"Bill?"

"Yes, Bill!" shouted the Old Man. "Get me a blanket from one of these cabins and keep that door shut there until I get my gun."

"You're not going to shoot Bill?"

"I'm going to do my damnedest," said the Old Man firmly, and started on a run for the main house.

Red felt very tired and a little sick. Inside the cabin he could hear Bill padding about, less frenzied now, but every now and then launching an attack at the door. And out of the slowly growing crowd he saw Nancy come and heard her question as from a great distance.

"It's all right," he said drearily. "Old Man's going to shoot Bill—that's all." If she made a motion to put her hand on his shoulder, he did not notice it. "He was a good bear," he said dully. "He must of eat loco weed or something."

He got up when he heard the Old Man returning, and he was in the barn with his hands over his ears when the shot was fired. Nancy, hunting for him, did not think to look for him there; and so it happened that he pulled out alone somewhere toward dawn, with the horsehair lariat on his saddle horn and the vest with Oolong Tea down the front greeting the morning with a sort of factitious gayety.

HAVING deposited an overgrown and reluctant but enfeebled Bill inside the Old Man's cabin, Mr. Tufts had retreated to his own with a certain sense of satisfaction. The Old Man's cabin was sacred ground.

"I turn over my whole ranch to my guests," he was wont to say, "but my cabin's mine, by gad! And when I want company I'll ask for it."

So Mr. Tufts crawled back into bed and waited for the Old Man's company to declare itself. As the noise began he would have smiled as he lay there had his cheeks been capable of any relaxation. As they were not, he made small sounds of pure enjoyment with his throat. To all intents and purposes, Mr. Tufts crooned. At the Old Man's threat and Red's ineffectual pleading he even chortled.

"Now laugh and be damned!" he said.

He was up and at his window for the shot, and when it came it was music to his ears. Any slight anxiety he had felt as to his failure at the last moment to remove his trunk strap from Bill's neck was swallowed up in satisfaction.

"You will little-Goldilocks me, eh?" he muttered to the absent Red. "Well, who is little Goldilocks now?"

After the shot was fired he drew his curtain and turned on the light. Just as well to be sure that no traces of Bill remained in his cabin. He picked up the bottle and hid it and then glanced at his trunk. Suddenly he felt a chill start at his feet and travel slowly up to the top of his head. He walked unsteadily to his bed and sat down on it. He felt very weak and extremely homesick. His thoughts turned to his apartment in New York City, with its neat stack of the Rider and Driver and the Spur; his livery horse on Saturday afternoons, and its complete absence of bears. He yearned for it with a sort of hopeless nostalgia, but most of all he yearned to have his trunk strap back again. He had suddenly remembered that his initials were painted on it!

He was still sitting there when the Old Man came to his cabin and pounded on his door. He made no response, but the Old Man needed no invitation. He stalked in and confronted Mr. Tufts as he sat, wrapped in a bed quilt against the chill he was having.

"Mr. Tufts," he said sternly, "do you happen to know this strap?"

"I put it on Bill to drag him out of this cabin. Sure I know it!"

"Oh!" said the Old Man, sniffing the air, which was still alcoholic. "And so you put it on Bill, eh? And then you got Bill drunk and fastened him in my cabin! I'll tell you something, Mr. Tufts. In the old days in this country we shot men for less, and I guess you'd better get away from here before I lose the hold I've got on myself. Why, you poor son of a sea cook, that bear wasn't Bill; he was a wild bear!"

It was again a Sunday evening. All over the upper meadow the tired horses were spread, grazing and resting their saddle-worn backs. Blacks, whites, bays, chestnuts, roans, buckskins, sorrels and pintos, and even the Old Man's Palamina—they were hardly more than varicolored dots on the side of the steep pasture below the mountains. Red looked up from the creek bank and surveyed them with an appraising eye.

"Pretty good bunch of horses," he said.

"Yes," said Nancy, following his gaze. "That pinto Mrs. Smith's riding has a quarter crack, Red."

"How's Flinder's back?"

"It's better; but he can't be ridden yet."

Well, life wasn't so bad after all, Red reflected. To sit here with a girl who talked your own language, even if that was as far as anything could possibly go—well, it was a lot. He had a lot to be thankful for. He sighed.

The Prairie Lily came out of his pocket and crawled over onto Nancy's lap, and Bill the Bear jealously tried to shove her off with a clumsy overgrown paw.

"Funny how the livestock takes to you," he said heavily. "You—you kinda belong out here, Nancy."

"Yes?" she said, and waited.

But at that moment a rainbow shot up at his fly and took it.

He swung it out of the water, but before he could get it, Bill had retrieved and swallowed it.

"Dog-gone you, Bill," said Red gloomily, and lapsed into silence.

"You were saying," Nancy prompted gently, "that I sort of belonged out here."

"Yeah," he said, and absently cast again. "Well, you do—that's all. . . . There's a big fellow under that rock. Watch!"

"I wish you'd stop fishing and just talk, Red."

He turned a haggard young face toward her.

"What'll I talk about?" he demanded. "About my fifty dollars a month? And about me maybe winning first money if I ride Earthquake next month at the county fair?"

"About your place on the Rosebud," she said, "and the cabin on it—you know."

"It's got two chairs and a table in it," he said roughly. "And a built-in bunk for a bed. That's not much to talk about."

"You forgot the stove, Red. And you said there was winter feed."

"Winter feed for what? I couldn't afford to stock it with jack rabbits."

"But I could, Red. I've been wanting to buy some stock. My father raised some of the best horses in the country, and I guess it's in my blood. And—he left me quite a little money."

He reeled in his line. A fish rose to it, but he paid no attention.

"I'm not taking anybody's money, Nancy."

"But if you provided the land and I the stock—that's a fifty-fifty proposition, Red. It's a partnership."

"What sort of a partnership?"

"I thought I'd let you draw up the agreement the way you'd like it," she said quietly, and sat looking up at the horses above the slope. "That foal of old Jess' is becoming quite a horse," she said. But Red had dropped his rod and was staring at her incredulously.

"Do you mean," he said, "that you'd be willing to wear my brand—for keeps?"

"If—if it's a circle, Red."

"You bet it's a circle!" he said hoarsely, and took her into his strong young arms.

The Prairie Lily sat up delicately on Nancy's lap and wiggled her small nose. Receiving no attention, she bit appraisingly at the beads of Oolong Tea on Red's leather vest, which seemed to be unusually close at hand. But no one noticed her.

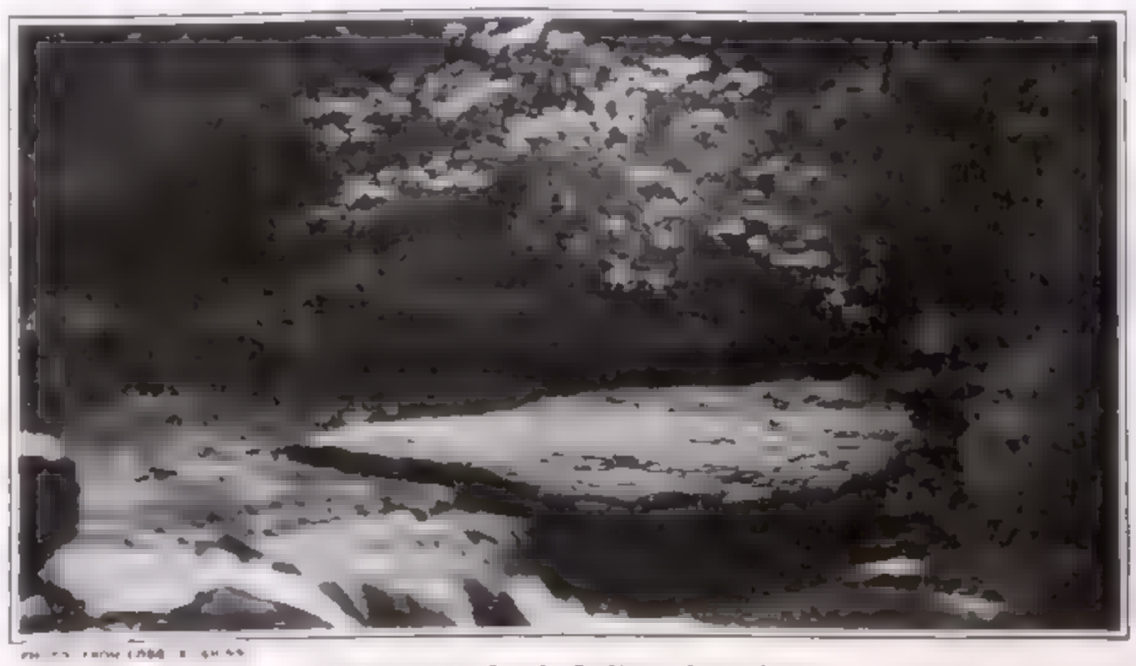
"Do you really and truly love me, Red, after I've been so hateful to you?"

"Love you, girl! Why, say, I'm just plumb loco about you! Loco!" He stroked her soft hair. "Loco," he repeated. "You'll have to put me in the box stall and starve me."

"And keep you off the weed?"

"Suffering cats, no!" he said, and kissed her.

The Prairie Lily rattled slightly in Red's pocket on the way home, containing as she did a considerable assortment of beads. But no one noticed it.



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"But my health was fine; I had no serious vices; I had always tried to take care of myself. Yet, something was lacking. Finally, one day I was passing a shoe store when I saw a sign. It said: 'This shoe will give you that little extra energy you need!' It seemed to have been written just for me. I went in.

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SAVING THE BEAUTIFUL AND DAMP

Continued from Page 23.

There are, of course, many cases where a rescue can't be made so easily. Sometimes the bather in trouble is too far from the boat to be reached immediately. He may be down to stay by the time the guards arrive. Different men have different methods, but in such a case Jim and I worked this way:

The man at the stern oars turned his head as he rowed, keeping his eyes fixed on the spot where the beat of hands on the surface was last seen. When we reached that spot he went overboard. He went under with his eyes wide open, for at our beach, anyhow, you can see under the water. Unless something has stirred it up, the sea is a beautiful translucent green in which a sinking body shows as a blurred, black bulk. If he saw this the diving guard took hold and rose to the surface. Then he shifted his grip, to hook his elbow under the bather's chin. This hold, as I said before, lifts the head clear of the water and has the added advantage of keeping the rescuer clear of the drowning man's arms in case he wants to clutch. After that it was easy. The rescuer simply waited until his mate brought the boat up and together we heaved the bather aboard.

There are, naturally, other holds than the one I describe, but I shan't discuss them here. The Red Cross, the Navy, the summer camps and similar organizations have broadcast the various grips so widely that every swimmer must know them.

The rescues I have described thus far were made when the boat was in the water, waiting along the danger line. But there are many sudden calls when the boat is beached, perhaps because the waves are too high to use it effectively, perhaps because the bathers appear to be keeping so close to the shore that a better watch can be maintained from the beach.

Through the Breakers

If the guards spot a threatened drowning under such circumstances they must decide quickly on methods. The conditions, of course, affect the decision. If the swimmer is far out and the combers not too high they will launch the boat. Together they grasp it along the gunwales and rush it, either on the rollers or the truck beneath the keel, into the shallow water. Then, as it floats, they leap in and tug at the oars. In a rough sea a certain skill as well as strength is required to make fast time through the breakers. The regular boatmen, fisher folk, and the like, who row through the breakers, can wait for a slatch, or calm spell, that occurs every few minutes. But the life guards can't. They must drive head-on through the highest combers. Sometimes they can slow up just a fraction of a second to let a wave actually break before they hit it. Sometimes they must put every ounce of power into a short sudden spurt to meet a curling comber before it breaks into the small craft. But they dare never stop. The dash through the waves takes only seconds, but it's one of the hardest parts of the job.

Once beyond the breaker line the guards may lengthen their stroke and pull directly for the struggling bather. If he keeps afloat until the boat is near by, a helping hand or the doughnut buoy will bring him in. If he sinks, a guard must dive to hunt him under the water.

Of all the thrills I know, none equals this—the quick spurt, the eagerness to be in time, the plunge overboard, the agonizing uncertainty as to whether you'll get your man

The matter of rushing the rescued man ashore is simple, although constant care must be exercised against upsetting when returning through the breakers. Usually the boat is taken in stern foremost. In an emergency it may be shot in on a breaker like a bather on his surf board. But that is risky business.

If, however, conditions favor a rescue without the boat, a less spectacular method is employed. At virtually every life-guard station you will see two types of buoy—the doughnut and the can. The first is the familiar small, ring-shaped one, carried in the boat to be thrown to a bather. A short rope enables the guard to pull it back, after the victim has grasped it. The second is a hollow metal can, about three feet long, and two feet wide, with pointed ends. It floats high in the water and will support six persons. At each end is a metal eye. Through one is passed a loop of rope long enough for the guard to throw over his shoulder so he can drag the buoy as he swims. Through the other may be snapped a buckle attached to a long rope coiled on the shore. The idea is that persons on the beach may pull it when signaled. The can is used for rescues from the beach.

Rules of Safety

Jim and I had a favorite method of making a swimming rescue. The first to see a bather in difficulty close enough to the shore to make boat work unnecessary shouted and plunged in immediately. The other stopped to throw the loop of the can buoy over his shoulder, then followed. By the time the first had hold of the bather the second had arrived with the buoy, and together we could handle him easily. Usually we disconnected the rope that led to the shore. We felt that we could get any bather in by ourselves, and besides, somebody was almost always certain to pull too soon. But in many cases of this nature we didn't even have to swim. The bather was drowning in water about three inches over his head. The guard could stand on bottom a few feet nearer shore and pull him in by the arm. Incidentally, in trivial rescues the bathers were usually profuse in their thanks. They hadn't time to be thoroughly scared—or mad.

Not all life guards, however, use the same methods. Men on duty at Atlantic City have told me that the first to spot a drowning person takes the can with him. At that resort the guards are clustered so thickly during the bathing hours that a rescuer is certain of not one but many mates to help him, both swimming and in boats. They have another interesting rule there. If a person is seriously enough threatened to bring the boat to his side he must come into it. Sometimes the bather objects, but the guards insist on dragging him in and rowing him ashore. It is natural that the method at Atlantic City or Coney Island, where thousands of inexperienced bathers daily run the risk of drowning, should differ from those of smaller family resorts where the majority of bathers are, in this sense, experienced.

Bathers have often asked me to give them some definite rules of safety and to tell them how to help themselves in emergencies. Neither I nor any other man can do this with assurance that his advice will always avert drowning. There are too many factors to be considered—the temperament of the bather, the nature of the beach, the changing aspects of the ocean, the height of the waves, the strength and direction of currents. But here are some suggestions that may help:

1. If you are in trouble at the average ocean resort with a shelving beach remember that you are drowning in water probably only a few inches over your head. Unless there is someone very near it is useless to shout. The guards can't hear you over the roar of the breakers, and you need your breath for something far more important. If you open your mouth to scream, there is a strong possibility that you will

Continued on Page 160.

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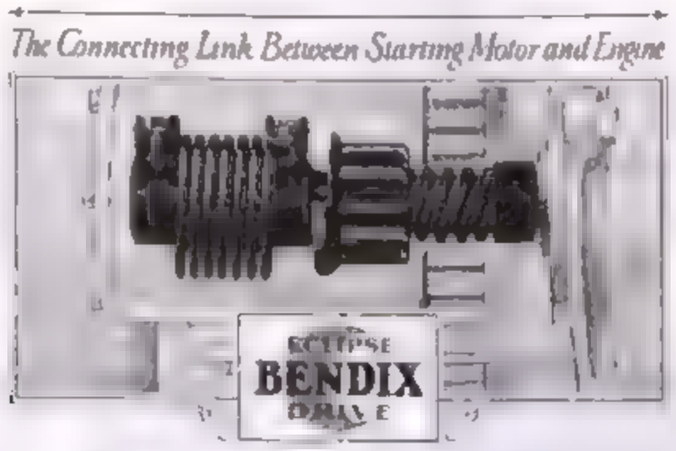

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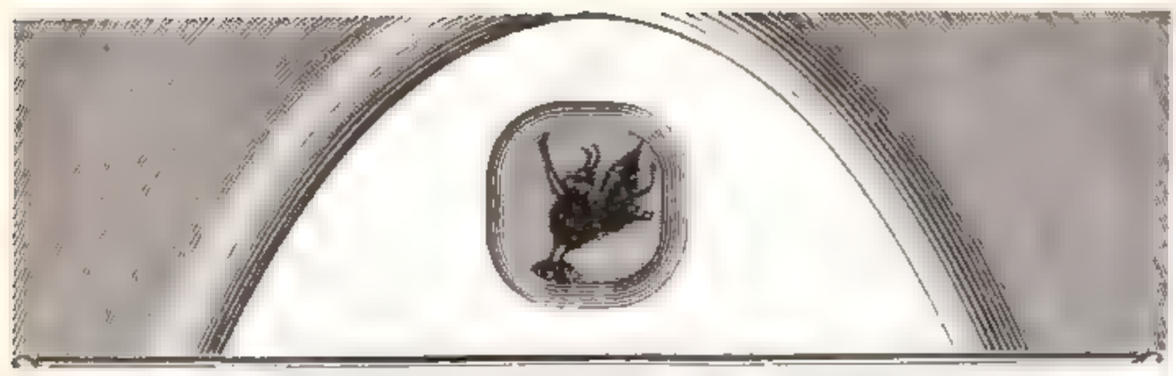

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(Continued from Page 158)

swallow or breathe in a pint or so of raw ocean. As you sink, your feet will touch firm, sandy bottom. Push up vigorously. This will bring you to the surface. You can do this a number of times and perhaps catch a breath of air as you reach the top. On a guarded beach your struggles will be seen, for your hands will be beating the water furiously. That's your first chance of being rescued. Then, unless there is a very strong outward current, you have another excellent chance. Remember that the waves roll inward, that something thrown on the surface of the water is more likely to be carried toward shore than to sea. While you are struggling a procession of waves or swells is constantly rolling beachward. These are quite likely to carry you along with them for the few feet up the shelving beach that mean the difference between danger and safety.

2. If you can swim a little save your strength to push shoreward with the swells. You have undoubtedly seen boys shooting the waves on a surf board or in a canoe. They use very little effort to propel them shoreward. They rely on the power of the waves. But it doesn't require either the surf board or the canoe to do this. A swimmer who understands the tremendously friendly power of the waves can shoot them to shore with his own unaided body faster than the most expert racer could swim there. The trick is to get a slight start just a fraction of a second in advance of the wave. Then he has his speed as the swell picks him up, and, with no inertia to overcome, the wave rushes him shoreward. Therefore, if you are swimming toward shore it is well to spurt with every ounce of strength in you just before and with the waves. In the trough between the swells husband your strength. Don't lose ground, but don't waste your energy. Then spurt with the wave, and a few vigorous strokes aided by the power of the swell will carry you many yards.

3. Learn to float on your face. If you can swim a little to begin with it isn't at all difficult. If you can't swim you can learn to swim in one lesson by first acquiring that trick. It may take some time to learn to float on your back, but anyone can float on his face at the first attempt, even though he has never been in water deeper than the bathtub. You might prepare for it by standing in the water and simply bending over so your face is under the surface for five or ten seconds. After you have done this and discovered how easy it is, stretch out flat, face downward. You will find you are floating. Do this as long as you can hold your breath comfortably, and when you have demonstrated your ability to remain on the surface, kick your feet up and down with the knees almost stiff. After that, move your arm in a sort of windmill stroke. You will find you are progressing with the water. But you are really doing much more than that. You are swimming a rudimentary crawl, the most efficient stroke known to man. If you can hold your breath for from fifteen to thirty seconds you can swim many yards this way without once raising your head. After you have done it a few times turn your head to one side each time your right arm comes up and take a gulp of air. There you have the whole principle of swimming. Your work is rough, of course, but you can acquire style later.

Don't Lose Your Nerve

Among men interested in the teaching of swimming and life-saving there has been developed an elaboration of these simple instructions known as the Brink System. In one of its admirable pamphlets on life-saving methods, the American Red Cross illustrates the successive steps with a series of what are known as mind pictures. Getting the face under water is likened to the action of a hungry duck bobbing for food; floating face downward, to the lazy attitude of the turtle warming his back in the sun; the forward motion of the body when the feet are kicked, to a toboggan skimming over ice; and the motion of the arms, to the revolution of a windmill's wings. As everyone knows, you can exhale with your face under water, but you must come above the surface to breathe in fresh air. The Brink Method compares this with a motor-boat engine, which takes the air into its carburetor above the water, but discharges its exhaust gases either at or beneath the surface.

4. Don't be a lone bather. Find a companion even if you have to scrape up an acquaintance on the beach. It is always well to have someone among the bathers who knows of your existence. He may not be able to help you out of difficulty, but he can at least shout a warning while you are saving your breath, and sometimes just an outstretched hand from someone standing on firm bottom while you are two or three inches beyond your depth will save you from an uncomfortable experience.

5. Watch the tide. Many bathers wade easily to a shallow bar beyond the gully when the tide is low, to discover when they attempt to return that a rising tide has filled the gully to a depth over their heads. Unfortunately they have no way of knowing this until they attempt to reach the shore and find themselves unexpectedly in water beyond their depth. Before you wade out to a bar find out whether the tide is rising or falling. Then you will know how long you may remain there safely.

6. Don't lose your nerve. This is easy to say, but it's supremely important.

Relief for Cramps

"Fear," Judge John Barton Payne told me after his recent nation-wide inquiry into the causes of accidental drowning, "is the swimmer's worst enemy. It is a contributory cause of the majority of drownings. Many a swimmer has gone to a watery grave who could have reached safety if he had kept cool. Fear in itself saps one's strength. When swimming, it makes the proper coördination of muscular effort almost impossible. Indicative of this is the fact that most drownings occur within twenty feet of safety. A common place for them is just outside the edge of standing bathers at beaches. The timid swimmer unknowingly gets beyond his depth. When he finds that he is over his head he becomes panic-stricken. He beats and kicks the water in swift, ineffective strokes, and before he has covered half the distance he is really capable of swimming he finds himself completely unnerved and exhausted. In the water one must hold his head or lose his life.

"The average person, if asked what he thought was the most frequent cause of drowning would reply, 'Muscle cramps.' Except for their paralyzing effect by terrorizing a swimmer, they are comparatively harmless. Newspaper accounts of drownings have so often given the innocent muscle cramps an unfair deal that when the swimmer experiences them he immediately prepares to meet his Maker. Although they may temporarily incapacitate a leg, they have been the direct cause of very few drownings. An easy way to relieve them is to go under the water for a moment and pinch the cramped muscles quickly with both hands. This will generally effect an immediate relief.

"The cramps which are often deadly and much easier prevented than relieved are stomach cramps. Generally they are caused by swimming too soon after eating. When they attack a swimmer it is time he began thinking pious thoughts. A safe rule is never to go into the water until two hours after eating. If this is followed there is little danger from stomach cramps."

There is little to be gained by telling bathers to keep within their depth. They all know that this is the safe thing to do, but they are not always able to observe that primary precaution. A heavy wave may upset them and drag them out. A gully may exist close to safe ground, into

(Continued on Page 163)

To the man whose watch has seen some thirty years of service

STILL IN active service after thirty years, and still keeping reasonably good time—quite a record for that old watch of yours!

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In thirty years, fashions in watches, like fashions in everything else, have greatly changed.

By your own present standards of taste, the watch of today is a much more beautiful and convenient thing to carry about with you.

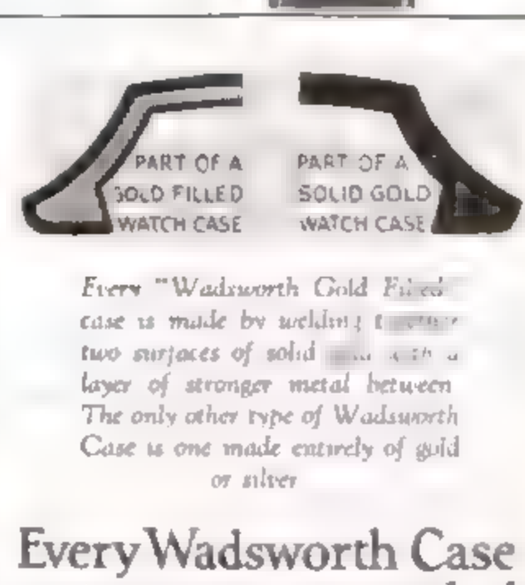
Lighter, more compact, more graceful in design, it adds a finishing touch of distinction to the clothes you wear, instead of being old-fashioned and out of place. And its timekeeping mechanism has been greatly improved as compared with the watch of thirty years ago.

Why not, therefore, enjoy the satisfaction which comes from owning a thoroughly reliable, modern watch—one for which you need never feel apologetic?

You can be certain of having such a watch if the name Wadsworth is stamped in the case. This mark assures you not only of correct design, but of that exactness of fit essential to the protection of the watch movement. Indeed, for thirty-five years the leading movement makers have consistently selected Wadsworth Cases.

Thus when your jeweler recommends a reliable watch movement, it will probably be dressed in a Wadsworth Case. But for your better assurance, ask to see the mark of Wadsworth, stamped inside, before you make your purchase.

THE WADSWORTH WATCH CASE COMPANY, DAYTON, KY.
Suburb of Cincinnati, Ohio
Case makers for the leading watch movements



Every "Wadsworth Gold Filled" case is made by welding [illegible] two surfaces of solid [illegible] with a layer of stronger metal between. The only other type of Wadsworth Case is one made entirely of gold or silver

Every Wadsworth Case meets government standards

Among watch cases not made entirely of precious metal, only [illegible] marked "Gold Filled" are approved by the Federal Trade Commission as capable of giving satisfactory service.

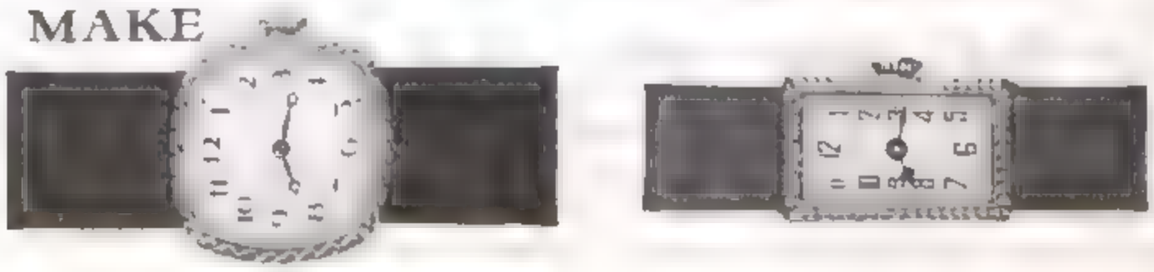
Every Wadsworth Case conforms strictly to government standards of quality, whether that case be gold filled, solid gold or sterling silver.

[illegible] fore, be sure that the name Wadsworth, together with one of these three government approved marks, is stamped in the case.

Gold Filled ***Solid Gold*** ***Sterling***

Wadsworth Cases

MAKE



The Feet of Customers Wore Down This Doorstep

WHAT is the thing that brings customers to a store in such numbers that their feet wear away the doorstep and the floor?

Goods, prices, and policies are sooner or later duplicated across the street or around the corner.

Stores become great because the personality of the store impresses itself upon the public.

It is this feeling of a personality that gets a store's advertising read and believed.

The announcements of such a store, its folders and booklets, carry authority and impart confidence.

When this begins to happen, no amount of printing is too much. More printing simply means more business—more customers coming to buy. This is called "Good Will." It is built in many ways, but it is kept alive and growing by good printers. There are stores today that literally publish magazines which they mail regularly to their customers. There are manufacturers who do the same.

The power of printing—of words and pictures on paper—to draw customers through a doorway is so great that no man can say what business structures it may yet rear or what economic miracles it may yet accomplish.

Printing itself is getting better. The things that the printing says are getting more and more worth while, and the art of making printing stamp and impress the personality of a business on the public is getting a little better understood.

To merchants, manufacturers, and buyers of printing

The printing papers made by S. D. Warren Company have for many years been practically all used in the field of Direct Advertising. In those years we made much careful study into the uses and purposes of commercial printing. Some of the facts we have learned are presented in a book called "Cold Type," one of a series of books being issued by S. D. Warren Company. Copies of these books, as issued, may be obtained without charge from any paper merchant who sells Warren's Standard Printing Papers, or by writing direct to us. S. D. Warren Company, 101 Milk Street, Boston.

Warren's Printing Papers

WARREN'S
STANDARD PRINTING PAPERS

Warren's Standard Printing Papers are tested for qualities required in printing, folding, and binding

better paper
better printing

(Continued from Page 160)

which they step without warning. A vicious undertow may pull their feet from under them. But if the bather is on a protected beach and if he keeps his head and tries to remember directions similar to those I have suggested, he has increased tremendously his chances of being helped.

Who, I have often been asked, are the life guards? Where are they recruited? In early summer their bright red jerseys begin to dot the theretofore deserted beaches. By July they are on duty wherever bathers may be seen. In September they disappear again, leaving the ocean front to the solitude-loving plover and snipe. Through the summer season they have borne tremendous responsibilities with the jauntiness that youth alone can achieve. Where do they spend the winter?

The answer is not easy. They come from so many places. Some are college students. Some are youths skilled at a trade. The majority are city boys, although in some of the larger resorts a natural preference is given to permanent residents. With few exceptions they come back to their old stands for about five successive summers, then drop out as younger men take their places.

For there are hazards in the work other than the obvious one of death by drowning. Many of them fear that too long a devotion to a job that requires almost constant standing in or near the water or exposure to spray in an open boat for ten or twelve hours a day will mean rheumatism.

"They want me to go to Florida this winter," a guard told me recently. "I'd like to accept, for the pay is a lot better than I get at the store where I work when the season is over. But I'm not going to do it. A couple of years at this job both winter and summer would send me to an old man's home with the other rheumatics."

Bad weather doesn't drive the life guard from his post. Even in the warm months of summer he may expect storms against which he has no protection. Toward the end of August he may look for at least one northeaster, a stiff wind accompanied by driving rain that lasts about three days. Few bathers brave these storms, but the guard remains to watch the hardy souls who delight in the heavy combers they pile up. A northeast storm means a few days of vicious undertow, requiring increased vigilance. It is quite likely also to cut new gullies along the bathing beach, which add a new danger.

Small Pay and Few Rewards

Small pay is another reason why beach authorities must constantly replace their experienced guards. At the average resort the salary ranges around seventy-five dollars a month. Larger resorts, like Atlantic City, may pay from four to seven dollars a day, depending on the length of service. Boys from eighteen to twenty-five are willing to work at such figures principally because they think the job is the best fun in the world, and the money is more or less incidental.

Among the men who were on the beach with me over a period that ended with the war, two are now physicians, one is a lawyer, several are successful business men, and another is the leading contractor and builder at the resort where he first served as a life guard. One is driving a taxicab. Not one remains on the beach.

There is a tradition that the guards receive generous rewards from those they have rescued. They don't. I know one life guard who has made more than three hundred rescues. He tells me that twice he has been offered rewards. One man, whom he brought in unconscious and resuscitated, offered him a ten-dollar bill. Another offered him a bottle from his bootlegger's cheapest brand.

On two different occasions this guard has, to my knowledge, rescued six persons single-handed. The first of these rescues he made with the boat. It was in the late afternoon of a day in September, when the summer crowds had thinned out a bit and a number of the guards had gone off duty. Standing near the beached boat, he saw two youngsters, a boy and a girl, swept beyond their depth in a gully. Unaided, he launched the skiff and took the oars. Meanwhile the children's father and mother, neither of whom could swim, had plunged in to help them, imagining that the water was shallow enough for adults. By the time the guard had reached the two children and hauled them into his boat, both parents were sinking. He rowed over and caught them. But just as they were caught two other men, who had rushed in to help the parents, went down. The guard dived for these two and brought them up, towing them one by one to the boat. None of the rescued had the strength to climb aboard, and the guard was so exhausted that he could only cling to the gunwale with one hand while he attempted to guide the boat by using his body as a rudder as the swells carried it shoreward in imminent danger of capsizing. Fortunately, spectators on the beach had rushed to the nearest station and summoned other guards. They swam to the boat and hauled the four men and woman aboard, then rowed safely ashore.

Under the Piers

A few days later the same guard saw a group of three girls and three youths struggling in the gully. He swam to them with a can buoy looped over his shoulder. One of the men among the bathers could swim. He helped a bit, but except for this aid the guard, single-handed, put those that were afloat on the buoy, then dived for the others. When he had all six clinging to the buoy he towed it ashore against a swift current. The wet towline slung over his shoulder cut a long gash through skin and flesh before he reached shallow enough water to permit the victims to gain their feet and wade, with assistance, to safety.

Neither of these rescues was considered an extraordinary achievement by the other men on the beach. Most of them had done as much. For the job requires real ability. At one resort last season over 100 new applicants took the test for appointment as life guards. Eight passed it. The majority of them were successful in the swimming examination, for many youths swim splendidly these days, but they failed with the boat. The test requires, among other things, that the applicant launch the boat alone in a moderately heavy sea, take it neatly through the breakers and bring it safe to shore. Both boat and swimming tests are performed against time.

Most bathers are familiar with the rescues made from open beaches. But few have seen the most difficult of all—those made close to pilings which support piers, or to stone jetties thrown out by some municipalities to wrest more beach front from the ocean.

A guard going overboard near such pilings runs serious risk of being cut by the barnacles and mussels which cling to wood when it is under water. Near the jetties there are strange currents and heavy waves which bruise him against the rough edges of the stone.

I recall one experience that temporarily crippled every man on our beach. A boy had disappeared near a pier extending far into the ocean, and his body had not been recovered. During the afternoon the guards on duty at that point dived for it unsuccessfully. By night every guard was called to the spot. It was quite dark when I arrived. The men were out in boats, diving by lantern light. Down we went among the pilings. It was, of course, impossible to see anything. We could only feel our way around. Every man who came up from a dive showed deep cuts on the arms and legs as he clung to the side of the boat in the dancing lantern light to recover his breath before taking another plunge. Finally the body was found. The boy's bathing suit had caught in a projection of the pilings deep under the water. The guard who got it loose was cut in a dozen places by the

Big, roomy, comfortable coats that shed even the hardest rain

At all the

LEADING COLLEGES

they're wearing this new Rubber Coat

A RUBBER RAINCOAT in brilliant, shining colors—that's what you'll see today on college campus or in the city streets.

A sporty, roomy coat for men, women, boys and girls, that's sure to keep you dry.

It's a soft, light weight garment, this new "U.S." Raynster, but it's built for service. With sturdy seams, strap around the collar and windcuffs in the sleeves.

And it *stays waterproof!* Behind it stands all the skill of the largest rubber manufacturer in the world.

For women this new "U.S." Raynster completes the rainy day sport attire. And the brilliant shiny colors match the prevailing mode.

Plenty of other Raynsters, too

This new coat is just one of the long line of "U.S." Raynsters made for every wet weather purpose. Some are black rubber-surface coats, and others have the rubber hidden inside, made up in tweeds, cashmeres and other popular weaves. Every inch is backed by layer on layer of high grade rubber. Every seam is reinforced.

For complete protection in the rain, *be sure the coat you buy has in it the Raynster label.*

Ask at the store to see the Raynster line—or write us for the new Raynster style booklet. Address Dept. X, 1790 Broadway, New York City.

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Raynsters

Reg U S Pat Off

barnacles, and his limbs were covered with blood a few minutes after we brought him into the boat. Fortunately salt water is in itself a healing agent, so our wounds soon disappeared. The boy had not drowned, but had died of heart disease.

Our beach physician has told me that the majority of reported drownings are in fact not drownings at all, but sudden deaths from heart disease, due perhaps to sudden fright or to the unusual exertion experienced in bathing.

The one-day excursionists at a crowded beach are frequently the life guard's greatest problem. Many of them regard him as a combination mother's helper and check-room official.

"Please watch baby while I go swimming," is one of their frequent requests.

If baby is four or five years old, and can paddle around at the edge of the beach, the guard assures the parent that he will be properly protected. But when baby is still in arms, as he often is, another guardian must be found.

"Can't we leave our lunch basket in the boat?" asks another group of excursionists, "and while it's here I'm sure you won't mind our leaving Millie's sweater with it, and dad's spectacles. He lost them when we went bathing last year, and he's blind as a bat without 'em."

The One-Day Tripper Pest

Then there is the elderly bather who sidles up cautiously to mumble a toothless request that we help find that new upper plate the dentist just finished for him. It cost fifty bucks only last month, and when that big wave stood him on his head out there a few minutes ago it just disappeared, that's all.

Thousands of bathers ask the guards to give them swimming lessons. A few even offer to pay for them. Many women feel hurt if the guard refuses to go in the water with them and personally help them over the breakers.

"You're not doing anything just now," they insist. "Look, nobody's drowning."

The one-day tripper, too, is rather more inclined than the permanent resident to become panicky and resentful when inexperience or lack of caution gets him into a position where the guard's help is necessary.

I am convinced that it isn't necessarily lack of appreciation that makes the average rescued person a grouch immediately after he has been pulled in. The fact is he has had a rather harrowing experience and he's in a funk. He wants to get away from the spot, to recover his equilibrium in the solitude of his hotel room. Generally he takes the next train back to the city, where he tries to forget the whole experience. He's rather ashamed of it all. How many persons have admitted to you that they were pulled in by the life guards?

Children are different. They don't come down to the beach to thank you, but they often sidle up shyly the next day and offer you a piece of candy or a cake. And they are willing, boys particularly, to hang around for hours in the vague hope that they may be permitted to bring your sweater down from the tent or help push the boat on the truck when you beach it for the night.

I felt that way about it when I was a boy. I had determined at the age of ten that I was to be a life guard. My family had a summer cottage at an ocean resort and I spent all my time on the beach. By the time I was old enough to take the test, I knew the work thoroughly, and had been permitted to substitute in the boat, without pay, when occasion offered. From that time on until I went to war, I was a guard every summer. A lot of college men give up their beach jobs after graduation and settle down seriously to work twelve months a year at their professions. But I couldn't. There wasn't a job on earth except the one offered by Uncle Sam that could have kept me away from the beach and the lifeboat in summer.

During those summers I've had as happy a time as any man has the right to expect. I like to remember that I have helped all kinds of bathers, men and women, boys and girls, experienced and inexperienced, and have found them much alike when they were in real danger. They were equally fussed, they seemed at times equally unreasonable. I've had my jersey stripped from my body by a man I was trying to help, and I've been helped myself by other bathers when I was too exhausted after a long struggle to bring my man ashore. I've learned that few people will call or signal for help unless they need it badly, and that the majority of them are more likely to coöperate with the rescuer than to thwart him, in spite of terror and danger.

I recall only one man who tried to make the work harder. Jim and I cured him. The man was a good swimmer. We saw him go out well beyond the other bathers, then suddenly signal frantically for help. We hurried to him, leaving the main body of bathers unprotected, for what looked like an emergency. When we reached his side he laughed, then swam away. He liked the joke better than we did.

Curing a Practical Joker

The next day he tried it again. Jim and I rowed toward him, but we were prepared this time. We had decided to rescue him anyway. As he turned to swim away again I leaped on him from the boat. It was the only time in my life that I deliberately made a thrilling rescue. I treated him as if he were the frantic drowning man that one reads about in fiction. I assumed that he was going to grab me, and went under with him in accordance with directions in the amateur life-saving manuals. Then I gave him the various grips one is supposed to use on a frenzied drowning man. I even punched him feebly once or twice. Tradition to the contrary, you can't give a man a hard blow with your fist under water. On the surface, if you swing high and land on a certain spot near the back of the neck, you can sometimes shock him out of a frantic struggle, but it's hardly worth the effort. I put my knee on his chest, then my heel on his chin, to push him away. Finally I caught him by the right wrist and turned him around until I could hook my left elbow under his chin. I gripped him tighter than was necessary, while Jim held the boat near us. By this time he was really struggling, but he was helpless, and it didn't aid his temper any to have me dip his head under occasionally. When Jim brought the boat alongside we heaved him in vigorously and rushed toward shore as quickly as we could. We didn't even make an easy landing. As soon as the keel grated on bottom, we jumped out and taking him under each arm ran him up the beach. The only thing that saved him from a vigorous demonstration of artificial respiration methods was his fleetness of foot. He broke away from us and ran. He never came back.

Such were the sterner aspects of the life guard's job. It had its pleasant side as well. There were, for instance, the girls. During his period of duty the guard must be austere and to them, aloof, but after bathing hours why shouldn't he teach the prettiest of them to swim?

So we reasoned, Jim and I. And we had an interesting method.

We knew that the average girl bather swam fairly well just as long as she knew she could touch one foot on bottom if she cared to. We knew, too, that she often felt with a furtive toe for that reassuring sand. If it wasn't there her most graceful stroke failed. It wasn't that she couldn't swim. She became demoralized when she learned she had to.

We took shameful advantage of that bit of expert knowledge. If there appeared a girl whom we particularly wanted to impress, we would lure her into a tricky spot we knew by the promise of teaching a new stroke. The secret of the spot lay in the fact that it was on the edge of a hole slightly over the average bather's head. We would swim out over that hole and encourage her to swim toward us. She swam beautifully, of course, while she could reassure herself that the water was not too deep. But when, unsuspecting, she swam over that little gully, there was an immediate and pretty, and rather personal little rescue. We didn't let her go under, of course. We were just there to be grabbed when it happened. And we were popular with that girl for a while—until the one who had gone through the same experience the week before told her about it. A harmless prank, we thought, but it had its hidden danger.

I'm married now to the last girl on whom I framed that rescue.

GENTILITY

(Continued from Page 9)

had heard the shrieks and had jumped into hiding through the ceiling. He might be squatting above them, scowling down, with a revolver rested comfortably on his knee.

"The morality of the French lady's dealings with the marine corps," said the Rev. Gavin Kent in his best manner, "is open to question. Perhaps you should say her *mores* are ——"

"Her—huh, sir?"

"*Mores*," the old gentleman intoned. "The word implies the social customs of a race, such as chewing gum, eating missionaries, attending or not attending religious services, polygamy, polyandry, human sacrifice and cheating innocent strangers in bargains. Probably she thought herself justified by local custom in taking anything she could get. Morality is the individual's sense of honorable conduct; the *mores* are merely habits."

Joe balanced from white foot to foot, watching the trap above Doctor Kent's white head, and evenly crooned, "Poppa, my daddy's very eloquent when he gets goin', but I gotta say you have him plastered flat wiv a ton of bricks on his belly when it comes to sudden information. . . . Yeh, it horrified the Frawgs to see us chewin' gum, but they d'vour snails in jelly. Out in Eutropius, when I was young— Norah, honey, run along back to bed, dear."

"I shall do nothing of the kind," said Norah, brushing her hair's black masses back from her face with its enormous eyes. "D-daddy, you'd better go to bed, though. You'll be too tired for church in the morning. W-won't he, Stuke? Please go to——"

Her voice became the thinnest whisper as fresh feathers floated in a whirling shower.

"Oh!" said the old man after a hot second. He sat upright on the mattress and blinked at Joe's restless movement three yards from him. "I see! What's happened, Stukely? No, I shan't go to bed, Norah! Stuke?"

Joe Fancher dropped the sheet and hitched his green trousers higher up his flat waist.

He said lightly, "Poppa, there's a guy up in the attic, sir. Babe, take your daddy out in the passage an' gimme my gun from my room. You up there," he drawled, his voice rising to a falsetto rasp, "I was five years in the m'rines an' I gotta mean disposition an' a medal for revolver shootin'. I'm a preacher's kid an' when I get nasty, oh, you ain't any idea, sod, how nasty I get! Yeh, come down an' be fast or ——"

"I'll come down," a man said weakly; "but don't rough me up, pal. I ain't doin' any harm." He coughed close to the trap and went on drearily, "If the old gentleman'll get out from underneath, why——"

Stukely drew his father from the mattress and Joe dropped his hands on the painted green of the bed's foot, grinning upward, with his small ears wriggling on the round of his head. All the muscles of his white chest bobbed in a single motion as a black suitcase tumbled from the ceiling. Then he watched black shoes and radiant socks descend. A little person dropped through the square trap and knelt on the bed, plucking feathers from his blue coat. Norah produced a long giggle that lifted into a squawk before she pressed her hands on her mouth.

"Why," said Doctor Kent, straining his dull eyes, "it's a mere child!"

"Yeh, poppa," Joe mused, "the mountain snorted an' a mouse come out. . . . Stranger, tell us your *mores* after scarin' nine pounds offa me like that. I'd get me a hairbrush an' wallop you for two cents, fella!"

The small person said in a terrible whimper, "You leave me be! This is my folks' house, and I s'pose they've rented it to you guys or sumpin. Only I wasn't doin' nothin'. Only you scared me, yellin'. My name's Rudy Kling, an' this is my room. . . . Where's mamma?"

Stukely became extremely shy and embarrassed. Joe towered six feet at the bottom of the bedstead. The Rev. Gavin Kent was quite as long and his son had only an eighth of an inch to gain. They must seem terrific to this minute creature crouched on the mattress. Norah suppressed another giggle.

"Oh," said the Rev. Gavin Kent, "are you a member of Mr. Otto Kling's family who formerly lived here?"

The little thing gave out a horrid sound and asked, "They ain't all dead, muster? Aw, no!" with his soiled hands flattened on the mattress.

"No, no," the old man said hastily; "no! In fact, Mrs. Puddy had a postal from your mother only the other day. Mrs. Puddy, you know, across the road. No, they're all very well. But I don't understand ——"

Joe Fancher put a brown thumb on the little man's shoulder and affably commanded, "Tell your yarn, Aloysius, an' don't improve it any moh'n you can help. You're kin to this Mr. Kling that Rev'rend Kent bought him this farm offa? Go on, fella, an' be plain wiv me. I'm a hard hound 'at bites babies."

"I'm Rudy Kling. I ain't been home in five years since pop kicked me out last time. I—I came home," the soiled person babbled, moving back from Joe's finger; "this used to be my room. Th-the front door was open. I just walked in an' came on up. I was huntin' for the gas when the lady screamed. I see you guys have put in electric light. And then I heard you all talkin' and knew sumpin was wrong. When you've been in jail twice you ain't so anxious to be in again and"—he gulped—"I jumped up through the trap. . . . Where've my folks gone to?"

"California," Doctor Kent said, slowly blinking. "We've been here three years and three months. How old are you?"

"Twenty-four, sir," the little man said, and was silent on the mattress, with his nose twitching and his fingers working gently. A rosy color had come back into his round face; he was suddenly a rather pretty fellow, Stukely saw. His thick hair was black and waved around his forehead in a becoming untidiness that made him childish. But he had been twice in jail and his romantic socks announced in determined red and green stripes that he was hopelessly vulgar. The socks were inexcusable and inexpensive.

"You've not been home in five years?"

"No, sir," said Rudy Kling in the same dreary voice; "I came home five years

(Continued on Page 169)

Balkite Radio Power Units

the ideal power supply for any radio set

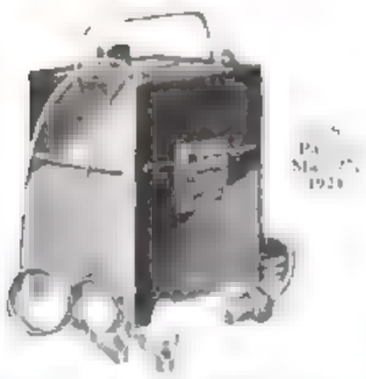
FOR THE "A" CIRCUIT

Balkite Radio Power Units are the ideal power supply for any radio set. They simplify and improve radio reception. They reduce the amount of attention you must give your set. With their use your current supply is always exactly what is required for each circuit.

For the "A" circuit there are the Balkite Chargers. The advantages of the popular Balkite Battery Charger are obvious. It is entirely noiseless and can be used while the set is in operation.

For sets of smaller "A" current requirements—any dry cell set or sets of few storage battery tubes—there is the Balkite Trickle Charger. With a low-capacity storage battery it enables owners of sets now using dry cells to make a most economical installation.

For the "B" circuit there is Balkite "B"—the outstanding development in radio. It eliminates "B" batteries entirely and supplies plate current from the light socket. It fits most sets of 6 tubes or less. For sets of 6 tubes or more there is Balkite "B" II, the same popular model offered last year.



Balkite Battery Charger

This popular battery charger can be used while the radio set is in operation. If your battery should be low you merely turn on the charger and operate the set. Charging rate 2.5 amperes. Operates from 110-120 AC 60 cycle current. Special model for 50 cycles. Also for 25-40 cycles with 1.5 ampere charging rate.

Price $19.50

West of Rockies, $20
In Canada, $27.50

Balkite Trickle Charger

Charges both 4 and 6-volt radio "A" batteries at about .5 amperes. This low-rate charger may be used in three ways: (1) As a regular charger with a low capacity storage battery for sets now using dry cells. Makes possible a very economical installation. (2) As a regular charger with a regular storage battery, for sets with few storage battery tubes. (3) As a "trickle" or continuous charger for sets of as many as 8 storage battery or dry cell tubes. Size 5½ in. long, 2¾ in. wide, 5 in. high. May be put in usual dry battery compartment. Current consumption about 1-10c per hour. Operates from 110-120 AC 60 cycle current. Special model for 50 cycles.

Low capacity batteries especially adapted for use with this charger with sets now using dry cells are being offered by practically all leading battery manufacturers this fall.

Reputable manufacturers are also offering this fall special switches which turn on Balkite "B" and turn off the trickle charger when you turn on your set. This makes your current supply for both "A" and "B" circuits automatic in operation.

Price $10

West of Rockies, $10.50
In Canada, $15

Noiseless — No bulbs — Permanent

All Balkite Radio Power Units are based on the same principle. All are entirely noiseless in operation. They have no moving parts, no bulbs, and nothing to adjust, break or get out of order. They cannot deteriorate through use or disuse—each is a permanent piece of equipment with nothing to wear out or replace. They require no other attention than the infrequent addition of water. They do not interfere with your set or your neighbor's. Their current consumption is remarkably low. They require no changes or additions to your set.

An "A" battery, a Balkite Charger and a Balkite "B" constitute a complete, trouble-free radio power equipment, one that is economical and unfailing, and eliminates the possibility of run-down batteries. Read the specific applications of the four units. Whatever type of set you own, Balkite Radio Power Units will serve it. *Sold by radio dealers everywhere.*

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FANSTEEL PRODUCTS COMPANY, Inc., *North Chicago, Illinois*

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FANSTEEL

Balkite Radio Power Units

BALKITE BATTERY CHARGER • BALKITE TRICKLE CHARGER • BALKITE "B" • BALKITE "B" II

"B" CIRCUIT

Balkite "B"

Eliminates "B" batteries. Supplies plate current from the light socket. Operates with either storage battery or dry cell type of tube. Keeps the "B" circuit always operating at maximum efficiency, for with its use the plate current supply is never low. Requires no changes or additions to your set. No bulbs—nothing to replace. Requires no attention other than adding water twice a year.

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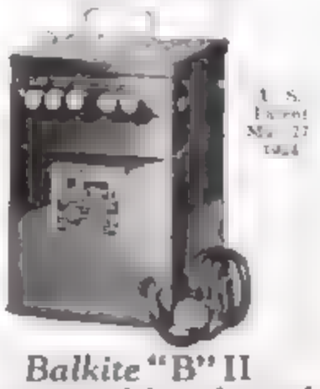
Price $35

In Canada, $49.50



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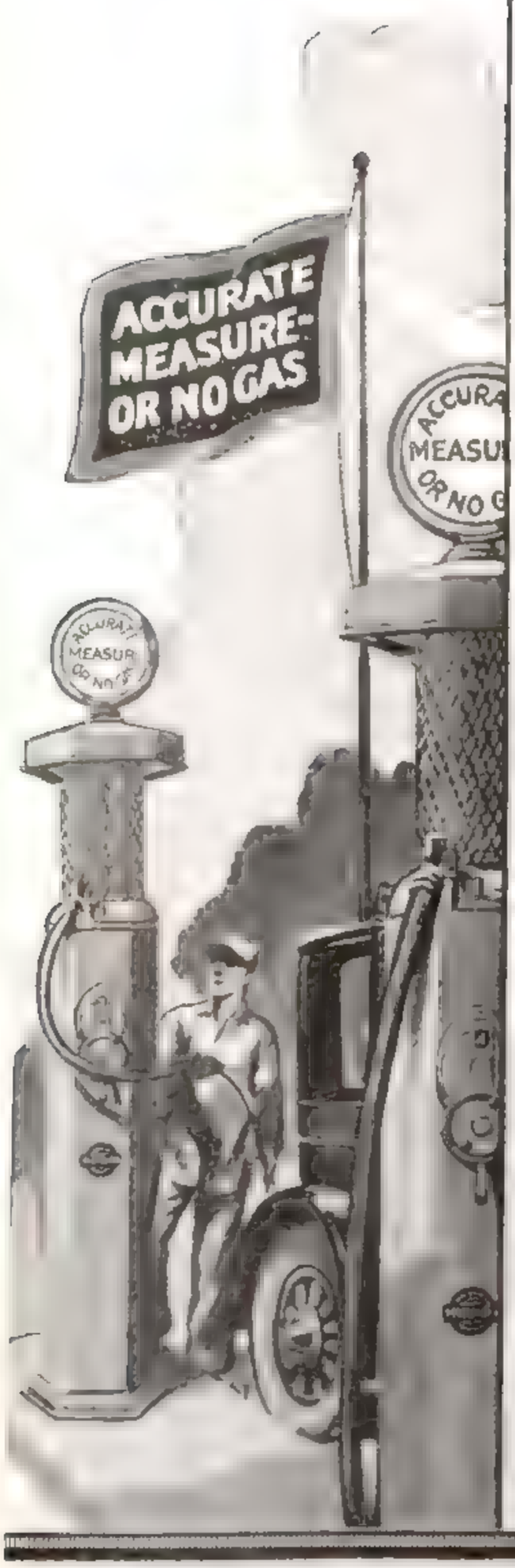

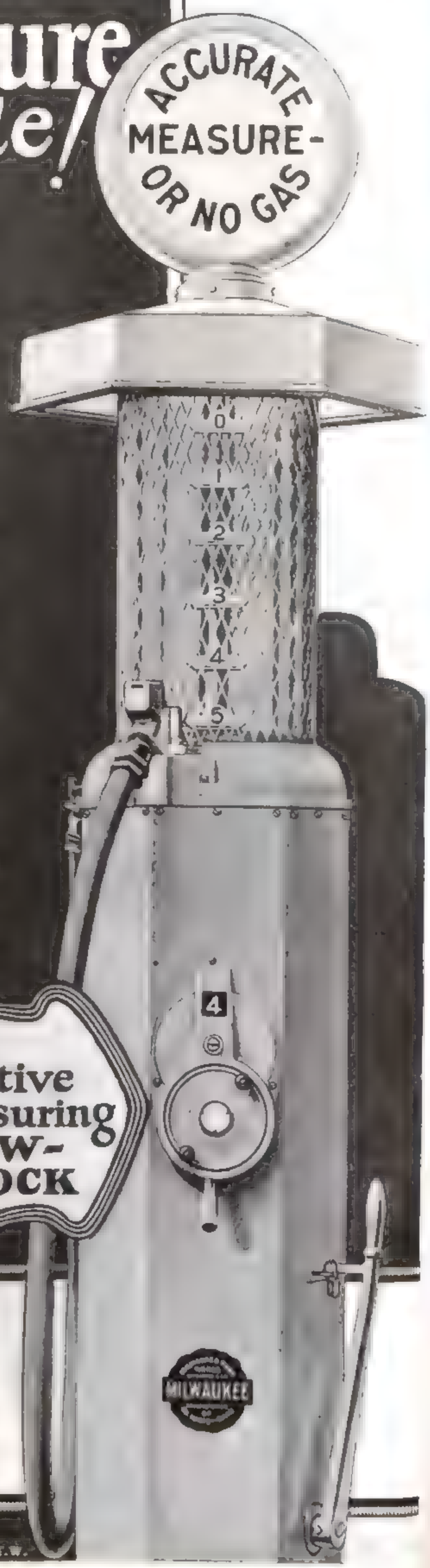

The Positive Measuring FLOW-LOCK

MILWAUKEE

The Pump of Compulsory Accuracy

No. 2 of a series of full-page advertisements.

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(Continued from Page 164)

back. Only I got in a muss over a poker party an' pop kicked me out. Oh, I ain't sayin' he was hard on me! Naw! I ain't any good. The Puddys or anybody will tell you that. My brothers got all the good there was in the fam'ly. I'm a kind of a left-over. I'm the youngest."

"Ran off pretty young, fella?" Joe asked, gathering up his sheet.

"Yeh, I was fourteen. And then my wife used to beat me up pretty bad," the young man said dolorously, rubbing his pert nose with a green silk handkerchief, "so pop let me come home. Only I got in this fight over a poker game an' knocked Ralph McCarthy's eye out with a chair. I expect you'd know him if you've been here three years. His folks have a farm over by ——"

Joe said soothingly, "Yeh, fella. His glass eye's a pretty fair match for his real one. You're real frank."

Rudy Kling looked up at the tall man with a sort of scorn and wailed, "It wouldn't be any good lyin' to you guys. You're all gentlemen. I can string it out pretty fair with tough eggs, but it's no good lyin' to classy people." He looked briefly at Norah's green gauzes and said, "I'm sorry I made you yell, lady."

"Oh, that was my mother," Norah brightly mentioned. She considered the trivial person favorably and inquired, "So you've been in jail a good deal?"

"Twice," Mr. Kling answered sulkily; "but not lately. I had a good job at a track. I'm a pretty fair jockey, only I ain't enough nerve for big races."

Stukely shivered. Dawn rose in color behind the water tower's plain gauntness and new light mingled with the glow of lamps in this stifling room. He had a sleepy feeling of something quite unreal under the gilded fishes of the blue ceiling. This shameless person was Joe's age—four years older than himself; but his trivial body had been in jail and beaten by some awful wife and jounced on race horses. And he had no nerve and said so! He was entirely strange. Of course anybody got scared now and then. But you didn't sit and say so to people in night clothes or sheets.

"Any chance I could get a drink of water, pal?" Mr. Kling asked Joe Fancher. "Them feathers in the attic nearly ——"

"Take him downstairs, Joe," said Doctor Kent, in the oddest tone, "and give him some water. . . . What time are the Puddys likely to get up?"

"Any minute, poppa. Puddy thinks unfriendly of the sun if it's later'n three o'clock in summertime."

"Then," said the old gentleman, "Puddy will be able to identify Mr. Kling. If Mr. Puddy identifies you," he said directly to the intruder, "we have no reason to detain you, sir. Good morning."

Mr. Kling picked up his little suitcase. It could hold nothing much, and Stukely wondered whether it had been chosen to match its owner's lack of bulk. Rudy slipped from the mattress and gave Norah a look of sharp interest, as he asked, "I don't suppose you know where my folks moved to in California?"

"It happens that I do. Your father is so kind as to send me Christmas cards each year. They live at Los Altos. It's below San Francisco somewhere. Los Altos—can you remember?"

"Yeh," said Mr. Kling; "I was through there once with a circus. . . . Honest, mister, the front door was open"

"I fear that it was," Doctor Kent nodded. "I'm afraid that I left it open. Good morning. . . . Joe, please take Mr. Kling over to see if Mr. Puddy is able to identify him."

"Puddy can identify me all right. Always hated the sight of me," the trivial person sighed.

Norah swished her green skirt and gave the intruder a nod of farewell as he followed Joe's sheet through the doorway. He ducked his head and vanished.

With a tremendous sigh the Reverend Gavin Kent sat down on the mattress and said softly, "Ugh! I hope, really, that he wasn't as offensive as his voice, Norah."

"Dad, he was perfectly charming! He had purple socks with jade embroideries on them, and he looked exactly like a doll baby. His hair's the same as Stukely's, only he oils it, and his eyelashes are an inch long. I don't think he's more than five feet high. He'd break if Stuke or Joe slapped him."

"Oh, no, he wouldn't, Norah," Stukely protested sleepily; "he's hard as wire. One of those rather pretty kids, daddy. Weak face."

"I adore you, lamb," said Norah, "when you get frightfully mature! You're twenty and he's twenty-four. Pretty kid!"

The Reverend Gavin Kent fumbled his old silver case from the pocket of his white jacket and tapped a cigarette on its shimmer. He musically remarked, "My dear daughter, Stuke is unusually mature for twenty. Joe thinks so, and Joe is the least immature boy of twenty-four now alive in the United States. It interests me to hear that our visitor is muscular. He sounded so feeble. I expect he was acting a little."

"Of course he was, daddy," Norah agreed; "he laid it on thick. So should I in his shoes! If I were only an inch high and saw two big brutes like Joe and Stuke standing over me—and Joe looks simply terrific when his eyes get green—I'd simply have groveled on the floor and kicked my heels. He's a coward anyhow. And he —— Oh, precious angel bunny!"

"I beg your pardon, daughter?"

"She's talkin' to Junior, dad," Stukely explained; "he just rolled in, sir."

Joseph Fancher, Jr., rolled on the door sill and waved a determined fist at his relatives, saying ferociously, "Yattakow!" A muddled white garment incased his fat legs. He was otherwise bare and visibly cross, after a crawl down the corridor from his low crib beside the eastern windows and his nurse's door. He said "Yattakow!" again, and inflated himself for a howl of rage, shutting his black eyes.

"Yes, darling," Norah gurgled; "Uncle Stuke'll give you a glass of water. Thank heaven there is some! Hurry, Stuke! Yes, lamb! There," she said, settling the dark infant on her green lap, "drink that and tell us what you think. There was a nice burglar here and your fond grandpapa let him go because our manners are perfect in the Kent family. He just told us a lot of awful lies and Papa Joe has taken him outdoors so that his hair oil won't smell any more. . . . Yes, spill it on mother, darlin' ducky."

"So you think he was lying, daughter?"

"Certain of it, daddy. . . . Oh, Hester," she said to an apparition in a blue gown outside the door, "baby got out of his crib. Just put him back and go on giving him this water. He doesn't want it, of course, but it soothes his egoism. Here, angel, nursie wants you."

The nursemaid picked up her charge with indeterminate, pretty noises of reproach and said "Yes'm. Some noise woke me up. . . . Did he bump himself gettin' out of bed? My!" while Junior clung to his glass of water and chirped triumphantly when he contrived to kick Norah in the face.

"Ah, Hester," said the Reverend Gavin Kent, "you were acquainted with the Klings of course. Yes? Was there a Rudy Kling in the family?"

"Rudy? I should certainly say there was," the girl said, bundling Junior in her arms; "my, yes! Yesterday when I was down home to see mamma's sore foot we were talkin' about him. 'Cause the doctor stuck some co-cocaine into her toe when he lanced it—yes."

"He's a pretty little thing with big black eyes, Hester?"

The nursemaid giggled, "Yes'm. He looked awful sassy, but all the big fellas were scared of him 'cause he fought so hard. Yes'm. He was just a dreadful boy. . . . No, baby. . . . The other Kling boys were nice fellas, but Rudy was a tough. He —— Now, Junior, be good!"

Junior plunged his whole arm into the glass, found that it wouldn't come out with his fist doubled and raised a horrid lamentation in which traces of the word "Mamma!" mingled with mere breath. Mrs. Kent appeared as a wraith in lavender, and the howling baby retired with all his social apparatus down the hallway.

"The day," said the Reverend Gavin Kent, "has begun, Stuke. And what the thoughts of Mr. Kling were while he listened to our conversation from the attic we shall probably never know. Probably we're nothing but an episode in his career. Is it egotism to wonder whether he relied on our gentility in surrendering? His story was silly. Few people would have gone through the form of believing it. I think it was Ludovic Halévy who remarked that well-bred people are utterly helpless in their dealings with rogues. . . . Meantime, my dear boy, you might run down and look at the silver for safety's sake."

"Yes, sir," his son said, through a yawn; "time to milk anyhow."

He crossed the hallway drenched in fresh heat and echoing with notes of admiration from Junior's nursery. The black-haired baby was being adored for his latest cleverness. Historically, Stukely thought, several million babies had stuck their doubled fists in glasses of water and hadn't been able to pull them out again. A stream of babies passed in his misty speculation, each with a doubled fist in a glass. He pulled off his soaked bath robe and stood with a lazy wind playing on his brown body through slats of his closed shutters. In Babylon, in otiose Corinth, in Roman villas beside white Naples, in the grim Middle Ages and throughout the rational eighteenth century, babies had gone on sticking their fists in glasses, and innumerable women had adored them for doing what seemed, on any calm consideration, one of the most obvious things you could do.

He hauled limp cotton trousers up his legs and hunted out a shirt of no intrinsic value from his closet. . . . Perhaps people were often admired for doing rather obvious things. It was really nothing extraordinary that Joe and he managed fifty acres of farm and made the land pay. Lots of people had done that before. His mother's unexampled talent for screaming at sudden noises was really rarer than the common sense needed to manage cows, eggs, tomatoes and apple trees. It might have to be classified as an entirely useless accomplishment. The boy laced on his canvas shoes in a drowsy speculation. What accomplishments were always useful? He had taken three prizes at school in French composition, and now he sprayed apple trees contentedly. Numbers of thoughts flowed together without relation in his mind as he descended the green stairs into the living room, lined with books. Nobody had touched the silver ranged in the old sideboard of the dining room. He yawned ten times, picked a pipe from the table below Bishop Stukely's portrait beside the open front door and idled into the pillared porch. The dewy roofs of Gossetville twinkled down the shallow valley's hot reaches, and the red hair of young Alphenius Puddy, the hired boy, twinkled near at hand. Alphenius diligently left his father's farm when the multitude of Puddys rose in summer, but he usually craftily waited for Joe or Stukely to appear before he began to milk the twelve cows. However, Norah liked the boy's hair and he sometimes worked.

This morning he had an appearance of prim virtue, sitting on the low step of the porch, and he said with discretion, "I'll help you carry him in, Stuke. Only he's certainly awful drunk."

"Who's drunk, Alphenius?"

"Well," said Alphenius in soprano, defensively, "he's lyin' down in the yard with nothin' on him but some p'jama pants, an' his head in a bucket. I says 'Are you drunk, Joe?' only he just kicked at me an' kind of cussed."

"But where's Rudy Kling, Alphenius?"

Alphenius remarked in a surprised baritone, "How d' I know, Stuke? Somebody

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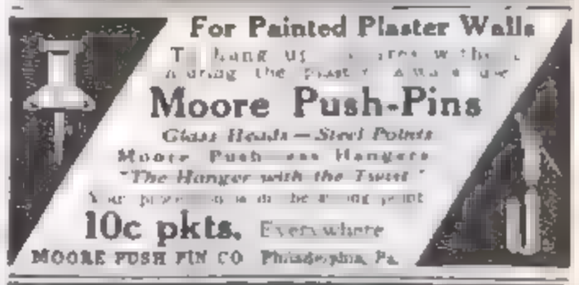

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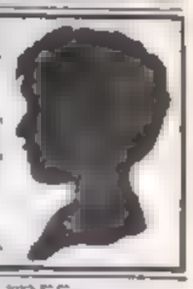

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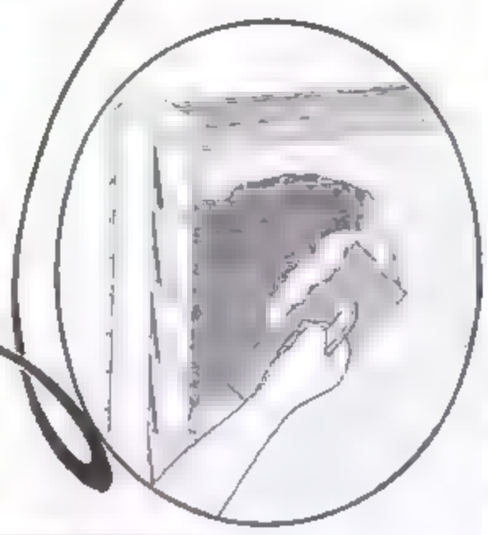

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saw him to Coney Island last summer. Maybe he's in jail."

"Then Joe didn't bring him over to your father's?"

"Naw," said Alphenius, with indignation; "pop'd kick him off the place if anybody fetched him in. He was sellin' that cocaine stuff to the kids in ——"

His stomach became an icy balloon in Stukely's middle. He went loping down the flagged walk to the white fence of the barnyard and vaulted its solid height. Immediately Joe said hollowly, "Gettahell 'way from me, y' ——" And the voice trailed into wasted vowels. He lay stretched on ruts of the yard with his naked shoulders twitching, and his head was hidden in a tin pail.

"Joe," said Stukely dizzily, "wh-what on earth are you —— Joe!" The body heaved in its vivid trousers.

Joe said, "'At you, babe? Find me my gun, boy. Gonna ——" A lovely line of scarlet picked its way down his brown neck and seemed to hesitate among the dimpling muscles of his shoulders. Stukely dropped back his head and howled three times so that his throat burned. Joe said "Gracious! Quit 'at yawp, ace!" and then said nothing more for a whirling time. The clocks of Gossetville struck four.

At ten it occurred to Stukely that he would die if he didn't get to sleep. Farmers flooded up and down the pillared porch, ducking their heads when lightning showered violet flares through the rain that fell with a vexatious steadiness. The bloodhound from Poughkeepsie sat in dignity on the hearth of the living room under Bishop Stukely's portrait and moved its ears whenever rolls of thunder banged in the valley.

Norah observed the beast with sympathy and told it, "Poor dear! Did the nasty rain wash all the scent away? Stuke, maybe it's thirsty."

"The hell I care," said Stukely, lighting a cigarette.

"My dear boy," his father intoned, "as this is primarily—and secondarily—all my fault, don't be so miserable. . . . Grace, darling, please don't scream so loudly!"

"Gavin," said Mrs. Kent, "I simply abominate lightning! And Joe's door is shut. Stuke, is he really fond of chicken broth? You're so much more observant than the rest of us. I must ask the doctor about soup when he comes back this evening."

"Mother," Norah assured her, "his digestion is not affected at all. He's had three cups of coffee and four pieces of toast. Being hit on the head with a horseshoe doesn't affect the stomach. I think Rudy was too frightfully clever to jam a pail over his head afterward. But I don't understand what he wanted with that sheet. It's not a good one. Joe uses it on his cot on hot nights. . . . Precious angel bunny," she told the baby, "go bite the niceums bloodhound. Rudy improves the more you hear of him. He sells cocaine to kids in schools. He knocks people's eyes out and if Joe wasn't indestructible, of course he'd have fractured his skull."

Mrs. Kent screamed with restraint, picking up Junior from beside the bloodhound's tail, and gaspingly said, "No, baby! I must say that I think you were all a little idiotic last night. You find a terrible creature in the house and ——"

"My dear Grace," said the Reverend Gavin Kent, dusting ash from his black coat, "I was the idiot. The children looked to me for an attitude. I chose to turn this person loose. If I had known that he sold cocaine to people, of course —— There's the telephone"

Several neighbors leaked in through the open door and gazed at Stukely picking up the telephone. A brisk person remarked that he was the central office in New York City, and then demanded Mr. J. Fanchetti.

"If you mean Joseph Fancher," Stukely growled, "he was knocked on the head with a horseshoe this morning and he's ill in bed."

"Yeh," said the telephone, "him. We got a call from your chief of police up there about this thing. This man Klung he speaks of "

"Kling," said Stukely, in bitterness.

"Yeh, this man Klieg is described as very small, kind of, with dark hair an' eyes. Kind of a round face. Age about twenty-three or four."

Stukely yawned, "That's correct. Yes?"

"Well," the telephone said, "he's wanted for assault. It's in yest'day's papers. This lady he 'saulted is able to describe him this mornin'. She's come to. He married her under the name of Thomas Edwards in Boston last week. Only she says he's got R. J. K. tattooed on his right arm. He'll have two em'rald rings set in platinium, and ——"

"Set in what?"

"Platinium," the telephone repeated with an air of authority; "one gold lip stick with a rooby in the bottom of it. One diamond lavaleer ——"

"A what?"

The telephone groaned; then asked, "Is there a lady there?"

"Norah," Stukely urged, "come and listen to this—this stuff."

Norah assumed the telephone and told it briskly, "Tell me all about it. Poor Stuke's so sleepy he can't stand up straight. . . . This is Mrs. Fancher. . . . No, not Franceschi. . . . Yes, with a horseshoe. . . . Kling, not Klieg. . . . How characteristic of him! . . . Oh, no, we only met him last night. . . . He was hiding in the attic. Attic, the top of a house, you know. . . . Garret is the same thing. Yes, you're quite right. . . . Married her? Was she old and rather idiotic? . . . I thought so. . . . Set in platinum? . . . Stuke, give me a pencil. . . . Diamond lavallière. . . . Real pearls or synthetic? . . . Yes, she'd naturally say they were real. . . . Yes, he's very well known around here. He sold cocaine. . . . Oh, five years ago! . . . No, his family moved to California. We're living in their house. We found him hiding in the attic at three this morning. . . . That's what the neighbors tell us. They found that he'd been selling cocaine to children in the schools here. His father ordered him out. . . . Oh, yes, the police telephoned everywhere. We have a bloodhound from Poughkeepsie, only it doesn't work. The rain, you know." She beamed over a shoulder at the bloodhound. "Yes, I can. He was wearing a dark blue suit, purple socks and a green tie. . . . Yes, green. . . . And is his wife going to recover? That's nice. . . . Yes. . . . Thanks, awf'ly. . . . Good-by."

"What's all that?" Joe drawled from the green staircase. He scowled as Mrs. Kent screamed, and said, "Mamma, don't! My head's like a teakettle awready. Yeh, babe gets his talent for yellin' offa you. I'm all melancholy and you leave me 'lone. What's that on the telephone, girl?" He sat down on the stairs abruptly and touched the cap of white bandage that hid his fair eyebrows with tremulous fingers. "Is Rudy gummed up down in New York?"

Norah fluttered her fresh gown up the green treads, saying gayly, "Yes, lamb. He married some imbecile hag in Boston and then robbed her and beat her a good deal on Friday. So the poor dear was trying to hide. . . . Come back to bed, you unutterable idiot!"

"Yeh, some dizzy dame marries this fella an' he bungs her frame? He's a nice man. Where's all our p'licemen we had here?"

"They're out looking for Rudy, Joe," said Stukely, yawned twice and finished: "In cars an' things. . . . Go back to bed, for heaven's sake!"

"Won't either!" Joe growled, getting his head on Norah's shoulder. He closed his eyes and drawled, "This fella sold dope, somebody was sayin'. . . . Aw right. And he was up in the attic, makin' noises like a rat. I bet he's got him some dope hid out in the attic right now. Babe, you shinny up in the attic and look for dope. It'll do you good, bud. I'm so mis'rable I want

(Continued on Page 173)

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(Continued from Page 170)

everybody to be unhappy too. Rev'rend, next time you wanta be all kinda magnanimious and let Rudy outa this house, you're gonna be surprised how nasty I'll act. I'll be mean and ungentlemanly."

"My dear boy," said the clergyman, "you won't—wouldn't be half as mean as I should."

"G'on, fella," Joe snorted; "it ain't in you! You ain't had any experience. Girl, unless you quit usin' sandalwood on your hair, I'll quit you cold an' marry a fat blonde. Babe, go look for dope in the attic. Nice an' hot up there an' you'll like it. Honey, get me back in bed. I'm a rooined woman."

Stukely trotted up the stairs, dragging Alphenius Puddy with him. Joe's weight seemed terrific as the long man sagged back on Stukely's shoulder and stumbled into the bland splendors of Norah's gilded Spanish bed. He recited absently:

"There, little pimple, don't y'cry!
Gonna be a sore boil by and by."

Norah urged, "Don't be so coarse, darling! You've no idea what words you used when the doctor was stitching your poor head."

"Yes, I have, female! I s'lected them careful 'cause poppa was in the room. Stuke knows I can do lots better'n that. . . . Alphenius, you worfless an'mal, go and help Stuke hunt dope in the attic. If you work hard, boy, an' keep at it steady, you'll be as bad as this Rudy when you're his age, even if your folks are Baptists."

"Yes-sir," said Alphenius, investigating Norah's dressing table. "What's cocaine look like?"

"Toof powder," Joe moaned; "Toothbrush Fallon in my comp'ny kep' his in a toof—tooth—teef-powder box, over in that war they had in France. He was extremely good for nothin' and died grand, all full of cocaine, shootin' at trees. He was a tough kid outa Kentucky. They got a mon'ment to him in his home town where he was run out by the sheriff back in 1912. It's kinda sarcastic. The captain was just gonna put him in arrest when the Dutch started firin'. She's an ill wind 'at don't blow somebody's dirty laundry down the creek. . . . Babe, go look in the attic. If Rudy Kling wasn't just hidin' out here, he came for somethin'. In his class of s'ciety dope's as good as cash. Me, walkin' ahead of this pinyap like I was ten years of age an' not too bright at that! I could expire of shame if my dome wasn't fallin' in on me. I told you those green p'jamas were bad luck, girl! Only you'll dec'rate or die. Get outa here, ace, an' snoop for snow in the attic."

Stukely went dutifully into the spare bedroom, blinking at a final flare of lightning through the wet windows. His dazed legs mounted the bed and he raised his dirty hands to the trapdoor. Then he stopped to scratch an ear and wonder whether cocaine was a durable drug. He had never seen any. Would it degenerate, stored in an attic for five years?

"I wonder if cocaine keeps?"

"I dunno," said Alphenius, industriously gathering a feather from the vermilion floor. "Will I go ask Doctor Kent, Stuke?"

"You might just as well, Alphenius. Your assistance is mostly spiritual anyhow," Stukely yawned; "you're an awf'ly good witness for a dollar a day."

"I know I am," the hired boy assured him; "Joe says I encourage him a lot clippin' trees. I'll go ask your father about the cocaine."

He politely closed the door. Stukely pondered the value of sarcasm as applied to the adolescent mind and then paused to yawn some more. He would gratify Joe by a cursory look around the attic and then he would sleep. He would sleep immensely, probably for the rest of the day. If Alphenius came to tell him that the cows needed milking or that chickens had died of lightning, why, Alphenius might be slapped on a prominent ear. He lifted his arms to the sides of the trapdoor and mutely stared into the white face with its black eyelashes fluttering. Rudy Kling looked down at him silently and licked his lips twice. A wave of thunder passed above the house and one feather from the stored pillows came fluttering out of the black attic past the tiny man's head.

"Oh, I see," said Stukely; "yeh—yes! You banged Joe an' then you ran around behind the house an' climbed up the tank onto the roof. Yes, nobody ever thought of that, of course!"

"Aw, keep your shirt on, kiddy! Let's talk business, pal," Mr. Kling murmured; "don't get excited, either. . . . Who's downstairs?"

"About half the men in the county," Stukely whispered.

"All right. Now," the pretty man said rapidly, "when it gets dark get a car—you got one, ain't you?—get a car up the north fence by the bunch of poplars. I'll be on the roof. Toot the horn oncet. I'll get down an' you drive me inta C'necticut. Two hundred to you when we get there, pal, and I'll tell you where there's easy a couple of hundred dollars of snow in the house here. Be a gentleman and ——"

"Are you crazy?" the boy asked after a gulp.

The white face stooped down a little farther. Mr. Kling said in his whining whisper, "No, I've been in an' out of this house five times since you guys have been livin' here! You never lock up right. I could have swiped your silver an' your sister's kid any time without wakin' up a soul. I had near a hundred ounces of coke hid here when my old man kicked me out. I still got nine or ten. You can sell it to a feller over in Brooklyn. Sands Street. I forget the number. Now have the car up the north fence, pal, about eight o'clock."

"What did you want with Joe's sheet?" Stukely inquired.

"To lie on, pal! Gee," said Mr. Kling morosely, "you guys don't ever clean this garret! I'm all over feathers! And the trap in the roof leaks too! If you was real farmers, you'd look after things better. . . . Now, kiddy, don't get excited and tell anybody I'm up here, 'cause it'll be hell in the papers if I'm caught in this dump, see?"

He licked his lips again. Stukely yawned. He was not asleep. This was real and interesting, but he drowsed with his hard fingers on the edges of the trap and wearily wondered what the tiny rogue meant.

"You're a lot of swells out of New York, pal."

"I don't know," said Stukely; "Uncle George is awf'ly rich—mother's brother. Father had Saint Philip's Church until he retired, and, of course, we know a lot of smart people. But ——"

"Stuff a gun with it," Mr. Kling commanded; "you're swells. Your sister's named Norah and she's married to that yella-headed devil that talks like a nigger. Get me in front of a judge an' I'm an old friend of the lady. Picked her up at a dance parlor in the city years back. I phoned the lady I'm in trouble. She leaves the door open for me, see? . . . See? . . . See?"

Stukely said, "Yes, I see. That's awf'ly interesting."

"All right. And I'm good-lookin'. Tell me nobody'd believe it and I'll tell you they will, pal! It'll be all over the papers. . . . What d'you say? It's a gentleman's offer. Two hundred —— well, I'll make it two hundred and fifty to run me into C'necticut. And I'll tell you where the dust is. All you need is a chisel and ——"

"And suppose you just bang me on the head when we're up the road a couple of miles an' then drive into Canada, h'm?" Stukely asked.

"Aw, pal, I ain't even got a gun with me!"

"Careless of you. . . . Excuse me," Stukely said after a yawn, "but why should I trust you? They want you in New York for ——"

"What the hell d'you think I'm doing here? Playin' pinochle? I ran for this place. You got me. What's the good in turnin' me over, pal? You won't make a cent, see? This way you'll be in three or

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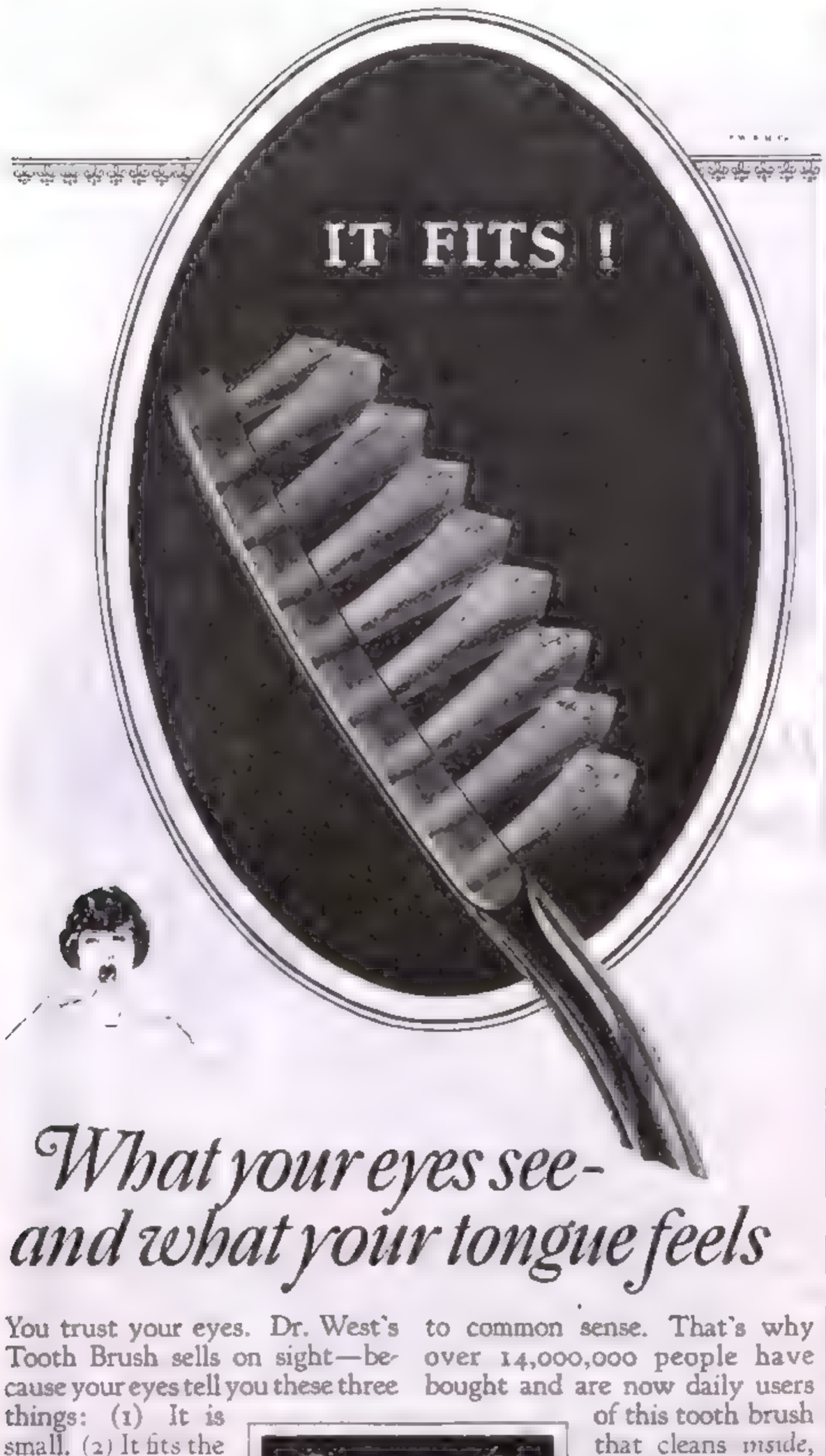

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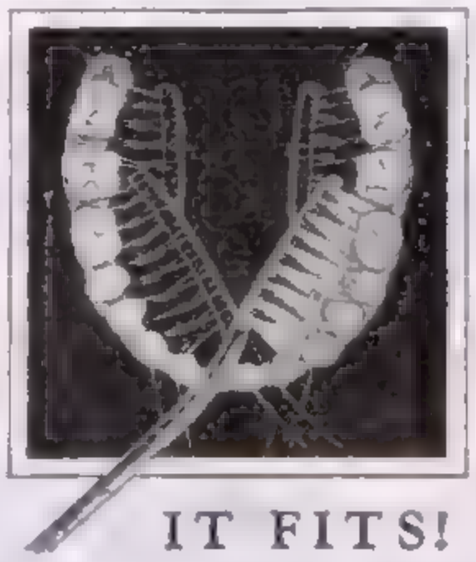

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four hundred at the very least," Mr. Kling insisted, "and ——"

"And if I go down and tell them you're here," Stukely broke in, "you'll be cad enough to lie about my sister?"

"Pal," said Mr. Kling, brushing a feather from his ear, "don't talk any of that morality on me! I'm a cad and all that hooey. All right; only I'm not goin' to jail another stretch. You guys are gentlemen. If you want your sister in the papers for bein' in love with a ——"

Stukely slapped him over the mouth and got his hands in the man's drooping coat miraculously at the same time. The light body came down from the ceiling on him in a remarkable limpness, then changed to a tangle of fighting muscles as the bedstead cracked and collapsed. A suffocating shower of dust and feathers followed Rudy Kling's tumble and his infantile suitcase smacked on Stukely's head, then rattled on the red floor, spilling two fat pears and a pair of horn-rimmed spectacles as the fall jarred it open. Stukely saw this revelation over the man's shoulder. He seemed to be waltzing with Mr. Kling on the gray mattress, over bedposts and inconvenient pillows.

Alphenius Puddy opened the door and stood civilly gaping with a slab of chocolate cake in his hand.

"Call yourself a gentleman!"

"Oh, don't be so damn silly!" said Stukely. "Alphenius, go and call ——"

Alphenius turned into the hallway and said timidly, "Oh, Mis' Fancher! Oh, Jo-oe! Hey, Stuke's fightin' a fella up here!"

Mr. Kling stumbled, or Stukely stumbled. There was an indeterminate clatter and a whirling movement that left Stukely sprawling on the tiny man in a corner by the windows. He was embarrassed by Mr. Kling's size. Eventually it seemed best to sit on him, although a constant writhing made the matter uncomfortable, and it was supremely irritating that a number of men who came in sat on their heels and watched Stukely sit on the noisy body. Alphenius Puddy got up on the dresser of blue enamel and ate some cake.

His large father said, "Well, we got him," in an utterly fatuous tone of complacency, as though he had attended to all this.

"Well, do something about it, please!"

A hairy long youth from the orchard second on the left up on the north road practically suggested, "Otto, you take his legs. Sam, you catch his arm. Keep away, Doctor Kent! Hey, Rudy, quit, will ye? Be a gentleman! Hold his head on the floor, Stuke! Aw, Rudy, behave!"

Stukely tried to drag his hand from the teeth set in its side and woke fully in the pain. The tiny man was biting his hand, biting it violently too!

The boy said, "Stop that! Stop it or I'll hurt you! Say, stop it!" while he wondered whether he should hammer the mad black eyes with his free fist. No, he was too big. Wouldn't be fair. Ouch! He said "Oh, stop it!" and then something bright descended with a thump on the flushed face inclosing his hand. The teeth parted. Stukely got up in a cloud of blue shirts and stared incredulously at his mother holding a silver-backed hairbrush in both hands.

"Good heavens, Grace!" said the Reverend Gavin Kent, lifting his yellow spectacles.

"Gavin," Mrs. Kent panted, "I do not care! Will some of you please take this person out of our house? H-he has absolutely no manners!"

"Grace," the old gentleman intoned, "the poor creature is crazy with fear. Get up, young man. Nobody will hurt you."

Alphenius Puddy, on the dresser, said to someone in the hallway, "Mrs. Kent, she soaked him on the nose. He was bitin' Stuke."

"If he doesn't behave himself," Mrs. Kent cried, gripping her weapon, "I shall certainly hit him again!" She screamed a little and added, "And I hope that his nose is broken! Norah, you must see after this that your father does not leave the front door open again. It's entirely your fault, Gavin! I'm sorry to seem disagreeable, but you must be careful about locking up. You see what happens!" She lifted her lavender apron with its futile pockets and jammed its hem into her mouth, repressing a shriek, then took it out and said, "I shall be hysterical unless someone takes this man away"

Rudy Kling rose from the vermilion floor with a hand on his nose and gazed at Mrs Kent in silence.

After a moment he gabbled, "Yeh! It's that lady—it's your daughter left the door open for me. I and ——"

"How can you have the impudence to say that? Gavin, he's trying to make a scandal! It's like that horrible man who was caught at the Millimans' house in Lenox and said that their governess had let him in. How dare you?" said Mrs. Kent, tightening her slim fingers on the hairbrush. "If you say that again I shall hit you! Norah, please be serious!"

"Mother," Norah gurgled through her fingers, "I—I can't be! . . . Please, take him away. . . . I—he—it ——"

Stukely sat down on the wrecked bed in a murmur of voices and studied a crescent of blue marks on his hand. He had a sense of something incredibly wonderful, a performance in a dream. Yes, he had seen his mother, the daughter of a bishop, hit a man in purple socks on the nose with a hairbrush. The room cleared on some order from Joe Fancher in the hallway. Everything was gone, and in the vacancy Joe drawled feebly, "Mamma, I've never said anything of you but that you're a gentleman. Yeh, and it takes a lady to be that. No common sorta female can! It's more'n most men can manage, at that!"

"Good heavens," said Mrs. Kent, "this terrible creature was simply gnawing Stuke! And the poor boy wouldn't hit him because he was so little, or one of those idiotic reasons that men have for things, and somebody had to do something, and if you dare to tell me, Gavin, that it wasn't ladylike, I shall scream!"

"My dear," the Reverend Gavin Kent said violently, "I never admired you so much in all my life!"

Mrs. Kent screamed.

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BOOTING 'EM HOME

(Continued from Page 11)

board to see if my name had been posted in due course. And when I saw the legend E. Sande staring back at me I wondered whether, by the grace of Providence and Liberator, it would hold one of the three places of honor at the conclusion of the six-furlong dash.

Liberator had a habit of carrying his head very high at the barrier. I had learned from schooling him that if his rider took the slightest hold of the reins he would throw his head into the air and break slowly. In fact, it was because I had observed this trick and overcome it by permitting him to break with the reins loose that Joe Goodman had determined to put me up on this horse for my first try at riding in his colors. On my way to the post I kept repeating to myself that I must not suffer a case of rattlers and that I must remember how to handle this eccentric mount of mine. At the barrier I watched every move made by the other boys, being careful to keep Liberator's head pointed the right way, and when the word came to go we were away with the leaders.

On the turn for home we were right up with the front division, and Liberator was running so easily I felt that I had only to shake him up a trifle to send him to the lead. I lay just outside a horse named Viley, from John Philips' barn. This was the mistake I made in my first race on a big race track. The other boys knew that Viley had a habit of bearing out around the turn and were careful to go to the inside or to stay clear of him entirely. I had no such knowledge. So when Viley began boring off to the right Liberator and I went with him, losing much valuable ground. We had almost completed the turn into the stretch before I was able to get clear of the Philips horse, and though Liberator responded gamely to my urging, the best we could do was to finish second, about a length and a half behind Busy Joe, ridden by Albert Johnson. I was quite discouraged as we trotted back to the scales.

"Darn it," I kept saying to myself, "why'd you ever do a boob thing like that? Now you're going to catch it good from Joe Goodman."

It was a heavy-hearted youth who trudged back toward the jockeys' room after weighing in. I turned to look at my name in one of the three places of honor on the jockey board, but I realized it should have been first instead of second. I was anxious not to run into Joe Goodman until I had become a little more composed.

The Thrill of Winning

Suddenly it seemed to me that the whole world had been turned upside down. I heard a familiar voice calling to me from the other side of the rail, but I was sure my ears must be deceiving me.

"Great, Earl, you did splendidly; that was fine."

Joe Goodman's kindly face was wreathed in smiles. There was no mistaking the sincerity of that tone. He was genuinely pleased about something, but I couldn't understand for the life of me what.

"That wasn't fine, Mr. Goodman; that was rotten. I ought to have walked away with that race," I protested.

"Forget it, Earl, you did all right. It was bully. Liberator was 20 to 1 in the betting. That shows you how well he handicapped to win this race."

The philosophy of the racing man is born in him or acquired through the everlasting ups and downs which are a component part of his existence. It is a distinct brand of philosophy, founded on the winning complex, but so elastic that it will adjust itself to any situation. The pleasure expressed by Joe Goodman is an illustration. Liberator was the best horse in the race, yet because the handicappers thought so little of him that odds of 20 to 1 were quoted against his chances, and because I was a brand-new jockey he was elated that I had finished second. Goodman, a thoroughgoing horseman, had reasoned that considering the circumstances it was all any sane man could expect when I finished second. It was his firm conviction that I should have credit for doing that much instead of discredit for not winning.

Two great thrills had come to me in the short time I had been on the turf, so to speak. These were the big moment when Joe Goodman let me know I had passed muster as a member of his racing staff and when I appeared on the track atop Liberator's back. The third came just sixteen days later, on January twenty-first, to be exact, when I rode my first winner. It was a horse named Prince S, from the stable of Johnson & Kane, the outsider at 6 and 8 to 1 in a four-horse field. The race was at a mile and an eighth, and when I brought Prince S home in front I felt that the burdens of the world had been lifted from my shoulders.

An Amateur Volunteer

Here was the accomplishment I had set my heart on—the winning of a race on an important track. Whatever timidity I had regarding my chances of winning disappeared from that moment. It didn't make me cocky, mind you, but it gave the touch of confidence I needed most. The specter that hovers like a great dark cloud over the early struggles of every young jockey was gone. I had won a race. I knew I could do it again. Four days later I rode F. C. Cole to victory, and he paid anywhere from 50 to 100 to 1. The same day I had the leg up on Mary's Beau, a winner at 20 to 1, and Meelicka, which finished second.

I am not attempting to relate my experiences in chronological order in this narrative of booting 'em home. So I'm going to jump back to a Fourth of July celebration that was held in American Falls along about 1913, a few years after I had gained my first real riding knowledge on a beautiful strawberry roan named Babe, which a neighbor's boy had traded to me for three five-dollar gold pieces, an old bicycle frame and five live ducks. Babe and I had cleaned up in the races we used to have with the other boys and their ponies on the country roads, and I had won a little local fame for my ability to pilot a horse. At any rate, when Burr Scott, a burly Westerner, came striding along the fence at the race meet which featured our celebration that day and called out for a volunteer to ride his horse Guise in the main event on the program, a fourteen-year-old youngster attired in overalls and a blue shirt elbowed his way through the line of railbirds and signified his willingness to undertake the job. That ambitious kid was myself, and since Scott knew that I understood something about racing a horse, he accepted my proffered services.

It was a roughly hewn half-mile track laid out in the sandy soil from which the sagebrush had been cleared. Back of the finish line was a little wooden structure we called the grand stand, large enough to give seating accommodations to several hundred persons. Women and girls were the principal occupants of the stand. The men and boys preferred to hang over the rail directly in front or to stroll around the grounds, buying ginger pop and arguing the merits of the horses and their riders. There was no fence around the track, which was twenty feet in width and lined on either side with sagebrush. A real picture of plain Western folk enjoying a holiday, it was, with the walk-trot-and-run race, the squaw race and the pony races for girls and boys imparting a touch of rugged civilization with which we in the East are wholly unfamiliar.

My saddle was made from a sweat pad to which the girth was riveted and from which short leather loops swung for use as stirrups. Guise was a real Thoroughbred,

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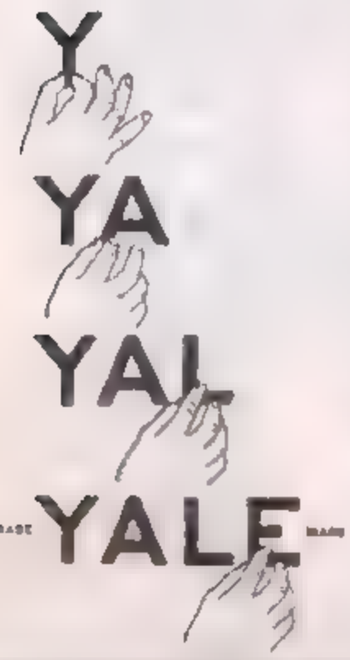

The Yale & Towne Manufacturing Co.
Stamford, Conn., U. S. A.
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the only one in that part of the country. He was an eight-year-old son of Peep o' Day, and though his front ankles were disfigured with huge soup bones and he had long since lost his best racing form, he could still step along at a lively clip over a short distance. This particular race, a free-for-all, was at a quarter of a mile, and I think that was about as far as Guise, at his advanced age and in his crippled condition, wished to go, although Burr Scott warned me that he was a hard horse to pull up and might make a complete circuit of the track unless I began taking up immediately after the finish.

"After you've won, pull him up sharp," was Burr's parting word as the field of six horses headed for the starting score on the other side of the track.

"How do you know I'm going to win?" I asked.

"Certainly you're going to win. Guise outclasses these horses; he's a sure thing."

My First Race

And by reason of that remark Burr Scott engraves himself in my turf records as about the only astute horseman who had any confidence in sure things. Yet his faith was not misplaced. Although starting two lengths back of the other horses, for what reason I can't just recall, Guise passed them like a shot in the first 100 yards and was far out in front when we crossed the finish line. His speed had not diminished at this time, and it was not until I began taking up that I suddenly recalled what Scott had told me about not letting Guise make a complete circuit of the track. I tugged at the reins with all my might, but this whimsical son of Peep o' Day merely kept on going. Out of the corner of my eye I caught a glimpse of Scott standing at the rail and waving his arms frantically. I was certain he would be furious if I didn't stop his horse and save those soup bones from utter destruction, so I gave a smart tug on the right rein and headed Guise directly toward the rail. That brought about two distinct and noteworthy results. First, it brought Guise to such a sudden halt that I fancied his creaky frame actually rattled; and, second, it brought a stream of fiery language from Burr Scott.

"What's wrong with you, kid? Are you plumb crazy?" Scott expostulated, doing a war dance around us. "Don't you know this is a fine Thoroughbred? Do you want to ruin the best horse there is in this part of the country? Don't you know the difference between a race horse and a plow horse?"

After a bit he cooled out, collected the ten-dollar purse that went to the winner of the feature race of the day and paid me one dollar as my riding fee. It was the first money I ever collected for riding, it was the first horse I had ever ridden on a race track and it was my first winner. Since that day I've seen the story of my first race in print several times; usually I have been pictured winning a race in which I did not even participate. This is the only correct version, and I am telling it now because so many persons have asked to hear it.

What is horse racing—a sport or industry? You have perhaps pondered that question at some time or other. I am frank to say I have spent hours turning the subject over in my mind, looking for the precise definition, and my conclusion is that it is neither one nor the other, but rather a combination of the two. To me it seems to be primarily a sport which has created a great industry, and hence in a quite natural course of evolution an industry founded on sport. It is as though sport, the master, had become the pupil, and industry, the pupil, had become the master, but the two so vitally related that they cannot live separately. A useful and important industry, too, in its unique character as the only agency that thwarts the elimination of the horse in this mechanical age. No racing, no horses; that is a fundamental truth the antagonists of racing cannot escape. There are no antagonists of horses; at least, I cannot conceive of any healthy-minded person being willing to be so classified. Yet this world of horse protagonists has its quota of racing antagonists, though the twain of horses and racing are as inseparable as life and oxygen.

In my eight years of riding on the big tracks I have been constantly reminded of the great popular misconception of racing, the sport. Why do so many persons think that the life of those on the inside is all milk and honey? Is it because the industrial side of racing seldom takes root in the human mind and the sportive phase is overshadowing and obscuring? That is probably the answer. It is so with the stage; the public sees only the finished product and is unconscious of the long hours of preparation and endless labor that have brought about the thing visualized. It was so once with baseball, and would be now did not the baseball reporter spend days with the teams at their training camps, recording the story of the meticulous care with which a baseball organization is reared and of how those days and the campaign which follows are an unending grind working toward the goal of efficiency. And it is acutely true concerning the turf.

When you visit the race track you see only the completed picture. You see the flags flying from the top of the grand stand, the broad lawns beautifully flowered and kept; you hear the blare of music from a capable band and feel the pulsating undercurrent of activity which gives enchantment to the whole scene and is so alluring. You see the horses parading to the post, and the gay colors worn by the jockeys appeal to the eye. There is compelling atmosphere; it gets into your blood and makes you tingle—romance.

Yes, it is the romance of the race track as you see it and feel it in the completed picture which gives you the vague thought that its spirit must exist as vividly behind the scenes as before them.

Romance is the drop curtain cutting off your vision, and if the illusion were to be dispelled you would rather the curtain stay down than be raised. And, anyway, why should you think about the practical things which enable you to revel in this romantic thrill? They are no concern of yours; you have paid to see the picture, not the mechanics of its production. If the thought occurred to you at all, you might soliloquize, "Why bother? When I enjoy the comforts of a Pullman car it might be disturbing to think of the sweat it took to build it."

A Jockey's Day

An intelligent and charming young lady said to me, "What a delightful life yours must be, such fun and so exciting and so little to do; really, Mr. Sande, it's quite beyond me why every boy doesn't aspire to be a rider."

It was a typical remark, expressing the typical view. Fun, excitement, no work. In other words, milk and honey. Out of every hundred persons, how many believe the career of a jockey exemplifies that Utopian condition? I was about to say a hundred, but I will revise my estimate. Shave off a small fraction of 1 per cent to allow for those of the racing world who know better, and you have the answer.

Let me describe briefly the daily routine of my workday and then judge for yourself whether you think it is all play with us jockeys. I am up at about half-past five every morning and at the track before half-past six, and I am not the first arrival by any means. Many of the trainers, exercise boys and jockeys are out at daybreak and have put in an hour and a half of solid hard work before those who live farther away make their appearance. For the next three and a half hours the attention of the entire stable organization is directed to schooling the younger horses at the barrier, galloping the entire string and working out those which are being prepared for immediate racing. There are no absentees from the

(Continued on Page 180)

The most WASTEFUL "economy" — AN OLD PEN

10 BUSINESS DRAWBACKS *that result from "saving" less than ONE CENT by using an old pen*

1—Irritation
2—Illegibility
3—Recopying
4—Spoiled letters
5—Mistakes in figuring
6—Misunderstandings
7—Bad impression
8—Soiled fingers
9—Defaced documents
10—Lost letters

SUPPOSE a man walked into your office and said, "I want to suggest an economy by which you can save two or three dollars—possibly ten or twenty dollars a year".

"Well", you might answer, "naturally, we are interested in economizing—what's your suggestion?"

Then suppose the stranger answered, "My two dollar saving, however, may cost you two or three hundred dollars a year—perhaps more!"

Would you take his ridiculous "economy" seriously?

Yet, curiously enough, it is likely that the same wasteful economy is being practised in your own organization right now!

Every pen point in your office that is old and ink-crusted is "saving" a CENT and LOSING dollars.

It is causing one or more of the Ten Business Drawbacks, which in the aggregate are costing American Industry a staggering sum yearly.

IT costs less than a cent a day to have *a fresh Esterbrook always.* Instead of the halting, sputtering hesitancy of the old pen, you will feel the free, smooth, quick-flowing movement of fine tempered steel racing over the paper.

Less than a cent a day for better, quicker, clearer, more pleasurable writing! Isn't it worth it?

Find the pen that best suits your own handwriting

YOUR handwriting is distinctly *yours.* No other person in the world writes exactly as you do.

There is one type of pen that is *just right* for you. Once you find it, you will never change it.

From our years of experience we have evolved twelve different Esterbrooks to suit *every* type of handwriting—from a fine copperplate text to a heavy, broad backslant.

In order to make it easy for you to find *your pen,* we have put these twelve pens in a special box which we shall be glad to mail to you on receipt of 15c—or we will send you *free* the Esterbrook Chart of Handwriting. (See coupon for details.)

Some Facts that will surprise you

FOR the *inspection alone* of Esterbrook Pens, we spend over $50,000 yearly. We reject pens for defects so minute that you could never see them!

Every Esterbrook goes thru 14 different processes of manufacture—some of them based on measurements as precise as 1/1000 of an inch.

Seventy-seven years of experience, and the largest pen factory in America, are behind Esterbrook Pens.

ESTERBROOK PEN MFG. CO., CAMDEN, N. J.
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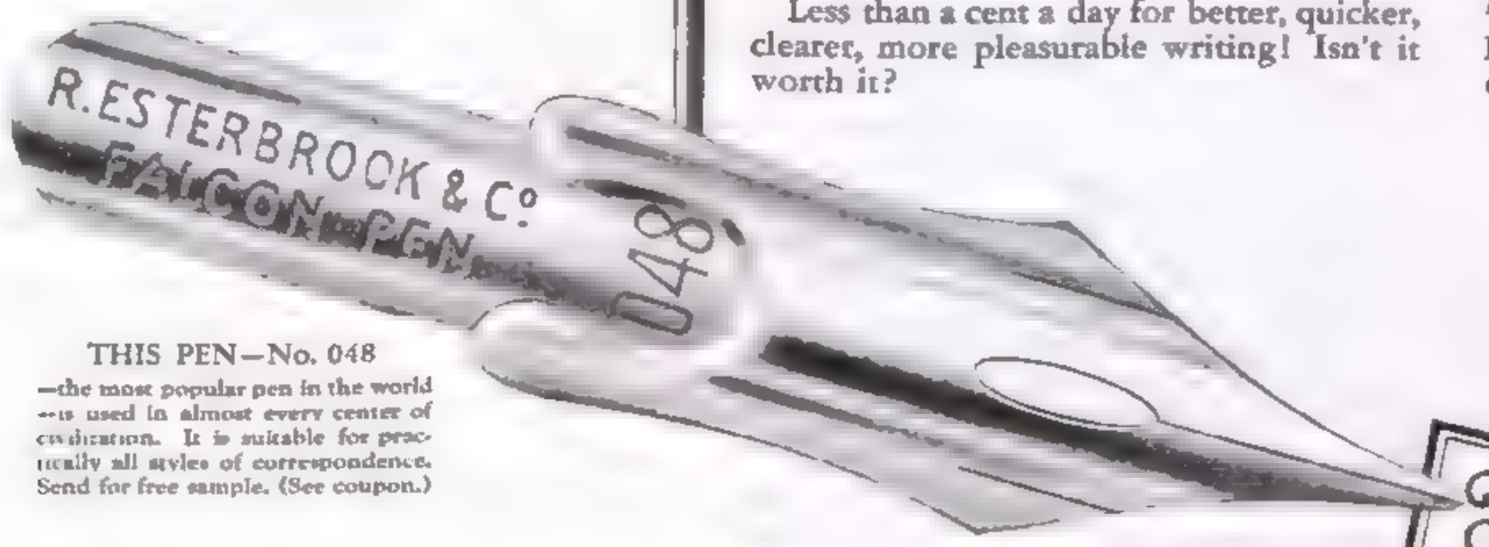

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—the most popular pen in the world—is used in almost every center of civilization. It is suitable for practically all styles of correspondence. Send for free sample. (See coupon.)

TRUE ECONOMY—*always a FRESH* Esterbrook

Free:

Send me, free, "The Book of 100 Famous Signatures", showing the autographs of illustrious men and women—and a sample of Pen No. 048. ☐

Send me, free, the Esterbrook Handwriting Chart, to help me find the pen best suited to my hand—also send a sample of Pen No. 048. ☐

I enclose 15c, for which send box containing one each of the "12 Most Popular Pens in the World". ☐

Name

Address

(Continued from Page 178)

stable staff; trainer, jockeys, foremen, exercise boys and rubbers are all on hand. It has surprised friends of mine that I should have to report for duty the same as an exercise boy.

"Why," they have exclaimed, "we thought it was only the less experienced jockeys and stable boys who did this drudgery. When does a jockey ever reach the point that he doesn't have to punch the time clock?"

"He doesn't," I tell them. "It makes no difference how much he may be in demand, how large his wages are or how highly he may regard himself or be regarded by others, he works for what he gets. The rider who is a favorite of the racing public is popular with his stable comrades only so far as his personality merits their esteem and friendship. Remember that a prophet is not without honor save in his own country and in his own house."

"But," my friends protest, "there is some distinction between the jockey who has gone ahead a little and the stable boy just breaking into the game."

"Yes, perhaps some distinction in the kind of work he does, but not in the amount. The trainer will look to him for the more important work-outs and schooling. That is a recognition of his greater experience, not a tribute to it."

"Surely this cannot be daily routine, not a schedule to be followed each day of the week."

"As daily as the rise of the sun. How can a jockey keep in condition otherwise? Bear in mind that he must keep plugging at it through a long siege of campaigning to remain fit and ready. The boxer trains for a single fight, performs his task and is through with it until next time. The jockey's training never ceases from the start of the season until its close."

And what an irksome thing it gets to be at times, this job of keeping in condition and down to weight. Toast and coffee, with grapefruit or prunes, for breakfast. No sugar or milk in the coffee, no sugar on the prunes. No lunch, not a mouthful. In the afternoon at the track some orange juice shaken up with a raw egg; that is all until six o'clock. Keep in condition, don't falter; keep down to weight, watch your step. Down to the marrow. Weight! How you get to hate the word sometimes, how you long to chuck it all over and go on a wild spree of eating! The eternal problem of the jockey—weight. It is before you every minute of the racing season; there is no escape.

Milk and Honey and Work

To me it is the only vexatious part of the game, this whirring grindstone that whittles off every ounce of superfluous flesh and leaves you just fine enough to retain your strength. I love the rest of it, the thrills of a close finish, the battle of muscle and wits and—how can I describe it better than to say that is what every red-blooded racegoer feels—the romance? Yes, the romance. I thought a moment ago that we who are behind the scenes must be disillusioned by the hard work of the industry, but now I realize that not even the stern realities of the racing business can obliterate the romance of the racing sport. We hard heads who measure turf values as they are and not as our imagination paints them; we who take no stock in hot tips and sure things, but have faith only in the finish line; we into whom it is dinned that winning is the vital thing, but losing is omnipresent and always pursuing you—we do not interpret this lure as romance and we never speak of it in that light. Sentiment is not for us; our business is conditioning horses, winning races. And yet it amuses me when I think we think we are without sentiment. We are filled with it.

But I am telling of the routine of the jockey's life, with you to judge whether it is all milk and honey. Back home from the track by 10:30—the course is closed at ten o'clock for harrowing. I have been up for five hours, since half-past five. I require some rest for the most difficult of all work that comes in my routine—the piloting of the mounts my agent has arranged for me. Perhaps you never knew that nearly every jockey's riding program is worked out for him through an agent who operates on a regular schedule of fees—one dollar for a losing mount and two dollars for a winner. Their business is one of those peculiar forms of occupation concerning which the world knows little. The fees I have mentioned are the regulation charges for their services, but it is the custom of many jockeys to pay them more—usually the more prosperous of the riders.

The same scale of remuneration prevails with the valets, the khaki-coated men you see fetching the saddles and tackle to the paddock and returning this equipment to the jockey room after the race. It is also the valet's job to take care of the jockeys' clothes and riding tackle and to fix the weights in their saddles so that the jockeys, equipment and all, will scale according to the allotted imposts. It is necessary for the riders to supply everything but the colors and bridles. My saddles cost forty-five dollars each and weigh from one and a quarter to four pounds, the lightest one being used when my own weight and that of the equipment correspond to the weight assigned to my mount. When higher weight is carried I use the heavier saddles, with lead pads in them when it is necessary for the scales to show the combined weight of me and my equipment to be, say, 120 pounds. My own weight nowadays is between 108 and 110 pounds.

Forestalling Scandal

My rest after the morning exercise lasts from half-past ten to about quarter after twelve. I have often been asked whether it is possible for me to go to sleep at that hour and if so how I manage it. My reply to this has been, "I am in bed at 10:30; I am sound asleep at 10:35." At first it required much concentration to adjust my mind to this practice. I found myself tossing around in bed with my mind so active on a hundred and one topics that sleep was out of the question. The only thing for me to do was to close my mind entirely to any thought except that I was tired and sleepy. The mastery of this took time, but it came eventually. Now I am able to drop off in five minutes or less and the nearly two hours' sleep is refreshing. Mrs. Sande keeps the household as quiet as possible and I am not awakened for anything except business of the most urgent nature.

I am back at the track at one o'clock; that is the appointed hour at which jockeys must report to the clerk of the scales, who is also the boss of the jockey room. We must make a complete statement to him of our engagements for the afternoon, the equipment we are to carry and whether the tackle is to include whip, spur, blinkers and breastplate, any of them or all. Blinkers are used on horses which are inclined to loaf or are found to run better when they don't see others in the field alongside of them. Breastplates keep the saddles from slipping back and are fancied by some trainers.

Strict discipline prevails in the jockey room. The riders are required to stay there until their engagements have been completed for the afternoon, except during the running of a race, when they are permitted to go to the rail of the track. Visitors are taboo. The riders don't welcome them and the racing officials frown upon them. It is better so. A conversation between a jockey and a visitor may be the most innocent thing in the world, and yet you can never tell what might be the outcome of it. Let me give an example. Between races a jockey may be seen in earnest conversation with someone interested in a horse other than the one he is to ride in the following race. The jockey's mount runs second, the one the visitor is interested in wins. Presto—a morsel for gossip. The story of the conversation is passed from mouth to mouth, gathering color as it goes. A scandal simmers, a mild one, perhaps, but none the less malicious. And the chances are the jockey and his visitor were discussing nothing less innocuous than the fine showing the Philadelphia Athletics are making this year.

Scandal is the ogre of the turf. Its habitat is every nook and cranny of the race track. Whisper to it and it appears. Nurse it momentarily and it rears itself into a stalking Frankenstein that would devour everything and everybody in its path. So each year the men who supervise racing tighten up their lines to guard against it. They take nothing for granted. Everything is scrutinized and every move is watched to make sure there are no loopholes for criticism. It is a colossal job. You appreciate its magnitude when you realize how susceptible to suspicion the sport is made by its very nature. It seems so easy to profit through cheating and it seems so easy to cheat. Just a little pull on the reins and a fortune for somebody—that is not an uncommon view of how simple it is to fix a horse race. Boat races, they call them when things don't look just right. I don't know how the term is derived, but I am glad the critics seldom have a chance to employ it.

And I want to declare in the most emphatic language I can use that it is next to impossible for a jockey to pull a mount without his treachery being observed. Antagonists of racing will say that I regard it as my duty to give the sport a clean bill of health. I will say to them that I most certainly do regard it as the bounden duty of every honest-thinking man to give racing a clean bill of health. It is as clean and wholesome as any sport the world knows, and I am including amateur sports in that statement.

True, it has its quota of undesirables, but in that it is no more infallible than any other branch of human activity. Its proportion of faults is no greater than marks any enterprise of mankind; less if anything, because of the surveillance over them and the constant effort to eliminate them. As a jockey I have the right to protest against any unjust suspicion aimed at the men of my trade. I know of no jockeys who pull horses or throw races, and I know hundreds of jockeys. I repeat that they cannot do it without detection, any more than a boxer can fake a fight or a ball player can deliberately throw ball games.

The Three Kinds of Jockeys

You will please pardon these deviations from this outline of the daily routine of that tribe of young men and boys whose duty it is to boot home winners. They are thoughts which occur to me as I proceed and seem to fit in best where I mention them. And with saying that the workday ends when I step down from my final mount of the afternoon and return to my apartment, located near the Long Island tracks, for dinner, the only square meal of the day, I am going to put the facts I have mentioned in the form of a schedule, fearing you may have lost sight of them by reason of the side comment.

5:30 A.M. Reveille; fruit, coffee, toast; no milk or sugar.

6 A.M. At the track, schooling, galloping, working out horses.

10 A.M. Morning duties end; track closed for harrowing.

10:30 A.M. Home and in bed.

12:15 P.M. Morning rest ends.

1 P.M. Report at jockey room.

1 P.M. to 4:45 P.M. Mounts; bottle of orange juice with raw egg for nourishment.

6 P.M. Dinner; fairly heavy meal, few starchy foods, no sugar, cream or sauces; nonfattening food, such as gelatin for dessert; no pies or cakes.

9 to 10 P.M. Taps.

To this program of daily routine I should add that occasionally I do road work to harden the muscles of my legs and to take off any excessive weight I may have acquired. This, however, is not a regular practice, since the exercise I get working the horses in the morning and riding them in the afternoon is usually enough to keep me in the proper physical condition.

There are three distinct groups of jockeys at every race track—apprentices, free lances and contract riders.

Apprentices are boys who have ridden less than forty winners, and to their mounts an allowance of five pounds less than the allotted weight is given except in handicap events. Free lances are what their name implies—riders without special stable connections who are available for any engagement. The contract jockeys are riders who are engaged exclusively by one stable or upon whose services owners and trainers have the preferred call.

At the present time the stable of Joseph E. Widener has first call on my riding engagements, which means that whenever Mr. Widener or his representatives have an entry for me to ride I am not at liberty to accept any other mount. I receive a regular yearly fee for this service, plus the usual sum of ten dollars for each losing mount and twenty-five dollars for every winner. Second call is held by William Ziegler, Jr., and the conditions are the same as in the first call, except that the yearly fee is obviously less and the call is operative only at such times as the Widener stable does not require my services. But it is a second call and supersedes any engagements made by my agent. The latter are last call.

A Stable of Jockeys

No jockey has the right to demand more than the stipulated winning and losing fees, though he has the privilege of accepting any amount an owner or trainer may offer him. What he makes in the course of a season depends entirely upon the demand he is able to create for his services. His fate is in his own hands in this respect, precisely as the success or failure of a young man in other lines of work is measured by his ability. The ambition of all of us is to become contract riders with the leading stables, for this means not only a set income but better horses to ride, more winning fees and the likelihood of the bonuses that sometimes come with victory in big stakes.

Racing men are generous—most of them. The satisfaction they get from winning turf classics is so keen that they find real pleasure in bestowing extra gratuities upon jockeys who have piloted their horses home in front. The largest single fee of this kind I have ever heard of was $10,000, which was given in two instances. Such a windfall is unusual and cannot be reckoned in a jockey's average yearly income. It is difficult to say what the average wage-earning ability is, since the range is so wide, running from $1000 or less up to sometimes twenty-five and thirty times that amount. I should estimate the average as being somewhere in the neighborhood of $3000 or $4000.

How many persons not intimately associated with racing realize that the successes of a contract jockey are profitable to his employer in more ways than one? I have rarely seen any printed reference to this feature of the turf industry, though it sometimes mounts up into quite an item of business. There have been trainers in other years who have virtually specialized in this by-product of the turf. Old Father Bill Daly, a landmark of the early days of the American turf, was a notable example. His method of operating was to take the rawest of riding material in hand, develop it in a hard and rigorous school of experience and then profit handsomely through the sale of the contracts to wealthy owners. Danny Maher, premier jockey of the English turf for years, was a graduate of the Daly school.

Winnie O'Conner and Willie Brennan, crack horsemen of the previous generation, also gained their experience in this manner. It used to be said around the tracks that Daly's stable of jockeys was more profitable to him than his stable of horses.

(Continued on Page 185)

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Spiral Stripe
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Also look for name and year rolled in metal

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NO poetic license, but measured statement of scientific fact—borne out by practical experience—Byers Pipe LASTS LONGER.

An important fact, too, if you are going to bury pipe under ground, or install it in inaccessible places in buildings where replacements are troublesome.

The cost of the pipe itself is a relatively small matter. Exploring for leaks, destroying floors or pavements, laying and connecting, and then repairing after all this havoc, may involve many times as much expense. To use ordinary pipe under such conditions, merely because it is a little cheaper, is bad business.

Old installations of Byers Pipe have been taken up after thirty to fifty years of service, and the pipe found good enough to go again into use. We frequently make public exhibition of specimens taken from famous old buildings. Printed bulletins giving authentic records of such cases will be mailed on request.

Taking into account all the economies effected by such durability—economies of labor as well as material—it is obvious wisdom to specify Byers Pipe. To make sure of its genuineness, look for the spiral marking on every length.

Literature on Request

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STORES

Instead of a stove, a mahogany finished cabinet as handsome as a fine showcase

BUNGALOWS

Allen's Parlor Furnace saves the cost of a cellar. Architects say: "It's ideal for this type of house"

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Circulating, moist, warm air heat—healthy heat that goes into the far corners of the room. Dignified appearance. Easily cleaned, easily cared for

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Allen's Parlor Furnace takes no little room. It heats up quickly. It is very economical. It's clean, noiseless, simple

Above the Floor

PARLOR

E N'S

MODERN heating cost has been lowered hundreds of dollars by this small, compact heating plant which is set above the floor. It needs no cellar. Placed in any room it circulates moist, warm air throughout the entire house. Beautifully finished in grained mahogany porcelain enamel—harmonizes with your furniture—and as easily kept clean. It is a modern heating plant at low cost for homes, churches, schools and offices.

Needs no cellar—sets above the floor

Allen's Parlor Furnace is revolutionizing home heating. It is just like a furnace in principle, but it needs no cellar—it is set above the floor. This saves steps, saves the cost of digging a cellar (at least $200.00) and saves fuel because *all* the heat is utilized.

It's not a stove

OLD HOUSES

Change from old-fashioned stoves to modern furnace heating in ten minutes. Connect Allen's Furnace to any flue. No floors torn up

A stove radiates dry heat. A furnace circulates moist heat. A stove heats only a limited space. A furnace sends moist, healthful heat into every nook and corner of distant rooms. That's how Allen's Parlor Furnace differs from a stove—it heats the entire house the healthful furnace way.

Harmonizes with your furniture and as easily cared for

Install Allen's Parlor Furnace in any room. Its symmetrical design and lustrous porcelain finish make it as handsome as any cabinet of fine old mahogany. The vitreous porcelain enamel is a permanent, beautiful finish. Simply dust it off to keep clean—no iron to black or nickel to polish.

Allen pioneered in building the parlor furnace. Thousands of Allen's Parlor Furnaces are already in use, giving comfort and satisfaction in every state, in Canada and in Alaska.

OFFICES—BANKS

Its rich lustrous furniture-like appearance is an ornament—and in keeping with richest furnishings

How you may get one

Allen's Parlor Furnace has proved the ideal heating plant for the types of buildings shown in this advertisement. Demand is taking them as quickly as they can be made. We advise you to get in touch with the nearest dealer now. This coupon will bring you additional information on request.

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For corners are as comfortable as area close around stove. There are no unfair warm and cold desks in a school room heated by Allen's Parlor Furnace

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A smart light-weight McCallum open work clock—in the season's wanted colors

Two fine McCallum chiffon stockings—for street or evening wear

He wears the Tux-soc*

the New Evening Hose for Men by McCallum — and *You Just Know She Wears McCallums*, too!

THERE is a mighty good reason why so many well groomed men and women choose McCallum Silk Hosiery. They know that real exclusiveness and supreme quality go hand in hand in everything McCallum makes. Take the new *Tux-soc*,* for instance. It is the last word for men's semi-formal evening wear. It is made full-fashioned, and every thread is purest silk. The black and white accordion knitting gives the visible part of the sock brilliance and beauty, while heaviest black silk forms the long-wearing foot. And of course for the man's day wear McCallum makes socks both sporty and conservative, but all with the same sturdy McCallum quality and all equally authoritative in styling. Especially popular are the medium and heavyweight McCallum Socks, all full-fashioned and reinforced with fine lisle at heel, toe and sole, which may be had in the attractive shades in vogue today. Ask to see the new line of McCallum Men's Hose at exclusive haberdashers.

Women know well that McCallum leads in stocking styles. If you would have your ankles truly smart beneath your most alluring evening frock, wear McCallums. You can choose them gossamer-sheer or in the heavier weights—and in all the newest and most wanted colors of the season. And for Fall football games, motoring or golf, again choose McCallum Sport Mixtures, for these are not only ultra in style but have just the right admixture of silk and wool to be comfortable as well. And for street wear they are the last word. You can purchase exclusive McCallum rosy tones in flesh and greys—also other popular colors—at prices that range upwards from $2. All weights, all superlatively beautiful. Send today for a free copy of the "Book of Fine Hosiery" describing the full line of McCallum Hosiery for Women Address McCallum Hosiery Company, Northampton, Massachusetts.

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(Continued from Page 180)

It was about the first of December, 1917, that Joe Goodman signed me to my first contract. In actual money it cost him nothing except the monthly salary of twenty dollars which I received, though the encouragement and help he gave me can hardly be measured in dollars and cents. Exactly two months later Goodman sold my contract to Johnson & Kane for $7500, the deal being closed largely on the advice of Ben Levy and J. L. Paul, trainer for this firm of owners. They were good enough to believe I had the makings of a jockey, and after the contract had been signed Paul took me into his own home to live and spent hours explaining to me his version of the finer points of the game. That foresight returned a fine profit to the men who employed him to handle their horses. Within seven months they had resold my contract to Commander J. K. L. Ross, of Canada, for $16,000. My salary at that time was thirty dollars a month, plus the riding fees and the cost of my clothes.

Commander Ross first agreed to pay me sixty dollars a month and then revised the arrangement so that my salary was sixty dollars, out of which I bought my own clothes. My leave-taking from the Ross stable was the one solitary occasion in the eight years I have been riding on the big tracks when I became bitterly discouraged. You may recall that I was the contract rider for the Ross stable at the time of the famous Man o' War-Sir Barton match race at Kenilworth, Canada, and that an hour or two before the contest the racing world was electrified by the announcement that Frankie Keogh had been substituted for me as the rider of Sir Barton and that I was forced to watch the contest from the ground.

The humiliation was almost unbearable. I had looked forward eagerly to having the leg up in this contest which was exciting the attention of both the Canadian and American people and was destined to go down in history as the most notable event the turf world had known up to that day. And here at the eleventh hour I was calmly informed that I was not to ride Sir Barton. Why? It was beyond me. The chagrin I felt was mingled with mystification. I went in quest of an explanation.

Good Horses Plus Skill

"Mr. Ross, will you please tell me why I have been taken down from your horse?" I asked the Canadian sportaman. He hesitated a few moments before replying.

"You're in an unlucky streak, Earl," he finally said. "I'd rather win this race than any I've ever gone after, and I thought a change of riders might bring us a better break."

I was thoroughly depressed by this time.

"If you lack confidence in me, Mr. Ross, I wish you'd let me have my contract," I said; and to this he consented after trying to dissuade me from leaving.

The sound beating administered by Man o' War did not ease my feelings, though the storm of indignation which the incident provoked in the newspapers made me feel that at least the public had not lost confidence in me. Many of my Canadian friends came to me to express their regret; I have always found Canadians excellent sportsmen and possessed of a highly developed sense of fairness. And the capriciousness of fate turned the whole gloomy affair into the greatest stroke of fortune that had befallen me. In a few days I had signed a contract with Samuel C. Hildreth, who was not then our Uncle Sam Hildreth. My salary with the Ross Stable had been sixty dollars a month, or $720 a year. With Mr. Hildreth it was $15,000 a year, more than twenty times what it had been.

You have undoubtedly heard the favorite maxim of the turf—"Good horses make good jockeys." That is essentially true, though just a trifle galling to jockeys who spend days and weeks perfecting their knowledge of horsemanship. My own thought, and I am trying to be unbiased, is that the saying is correct as far as it goes, but is incomplete. It would seem fairer to the men of my trade to say that while "Good horses make good jockeys," the skill of the finished rider has an unquestionable tendency to bring out the best running qualities of his mounts, and, further, that many a horse is returned winner solely through the ability of the jockey to get him off well, rate him properly and get the most out of him in the dash to the wire. This is a well-known fact of racing, but not being axiomatic does not impress itself so strongly upon the mind. It could hardly be said, for example, that good jockeys make good horses, for that is not an exact statement of fact.

But every racegoer has observed how horses that seldom win under inexperienced piloting will suddenly wake up when placed in the hands of the boy who knows the science of the trade and its tricks.

Billy Kelly's Intelligence

What does this reference to science and tricks mean? I will tell you. It means a great many things, but the basic principles are natural horsemanship, or acquired skill, and knowing how to use it. It begins to operate as soon as the jockey gets into the saddle in the paddock. In the parade before the grand stand and on the way to the post he reduces the burden on his mount's back by throwing the weight up to the withers, which is accomplished by leaning forward to just the proper angle.

That it might seem like stretching a point to attach any importance to this preliminary move in the job of booting home winners I can readily realize, since only a few minutes elapse from the moment a horse leaves the paddock until he is sent on his journey around the track. What difference can it possibly make, you might ask, whether a horse's burden is lessened in this almost infinitesimal manner in the short jog to the post? I will admit that it is not ordinarily a matter of paramount importance, though sometimes in a nose-and-nose finish it may have had its influence. Bear in mind that there are no mechanical devices more delicate than a race horse. Day in and day out, different horses traverse the same distance in time that varies only by a fraction of a second. The smallest fraction may be the deciding factor between victory and defeat. It is clocklike mechanism. The slightest jarring may disarrange it.

At the post, the experienced jockey's senses are keyed to their highest pitch, and he must do several things at the same time—keep his mount headed toward the barrier, have him on his toes ready for the get-away, watch every move made by those around, whether by the other horses, the starter or the assistant starters, and when the break comes kick his mount, cluck to him and throw the reins up.

The horse which stands quietly at the barrier is invariably the one with the best chance of getting away well. He is barrier-wise, and ninety-nine times out of a hundred he will be away winging with the leaders. I have known many men who have looked with alarm at the horse which stood sedately at the barrier, showing none of the fire exhibited by those which lunge forward, wheel and prance around in the way one expects to see a high-tempered Thoroughbred act. "Must be asleep," is the thought which naturally occurs when his good manners are compared with the colorful actions of the others. I can say to you from the experience of handling hundreds of mounts that it is needless fear. Give me that kind of horse every time.

Do you remember Billy Kelly, the fast one which used to run in the Ross colors? There was a horse which had almost human intelligence. I soon learned that the best way to win with Billy Kelly was to let him do his own winning. I got to understand him so well that at times when we were going to the post I could almost sense his saying to me, "Now don't butt in too much, Earl, and you and I are going to walk away with this race."

Billy always realized he was in the fray from the moment I mounted him in the paddock until he had given of the last ounce of his speed and courage. At the barrier he stood quietly waiting for the word "go," but always on his toes. Seldom did he fail to outbreak his field, and this advantage he would maintain until the danger of crowding had been passed. Then of his own free will he would drop back to third or fourth position and remain just far enough behind the pacemakers to be able to overhaul them when the necessity arose. My part of the contract was to sit still and do nothing. I was distinctly and hopelessly the second fiddler in our performance, Billy the major-domo and absolute boss. Both of us understood.

His high flight of speed made it possible for this rarely intelligent horse to keep up with the leaders, no matter who they were. He kept his eye constantly upon them until we reached the quarter pole in the stretch, when the final struggle was on in earnest. Here, on his own courage, he would set sail for them with a dazzling burst of speed and never stop until the finish line had been crossed. He understood as well as I did when these things were required to win the race. He knew it was better to conserve his strength in the early running. He never failed to realize the important relation the stretch has to victory. The quarter pole was always the spot where he started going fastest, even at such times when he had made his own pace and was being pressed from behind. And he resented any intrusion in his own particular system for passing under the wire in the lead of the field.

A Jockey's Stock in Trade

A good pair of hands, a light seat, alertness at the barrier, judgment of pace and strong, smooth finishing are the stock in trade of the winning jockey. These factors constitute horsemanship, whether natural or acquired, and without them no jockey can get very far in the most gratifying of racetrack thrills, that which the turf world is pleased to call booting home winners.

Every time I mull over the problems which beset the boys of my trade I am reminded of a childish eccentricity in the speech of my four-and-a-half-year-old nephew, Samuel Hildreth Murphy. Young Sam has mastered the pronunciation of my first name, Earl, but for some reason his tongue gets twisted when he prefixes it with "Uncle." Then it becomes "Uncle Whoa." All through the stretch he keeps on yelling at the top of his little voice, "Come on, Uncle Whoa," though of course I have never heard his word of encouragement. And he is still screaming, "Come on, Uncle Whoa," even after the field has started pulling up when the finish line has been crossed.

"Whoa" is a good word for the jockey to write in his vocabulary in capital letters. Translate it into self-restraint, the ability to say no and the recognition of what a serious business this fascinating game of being a jockey is, and you get my meaning. And remember, most jockeys are kids.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles by Mr. Sande and Mr. Crowell. The next will appear in an early issue.

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A I N 168

SOUVENIRS

Continued from Page 15

just now. Hear them shells coming down over behind the guns? Hear how they sort of wabble and flutter? And how the ones that burst just make a silly little plunk instead of a man-sized bang?"

"Yeah," said the first sergeant.

"All right; them is gas shells, and several of them have been duds. So I want a couple of strong men to dig them up. Them two birds over there would do fine."

"All right," said the first sergeant. "Hey, youse guys!" he called to me and Henry. "You go along with Sergeant Hoskins; he's got a job for you."

"We ain't had breakfast yet," said Henry.

"All right, get your chow, and then go. And for gosh sake, don't bother me any more."

"Who'll take care of the telephone at the guns?" asked Henry.

"Jim Davis can handle it. Don't worry about that."

"But ——" began Henry.

"You heard what I said," hollered the first sergeant. "Will you go yourselves or will I start you with my foot?"

"We're going," said Henry.

We ate our breakfast, and then Sergeant Hoskins had us get a couple of picks and shovels and a long wooden pole, and took us over to where his old German shells had been falling.

By this time the bombardment had quit, and all was quiet at that particular place. There was a lot of fresh shell holes, and quite a smell of mustard gas hanging around.

"You see," said Hoskins. "These shells was gas shells. I knew what I was talking about all right."

"You think you are a damn clever guy, don't you?" said Henry, very sneering.

"I know I'm a clever guy," said Hoskins. "And what is more," he went on, "I'm going to give you two bozos a little advice—for your own good. You been in the army a year and a half now, and you ought to know that the only thing wanted out of a private is obedience."

"Huh!" said Henry, kind of snorting through his nose.

"That's what I said," Hoskins went on, "obedience—and respect to your superiors. You ought to know you can't buck the army. I and the rest of the officers and noncoms have been chosen because we know more than you common soldiers. And when we give you an order all you got to do is to do as you're told—see?—and you'll get along fine. But as long as you keep trying to get smart, like you have been with me, you're headed for a lot of grief. You can't expect to give me any of your lip and get by with it—see?"

"Where's your shells you want dug up?" said Henry.

"That's better," said Hoskins. He looked around until he found a clean round hole in the sod about six inches in diameter. He stuck the wooden pole into the hole very cautious, and about eight feet down he run into something hard.

"That's the shell," he said. "The hole goes down slanting, so you want to dig over to one side here, and you'll come to it at about four feet. And when you get close, you want to go easy, because sometimes these duds will go off with the least little jar."

"It's a sweet job, ain't it?" said Henry.

"That's enough out of you," said Hoskins. "If you know what's good for you, you'll get busy there and dig, and no back talk or Smart-Alec stuff—get me?"

We started to dig down into the wet, slippery clay, while Hoskins sat down under a tree a little ways off and smoked cigarettes and kept an eye on us.

"What I would like to do," I said, "I would like to beat in the top of that guy's head with this shovel. But I suppose that would mean Leavenworth for life."

"That's just the trouble," said Henry. "A private in the army is just like a darky on Simon Legree's place. He ain't got no show at all."

"Not much," I said.

We kept on digging. It was a dark day, with low, damp-looking clouds. Over by the road the battery had started firing. Here and there other batteries were opening up. There was a continuous, dull booming. And down in the town we could see puff after puff of black smoke—German shells bursting on the Nantillois crossroads.

By lunch time we had dug down three feet. After lunch we began to dig a little slower. We had a feeling we was getting close.

About two o'clock the captain come by and Hoskins explained to him what we was doing.

"Yes, sir," said Hoskins, "I'm going to show those headquarters people that the gas sergeant of this battery is right on his job."

"H'm," said the captain. "It's a little dangerous, isn't it, digging up these duds?"

"Yes, sir," said Hoskins, standing up very straight, "but I'm a soldier, sir, and it's all in the line of duty—part of the fight for liberty, you might say."

"Well," said the captain, "be careful." And he walked on.

As soon as the captain had gone, Hoskins said to us, "I got to go over to the battery to inspect a lot of gas masks. But I'll be back by the end of the afternoon, and I'll expect to find that shell taken out and laid up here on top of the ground where I can look it over."

"What did you say you was going to do?" asked Henry.

"Inspect gas masks."

"My gosh, sergeant," said Henry, "it's terrible the risks you take in the great cause of liberty and freedom."

"More Smart-Alec stuff, eh? All right. You two can just stay on this job a few days more. I was going to let you off tomorrow and get a new detail. But now I see I got to keep you on until I learn you a little discipline. What it takes to beat a little sense into you fresh guys, I got, and you'll find it out, too, before I'm through."

He went off toward the battery position and left me and Henry to our digging. As soon as he was out of sight we sat down and rested ourselves a bit. We looked at the slimy clay we had dug up, and we looked at the wet grass and the gray sky.

"It's a great life, ain't it?" I said. "Do you suppose the captain swallows all Hoskins' bull about being so eager to help along the fight for liberty?"

"I suppose so," said Henry, sort of tired. "That's a great word, liberty. I've heard lots of talk about it since the war began, but I ain't seen any of it."

"Not in the army," I said.

We sat and rested ourselves a while more, and talked about our beautiful collection of souvenirs that was now lost and gone forever.

"That Hoskins is a slimy old toad," said Henry.

"Worse than that," I said.

"But I believe he's right on one thing," said Henry.

"What's that?"

"What he said about talking back. Miserable slaves and under dogs like you and me don't gain nothing by talking back. After this, I think I'll try keeping my mouth shut for a while."

"You ain't giving in to the big stiff?" I asked.

"Outwardly I am," said Henry. "Outwardly. That's the best way for privates and other slaves. But inwardly I will be waiting and keeping my eyes open, and some day I am going to get even with that dirty skunk, if it takes a hundred years."

"Well," I said, "I wish you luck."

"Wait and see," said Henry. "And in the meantime, I suppose we might as well get after this dud."

Continued on Page 189

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(Continued from Page 186)

We dug down very slow and cautious, and after a while we come to something hard and round and smooth. We scraped the dirt away as gently as we could, and finally we lifted out a big German shell and laid it down softly on the grass beside the hole. It did not go off.

About this time Hoskins come back and took a look at the shell and said that would be all until the next day.

The next day we dug up another shell, and the day after that still another. We packed them in three big powder boxes, with straw all around, and marked them, High Explosives — Dangerous — Handle With Care. And up to this time none of them shells had give any signs of going off.

Hoskins then talked the captain into giving him a supply cart and a horse to take his old junk back to the railroad at Souilly, which was about forty kilometers or so to the rear. From there the stuff could go by train to G. H. Q., or wherever it was they wanted it.

"I'll drive the cart myself," said Hoskins. "It's too dangerous a job to ask anybody else to go along." So we loaded the boxes into the cart and he went driving off.

We didn't hear nothing from him for ten days, and we had begun to hope he had got blowed up when one morning he came driving back and he had a breath strong enough to knock down an artillery horse.

"It just makes me sick," said Henry, "to see the way that guy gets by with murder. After he sent in them shells, he just took himself a week's furlough. I hope he gets tried and socked good for being A. W. O. L."

But Hoskins must have figured up a smooth line to hand the captain, because they done nothing to him at all. And when one of the fellers asked him how he managed it he just laughed and said, "I'm a clever guy, I am."

In the meantime me and Henry was back on our telephone job, which kept us good and busy, what with handling the firing data at the guns, and running out wire and repairing broken lines. But every once in a while we would get a little time off, and we would sit in our hole in the ground and talk about them lovely lost souvenirs. And we would cuss out old Hoskins and say to ourselves that we would just wait and wait, and maybe sometime our chance would come.

We waited a long time. The battery stayed at Nantillois for two weeks. Then, as the Battle of the Argonne moved northward, we followed the infantry to Cunel, Bantheville, Doulcon and Dun. When the Armistice was signed we were in Murvaux. At several of these towns we had been able to pick up a few rather common, second-rate souvenirs, but nothing like what we had lost.

After the Armistice, came the long hike up into Germany. We spent the winter drilling, and grooming horses, and standing inspections in the mud and rain at the little German town of Büchel. And all this time me and Henry had steered pretty clear of Sergeant Hoskins. Outwardly we was polite to him, but inwardly, as Henry said, we was waiting.

In the spring of 1919 the Y. M. C. A. got up a scheme for sending a few soldiers out of each outfit to French and English universities. Me and Henry didn't know nothing about universities, but we figured it couldn't be much worse than grooming horses in Germany, so we made out applications that sounded like we had graduated from everything there was back in the States, and only needed a smear of French culture to finish us off perfect. In a couple of weeks we heard that our applications had been approved. We got our travel orders, and early on the morning of March 4, 1919, we was standing on the platform of the railroad station, waiting for the train that was to take us down through Trier and Metz into France, where we was to spend four months at the University of Montpellier. What we done at the university had nothing to do with old Hoskins. But what we did on the way down there had a lot to do with him.

Because Sergeant Hoskins had been assigned to go to the University of Manchester in England. I guess he had put in a pretty slick application himself. And that same morning he was standing beside us on the platform waiting to take the same train out of Germany.

It was a cold, rainy morning, and the sergeant said, "In chilly weather like this a feller needs something to keep him warmed up."

He didn't ask us to have no drink—nothing like that. No—he walked down the platform all by himself, and across the street, and into a little gasthaus.

About the time he got out of sight the train came in. Me and Henry got aboard; the train started up; and just as we pulled out of the station we seen old Hoskins come running down the platform, fast and furious. But it was too late. He was left behind.

Now them foreign railway cars is divided up into compartments, and in the compartment with us was one other passenger—a simple-looking goof of a private.

And when this goof seen how Hoskins run after the train but missed it, he said, "Ain't that fine? It sure does me good to see that dirty bum lose his train."

"And who are you?" asked Henry.

"Private Jordan, of E Battery," he said. "Bound for Trier to deliver some papers down there."

"And why are you so glad to see that guy miss his train?"

"Because once he kicked me right in the seat of my pants, and I'm glad he missed his train—right in the seat of my pants."

"When was all this?" asked Henry.

"Last fall," said Jordan. "Do you remember when the regiment went up to the Front at the beginning of the Argonne offensive?"

"Yes."

"And you remember how all the extra caissons was left behind at Souilly?"

"I remember," said Henry.

"All right," said Jordan. "I was one of the guys that was left behind to guard them caissons. We stayed in Souilly a month. Well, one day—I forget just when the hell it was, but I guess it was maybe sometime in October—I was walking down the street in Souilly and I wanted a drink. But I was flat broke—didn't even have enough money to buy plain red wine. Well, I was standing in front of the Café Napoleon when this guy come driving along in a little cart."

"Sergeant Hoskins?" asked Henry.

"The dirty bum that just missed the train—I don't know his name. But he come driving up in a little wagon or cart, or whatever the hell, and he seemed about half pickled up. He grabbed a hold of me and another buck that was there, and made us unload three great big boxes he had."

"What was in the boxes?" asked Henry.

"It seemed like it was ammunition. On the outside of the boxes it said, Explosives—Dangerous, or some such thing. And he made us unload them out of the cart, or whatever the hell."

"And left them at the railroad station?"

"Railroad station!" said Jordan. "I told you once it was the Café Napoleon. It was nowheres near the railroad."

"You say he took these boxes into a French booze joint?"

"He made me and this other guy take them in—right into this Café Napoleon. And the frog that run the place could savvy English, so this sergeant told him to store the stuff, and after the war he would send for it. He paid the frog fifty francs, and he said he would slip him another fifty when he got the stuff.

"Then he ordered himself a bottle of cognac, and I asked him did I and the other guy get a drink for the work we done and he said 'No!' and I said, that was no way to treat a feller, and he said, 'Get to hell out of here!' And just because I didn't go quite fast enough what do you think he done?—he give me a kick right in the seat of my pants. It sent me right out into the street;

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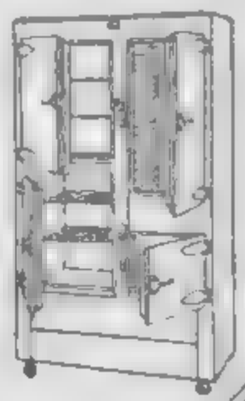

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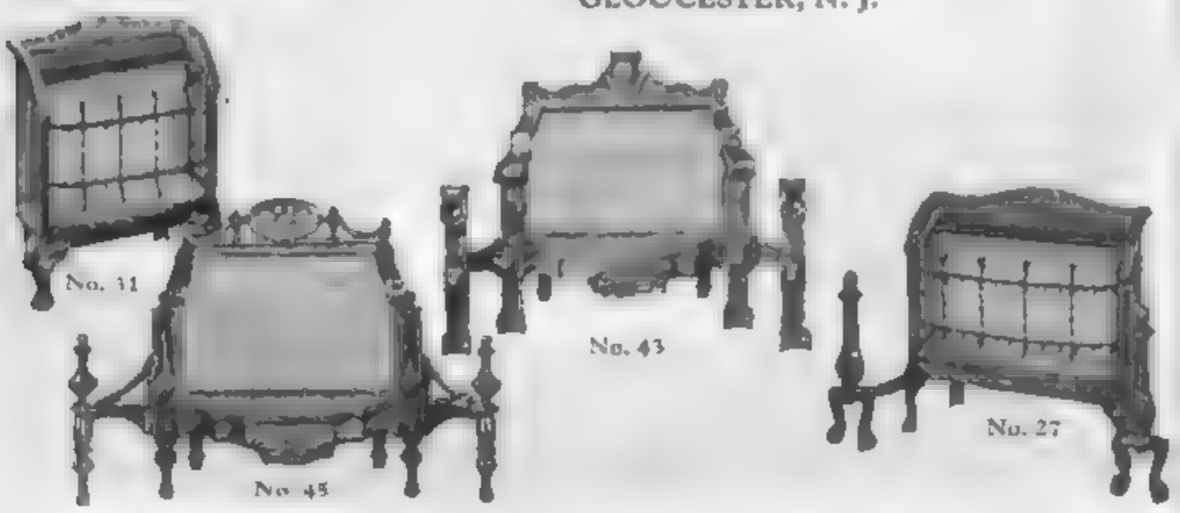

and it hurt too. Right in the seat of my pants."

"What did you do then?" asked Henry.

"I was going to beat him up, but he said if I started anything he would bean me with the cognac bottle, and besides, the other feller wouldn't help me, so I just walked off—'To hell with him,' I said."

"So that's why you are glad he missed his train?"

"That's why," said Jordan. "He's a dirty bum. And he ain't the only one in this man's army either," he went on. "In fact, I never seen such an army to be all filled up with dirty bums." And he started in on a long yarn about a lieutenant in his outfit that had him tried because he left the looey's bedding roll out in the road, and one of these little French tanks ran over it. This yarn kept him talking until he got off at Trier.

After that, me and Henry had the compartment to ourselves. The train wound along the pretty valley of the Moselle River past Diedenhofen and Metz, and across the old battle area into France. About two in the afternoon we pulled into Nancy, where we had to change cars. We had to take the Paris express, which didn't leave till five, so we had three hours to wait. It was a pleasant, warm day—just right for sight-seeing.

"Let's go out and take a look at this burg," said Henry.

We started through the station gate, but the M. P. in charge wouldn't let us out, because our travel orders didn't allow no stop-over. So we had to go back to the platform and up the track and around through the railroad yards and into town that way. These M. P.'s always was a nuisance.

Nancy turned out to be a fine town, and within five minutes we had found a good café near the front of the station, and were sitting happy and comfortable at a little table, starting in on two big, tall cool glasses of beer.

Henry pulled out a map of Northern France and spread it on the table.

"Here is Nancy," he said, pointing to the map, "and here is Souilly—less than a hundred kilometers apart."

"A hundred kilometers is a long walk," I said.

"There ought to be lots of army trucks running along these roads," said Henry. "A man could hop a ride and get there in no time at all."

"Very likely," I said.

"By goah," said Henry, "I'm going to go to Souilly. I got to find out why old Hoskins left them gas-shell duds at this Café Napoleon instead of putting them on the train."

"It is kind of a mystery, isn't it?" I said. "But why should you worry yourself to find out?"

"Hoskins is a crook," said Henry. "There is some dirty work behind this somewhere, and I'll never be happy till I find out what it is."

"All right, Henry," I said. "I'm with you. We'll stay over a day, and we'll hop a truck and go."

"The only trouble is that Hoskins will be coming along on the next train, and I bet he'll make a side trip to Souilly himself. So you better let me go, and you can stay here and meet Hoskins when he gets off the train, and try to get him drunk or something—anything to hold him back until I have time to look into things. I'll be back tomorrow afternoon or evening and I'll meet you in this café."

"All right," I said.

We went out and inquired around and found a truck outfit of the Motor Transport Corps. There was dozens of trucks going out all the time, and before long we found one that was going right through to Souilly. The driver was a good guy, so Henry got aboard, and away they went. I sneaked back through the railroad yards into the station and found there wouldn't be another army train from Germany until two o'clock the next afternoon. So I sneaked out of the station, walked around, saw the town, and spent the night at the Y. M. C. A. The next morning, as it was still pleasant weather, I did some more sight-seeing, and at two in the afternoon I was back at the station. The first guy to get off the train from Germany was Sergeant Hoskins.

"Hello, sergeant," I said, like I was surprised, "I sure am glad to see you."

"Hello," he said. "What are you doing here? And where is your friend Henry?"

"Henry is out in town somewheres, I think."

"There's where I want to go," said Hoskins, heading for the gate.

"You can't get out," I said. "The M. P. won't let you."

"Don't worry about me," said Hoskins. "Before I started, I got a friend of mine in headquarters company to fix me up with a lot of assorted passes. Oh, I'm a clever guy, I am."

He walked up to the M. P. at the gate, showed him a couple of papers, and walked on out, leaving me standing there. But I didn't stand long. I run back to the platform, up the tracks, around through the yards, and back to the front of the station. There was no sign of Hoskins, but I knew his habits pretty well, so the first place I looked was the café where me and Henry had been the day before. And I was right. There he was, sitting at one of the tables with a big mug of beer already half drunk up.

"What do you want?" he asked. He didn't act cordial.

"Let me buy you a drink," I said.

"All right," he said. "But make it snappy. I got to hop a truck somewhere and make a little trip."

"Garçon!" I hollered. "One bottle vin blanc, vite."

When it came, Hoskins gulped down three glasses while I was taking care of one.

"Cheap stuff," he said. "Well, I must be going."

"Wait a minute," I said. "Garçon, one bottle champagne!"

"That's better," said Hoskins. "Has more kick to it. Hot weather like this, a man needs something strong to brace him up."

When the champagne arrived he took his mug that was half full of beer and filled it up with the champagne, stirring it with a spoon.

Can you imagine a guy that would mix beer and champagne? Gosh!

I went pretty slow on the champagne myself, but Hoskins was speedy enough for two. Pretty soon the bottle was empty, and Hoskins was all for chasing out and looking for a truck.

"I got to hop a truck," he said. "I got to go to a place called Souilly. Important business."

"One more drink," I said. "What'll it be?"

"I wonder if they have gin," said Hoskins.

We asked the waiter. There was no gin.

"All right," said Hoskins. "Schnapps."

But there was no schnapps.

"Make it cognac," said Hoskins.

I bought him a whole bottle of cognac, and he started in on it with a rush. Usually when you are treating a guy he will insist that you drink as much as he does, but this Hoskins was such a hog that he just lapped up the stuff without noticing whether I was taking any or not. By the time he got half through the cognac he was pretty well lubricated. He began to laugh and chuckle to himself.

"What's the joke?" I asked.

"It's something I've kept quiet about for a long time. But you're a pretty good guy. Since I knocked a little sense into you at Nantillois, you're all right. You're a friend of mine, so I'll tell you."

"Go ahead," I said.

"Do you remember," he said, "when all you poor fish had them souvenirs at Septsarges? And I tipped off the captain? And you thought I was doing it to save the poor horses?"

"I remember."

(Continued on Page 193)

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As a further means of easy identification, particularly on package goods and on articles where the Metal is not visible, many manufacturers will use the label reproduced above. Always look for it.

(Continued from Page 190)

"Ha-ha-ha! And do you remember at Nantillois how I had you and your friend Henry dig up them gas-shell duds? And you thought I was doing it to please the Intelligence Department?"

"Yes."

Hoskins laughed again and hit the table with his fist. "You was wrong," he said. "All wrong." He looked out the window. "But, gosh, here's your friend Henry now."

The door opened and in came Henry, looking a bit tired and dusty.

"Sit down, Henry," said Hoskins. "Sit down. I was just telling your friend here that I'm a pretty shrewd customer. I'm a clever guy. When I started out from Nantillois with them three big boxes, I drove right over to the woods at Septsarges. I opened the boxes and I rolled them silly gas shells into the bushes and I filled up the boxes with the souvenirs that you guys had been so kind as to gather together and put there for me. Then I took the boxes down to Souilly and stored them there."

"Clever guy!" said Henry.

"And where in Souilly did you store them?" I asked.

"Don't you wish you knew?" said Hoskins.

"Some of them souvenirs belonged to me," I said.

"That don't do you no good now," said Hoskins. "In regards to souvenirs, findings is keepings." He stood up a bit unsteady. "I gotta go," he said.

He picked up the bottle, which still had a little cognac in it, and we led him down to the motor transport outfit and helped him onto a truck that was bound for Souilly.

As the driver was getting ready to crank up, I whispered to Henry, "What did you find at Souilly?"

"I found the Café Napoleon," he whispered back. "I paid the frog fifty francs storage and he gave me the boxes, and this is what was in them." He handed me a list he had made:

2 Pairs German field glasses.
2 German rifles, Spandau model.
3 Iron Crosses—one slightly bent.
2 German officers' overcoats—property Moe Epstein.
5 Cartridges for 37-millimeter gun with powder taken out to make them safe.
2 Doz. cartridges for German rifles.
1 Belt for German machine gun with cartridges.
6 German steel helmets.
3 Leather dress helmets with spike in top.
4 Pounds assorted shell fragments, steel and aluminum.
6 German bayonets, rusty but can be shined up.
4 Potato-masher grenades with the guts extracted.
6 German privates' belts with Gott mit Uns buckles.
3 German officers' belts with fancy officers' buckles.
1 German undershirt.
1 Pair German underdrawers.
3 French steel helmets.
1 American steel helmet.
2 Large pictures of the Kaiser in swell gilt frame.
5 German war maps showing Kriemhilde Stellung, and so on.
3 French gas masks.
2 German gas masks.
2 American gas masks.
2 American .45 revolvers.
3 French bayonets, extra long.
1 German scissors instrument.
1 German pair of boots, large, new
1 Nose off an exploded shrapnel.
1 German field telephone.
2 German mess kits.
1 German wrist watch with gold case but the works is busted.
1 French canteen large size with two necks.
1 German sign that says Nach Montfaucon.
1 Blade off an airplane propeller.
1 Large sack full of German buttons, collar ornaments, and so on.
3 Luger pistols with a lot of cartridges for them.

"Holy Moses!" I said. "What did you do with this stuff?"

"There was an army post office there," said Henry, "and now that the war is over they will take parcel post for the States. I wrapped up everything in small packages and mailed it—half to your mother and half to mine. When we get home it will be waiting for us. Some of it belongs to Sloppy and Epstein and them other guys, and we'll return it to them. But most of it belongs to us." He looked at his wrist watch. "We got just time to get that Paris express," he said.

So we started off to resume our trip to the University of Montpellier, and what we did at the university is another story. But as we walked down the street we got a last glimpse of Sergeant Hoskins. He was sitting on the seat beside the driver, and the truck was just getting under way.

He smiled and waved the cognac bottle and hollered to us, "Oh, I'm a clever guy, I am! In regards to souvenirs, it's just like I said—findings is keepings!"

THE SAMSON STRAIN

(Continued from Page 13)

"Ma's kept her looks first-rate," said Dan. "Had a chance to do it. Pa's always hired good help around the house."

"He's awfully nice. I just can't help liking him too." Jennie's tone changed slightly. Dan scowled at the stake-and-rider fence.

"Don't know why you shouldn't," he said.

"Oh, I didn't mean ——" Jennie's assurance wavered. "I meant—well, I got the idea somehow that he was different. I guess he's changed since father knew him."

Dan said nothing. He strode on steadily toward the fence, where the rude wood lane led upward toward the crest of the hill. Jennie talked for them both, mostly about his mother. They reached the shoulder at the edge of the woodlot in time to see the red rim slide down beyond the notch.

The girl drew in a long breath and for a few moments watched the surviving glow in silence.

"I never saw anything so gorgeous," she said at last.

"Sightly, whichever way you look," said Dan. He turned to send a deliberate glance down the long slope to the flat floor of the valley, already in a dilute shadow; his brows drew together slightly. "Bad break in the bank, down yonder, by those willows. Got to brush it pretty soon."

"Yes. Cousin Hannah was telling your father about it just before supper. He's going to tend to it tomorrow."

Dan moved away abruptly, following the fence. He found and repaired three breaks, while Jennie waited. They went downhill in a thickening dusk and the amiable coolness of beginning night. The red roofs of the barns and house were framed in the dark masses of trees and the road along the instep of the hill was like a long, thin scar in the green of the hayfields. The line fence along Cousin Homer's boundary drew Jennie's notice.

"It looks queer, doesn't it, with all those weeds on the other side of it and none on this? I suppose that must be Homer Spinney's land over there."

"Is." Dan spoke shortly. He had come to adopt his mother's opinion of Cousin Homer as a farmer and neighbor without sharing her outspoken dislike of him as a man. Homer's annual crop of weeds made a good deal of work on this side of that fence.

"No wonder your mother hates him so. It must be a nuisance, having a shiftless neighbor like that."

"Ma hasn't got much use for Homer, that's a fact. Ain't much of a farmer."

Hannah Spinney looked up from the ledger as they came into the sitting room, her brows a little higher than ever.

"Back so soon, Dan? You couldn't have stayed very long."

"Fence was better 'n I thought. Only had to fix two-three broken rails." Dan stretched his arms. "Guess I'll turn in, ma. Had a hard day of it."

"But it's so early! Why don't you and Jennie go out on the porch while pa and I

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finish with the books? You can take it easy tomorrow, now you've finished spraying those potatoes."

"Can't ever take it easy on a farm, I guess. Plenty to do tomorrow anyhow. 'Night."

Dan nodded at Jennie. She didn't look quite so pretty now, with her lips set like that. It made the firmness of the famous Samson chin a little more noticeable. He tumbled into bed as his mother's step sounded on the stairs and shut his eyes—uselessly. She sat on the edge of the bed, leaned and kissed him, her hand touching his cheek and jaw.

"You must be sure to shave in the morning, Dan dear. You're getting a regular Samson beard, aren't you?"

"Doggone nuisance anyway," said Dan. "Plenty of work around here without scraping off whiskers every two-three days."

"It's a good sign, all the same. Father always used to say a heavy beard was a sign of character." The tone changed to the familiar note of authority. "Be sure to shave when you get up. I want you to drive Jennie over to the lake tomorrow. There's a picnic at Long Point and – "

"Can't do it." Dan was emphatic. "Got to brush that break in the creek bank before we get a good rain. Put it off just as long as I dare. First high water'll shoot straight through on the beans."

"I know. Pa and I talked it over just now. He's going to tend to it. And we've got to try to make it pleasant for Jennie while she's here. She's never been to Long Point either."

"Can't do it, ma." Dan's cristled Samson chin chopped the words off sharply. "Drive her over yourself if you're bound to get her there. Pa can't fix that break alone. He ain't so strong as he was." He shook his head. "Pa ain't looking right. Gets tired mighty easy too."

"He always did." Ma's voice sharpened. "Don't you go putting any such notions in his head, Dan. I had trouble enough convincing him that he was just as strong as the next man. He used to think he had something the matter with his heart so he couldn't do a good day's work. And just see how he's managed since he got over that idea!"

"Looks real tired," insisted Dan.

"It's natural he should. All the Spinneys look tired. They're born that way. Look at Homer! Never did one real honest day's work in his whole life and you might think he was just fit to drop, if you didn't know better! Pa's all right. And I just the same as promised Jennie you'd take her to the lake. You can get a nice early start and ——"

"I ain't going. That's all there is to it." Dan pounded his pillow and settled his head firmly into the hollow of it. "Been telling me all my life not to shillyshally over things, haven't you? Well, I'm not going to toss any penny over this. Guess there's enough Samson in me to stick to what I say."

"Very well." Hannah Spinney had hardly ever spoken to her son in that frozen tone. She stood up, hesitated, as if to continue the argument and then, abruptly, went out of the room. Sleep coquetted with Dan, for all his weariness. He lay awake a long time, listening to the voices that came up from the big bedroom on the ground floor.

In the morning Elbert Spinney ventured on one of his shy, fumbling rebukes as the two men milked.

"Guess you didn't mean to hurt your ma's feelings last night, Dan. Hadn't ought to cross her. Wants you should take Jennie over to ——"

"Told her I wouldn't. Got something better to do than go traipsing around with that girl all day. Stand over, doggone you!" He slapped the Jersey's flank resoundingly. "If I was going to waste my time on a girl I'd pick somebody besides Jennie anyhow."

"Your ma thinks a lot of her. Don't know 's I ever found her much out in her judgments either. Sees right through folks, your ma does."

Dan grunted noncommittally. He made short work of pa's attempts to reopen the debate.

"Said I wouldn't. Ain't going to change my mind."

Ma was harder to handle though. Once or twice, during the interview in the back kitchen after breakfast, Dan was almost beaten. His lower jaw had clamped tight when he came out to help hitch the team to the stone boat. Pa said nothing as they drove down across the flats to the creek, and Dan kept his own counsel until they reached the break in the bank.

"I'll draw the stone, pa," he announced. "You might start cutting some brush."

When he came back from the big shoal at the bend with his first load of stones, Cousin Homer had interrupted pa in the lighter task. He grinned rather shamefacedly at Dan.

"Guess I'd ought to be old enough to quit fishing, but the work was kind of slack, and I took a notion to see if I could get me a mess of chubs for dinner."

"Always used to bite pretty good in the big hole down yonder by the wild cherry tree," said pa. "'Member the time we caught that big one, Homer? Long as that, Dan, honest." He spaced his hands. "Biggest chub ever I hope to see."

"Caught bigger ones since," said Homer. "There's one old sockdolager in under the snags I'm going to get before I'm done. Twicet as big as that one you got, Bert."

Dan, looking up as he lifted a heavy roundhead off the stone boat, caught a glimpse of pa's face. He straightened slowly and addressed Cousin Homer.

"Look here—you got an extry hook and line with you, same as you always used to?"

Cousin Homer nodded. Dan strode to the nearest clump of willows, opening his jackknife. He cut a long, slender shoot and came back, trimming it.

"You listen to me, pa. You ain't going to help fix this break. You're going to take this pole and Cousin Homer's extry line and go see if you can catch that sockdolager. Bet a cooky you can show Homer how it's done."

"Shucks, Dan. I ain't been fishing in—le's see, must be going on twenty years, ain't it, Homer? Wouldn't hardly know which end of the pole to use."

"You go find out then." Dan thrust the rod into his hands. "Take Homer away from here so I can get some work done anyway."

Pa tried to argue the point, with no better success than if he had been arguing with Hannah Spinney herself. Dan watched the two men vanish in the willows at the bend and set himself, with his lower jaw a little more tightly clamped than ever, to the hot, wet job of facing the crumbling bank with alternate layers of brush and stone. He looked up, presently, to see pa standing above him, a huge chub squirming on the forked willow twig in his hand.

"Thought you'd get him," said Dan. "Good for you, pa!"

"Always used to be a great hand for catching the big ones," said pa. "Guess I ain't lost the knack of it, after all." He surveyed his prize affectionately. "Wish I dast take him home, Dan. Ain't et a fried chub since I don't know when."

"Going to eat this one anyhow," said Dan. Pa looked frightened.

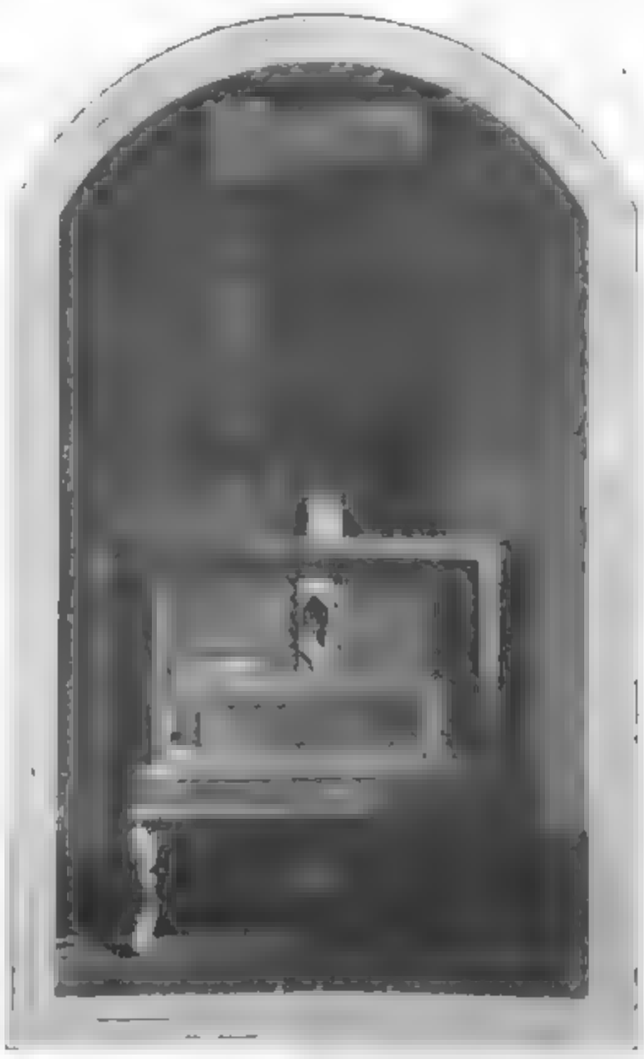
"Shucks—wouldn't want your ma to know I'd been fooling away my time fishing. Hadn't ought to 've."

Cousin Homer spoke up quickly. "Tell you what, Bert. Le's you and me make a reg'lar day of it. Take the fish up to my place and fry 'em ourselves for dinner. Might shoot a couple games o' billiards 'fore noon too. And we could drive up town afterwards and see the ball game. Avon's going to play Livonia and ——"

"You go ahead, pa." Dan anticipated Elbert Spinney's shocked refusal. "It's about time you saw a good game of ball.

(Continued on Page 197)

Is the Zenith Worth its Price?



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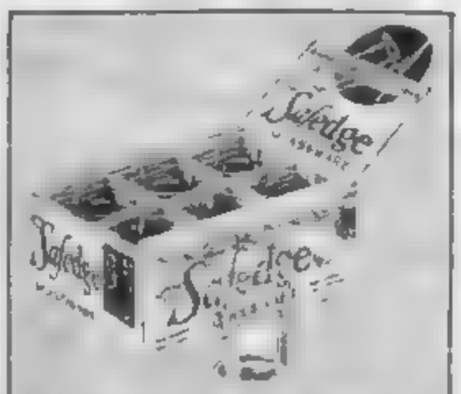

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(Continued from Page 194)

Ain't been to one since I can remember. You go right ahead and do like Cousin Homer says."

"But your ma wanted ——"

"Never you mind about ma, this once," said Dan. "I'll tend to her for you. You just leave that end of it to me."

"Shucks, Danny ——"

"Look here, Bert—I got a notion." Homer broke in eagerly. "Le's toss up a penny to settle it, same as I mostly do. Heads you come along with me."

The coin spun and fell. Pa stooped over it with something like eagerness. He straightened rather slowly.

"It's tails," he announced.

"Shucks, you don't have to knuckle under to a penny, do you?" Dan laughed. "We never used to let it worry us if it turned up wrong, did we, Homer? You go along, pa."

In the end he got his way. At dinnertime ma listened, her brows arched higher than ever, to a blunt explanation.

"A day off? To go to a ball game?" She shook her head. "Well, I must say!"

The phrase, usually reserved for occasions of extreme and disapproving astonishment, had a curious effect on her son.

"Say it to me then," he blurted. "I made him do it. Don't want his fun spoiled when he gets back."

He went out without waiting for debate. Pa came home in time to help with the milking, and a play-by-play account of the game lasted until Dan was stripping the last cow. Avon had won by a margin of eight or nine errors, but pa ended by repeating his opening declaration.

"Best game of ball ever I saw." He was silent till they were on their way up to the house with the four heavy pails and then he spoke shyly.

"Been a good son to me, Danny."

III

HANNAH SPINNEY unlocked the little drawer in the secretary and drew out a long envelope. The new black dress suited her slender height and emphasized the clear, becoming pallor of her skin.

"I didn't like to say anything about the will until"—the smooth voice checked and recovered—"until after the funeral. Of course Squire Treadway will read it to the whole family, but I thought it would be nicer if you and I went over it first all by ourselves, so that you won't need to ask questions in front of the others."

Dan nodded. During these three days the habit of silence had grown upon him, so that several of the Samson relations had noticed it and shaken their heads over it as a Spinney trait. His mother read aloud swiftly, her voice gliding through the windy, formal flourishes of the preamble. It was a very short will. It left everything that Elbert Spinney possessed to his wife, without conditions, and named her sole executrix without bond, explaining briefly that no specific provision was made for Dan because of his father's belief that his interests would be better safeguarded in Hannah's care than in his own.

"I said right along that there wasn't any need of putting in that last." Hannah Spinney folded the document and put it back into the envelope. "I knew that you'd understand without being told. Your pa was bound to say it, though, and Squire Treadway thought it would be just as well. Of course it's all going to be yours. We just felt that this would make it simpler for me to run the place than if pa had tried to divide it between us."

Dan nodded again. His mother slowly pulled off her shining black kid gloves, finger by finger. Her voice went on more briskly.

"I know you'll do well with the farm, Dan, now that you'll have a free hand. Pa had some queer old-fashioned Spinney notions that hindered him—like keeping that strip of softwood trees along the creek, for instance. They shaded six or eight acres of the best land we've got so that it won't give half a crop."

"Creek'd eat through the bank if it wasn't for those popples and willows," said Dan.

His mother shook her head with a hint of impatience.

"I declare, Dan, that sounded exactly like pa! He knew perfectly well that a little brush and stone would hold the bank a lot better than those trees. The real reason he wouldn't cut them was because he liked to look at them. Of course they're pretty, but prettiness doesn't make crops. I was talking to Mr. Peterson this morning. He's getting out stave bolts this winter and he offered to clear that strip if we'd let him buy what basswood there is in there. I told him to go right ahead."

"Better think it over first," said Dan. "That bank ——"

"I've had twenty years to think it over!" Hannah Spinney's long fingers tapped the envelope that lay in her lap. "Don't argue with me, Dan. Pa meant I should use my own judgment."

Cousin Homer thrust his vague countenance past the edge of the dining-room door.

"Squire's come, Hannah. Thought I better leave you know."

"All right. We'll be there in a minute. Homer. Close the door, please." She rose and stood beside her son. "I can't stand it if you go against me. It's hard enough without that."

"All right, ma." Dan's face cleared, softened. His lips jerked. "Kind of hard for me too."

Instantly she was again herself, composed, serenely emotionless.

"We'd better go out and get it over. Homer won't stir a foot out of that dining room till he's heard the will. Seems as if we had enough troubles without having to put up with Homer Spinney puttering around the house, getting in everybody's way."

"Liked pa, Homer did," said Dan.

"It doesn't keep him from being a nuisance." Hannah Spinney's voice hardened. "I never could bear the sight of him, and now ——" She stopped. "Never mind. Come along, Dan."

She moved into the dining room, already restored to its familiar aspect. Dan nodded to Squire Treadway, standing importantly at the end of the table in conversation with Cousin Homer, his old-fashioned frock coat buttoned under the bulge of his impressive paunch. Hannah Spinney handed him the envelope.

"Here's the will, Squire Treadway. Will you read it, please?"

The squire wet his thumb before opening the cover. He squinted through his nose glasses at the typed page, nodded, wagged his head solemnly, laid the will on the table.

"I see. This here's the old will, made before Dan was twenty-one. Elbert made a new one last summer. Left it in my safe. I'll read it out."

Hannah Spinney showed no sign of surprise. She seated herself without haste in the chair that Cousin Homer pushed up to the table. Treadway cleared his throat and unfolded the new will. It made a generous cash provision for Hannah, in lieu of dower, and left the farm and all its gear outright to Dan. He and Hannah were named as executors.

In the silence that followed the reading the Samson cousins exchanged indignant glances and Aunt Retta made a clicking sound between tongue and teeth. Dan leaned over the signatures and a date leaped at his glance. Elbert Spinney had executed the new will on the day he'd gone up to see Avon and Livonia play that game of ball.

IV

"IS THAT really just my share, Dan?" Hannah Spinney looked up from the check on her desk. Since she had stopped wearing those black clothes there seemed to be more color in her face, and her voice, too, had warmed and softened so that it was more like the voice in which she had talked to a little boy who lay on a fragrant husk mattress and moved his chin away from

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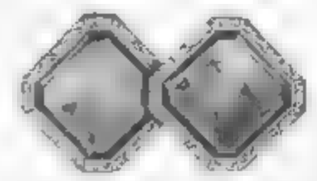

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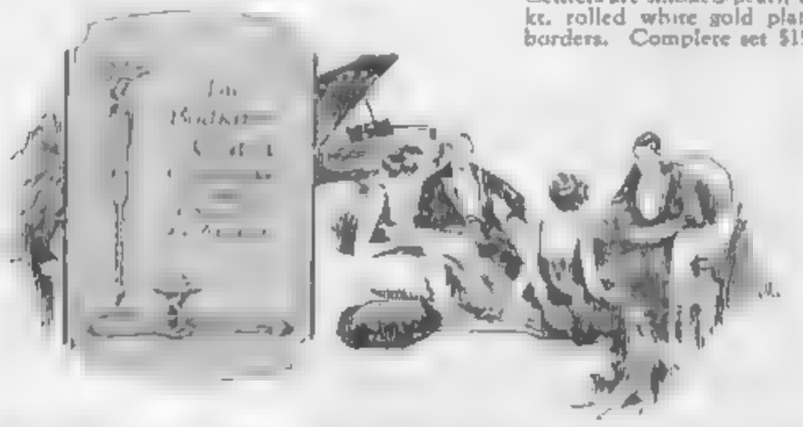

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No man can be at his best—with a throbbing corn shooting *pain-messages* to his brain. Corns put a wet-blanket on enthusiasm, dampen the spirits and sour the disposition. Many pessimists are optimists with corns. For a corn taxes the whole nervous system. It makes one feel mean all over and act that way. Anyone may acquire a corn, but it is bad business to keep it. Blue-jay is the business man's favorite way of banishing corns. It stops the pain the moment you put it on—and usually ends the corn in 48 hours—only a stubborn corn needs a second plaster.

Blue-jay leaves nothing to the user's guesswork. You don't have to decide how much or how little to put on. Each plaster is a complete standardized treatment. It has just enough of the magic medication to rout the corn. The thinking is all done for you at the laboratory. You apply the plaster—it does the rest.

Blue-jay

THE QUICK AND GENTLE WAY TO END A CORN

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the pressure of her cool, firm fingers. Dan chuckled.

"Go over the books yourself if you aren't satisfied. Guess you can trust me not to overpay you though."

"It doesn't seem fair for me to take such a big share, when you won't let me help you earn it," she said. "I don't need it either."

"Guess you earn it, all right, just letting me run the place my own way," said Dan. He patted her cheek. "You help me a lot more, just doing that, than you used to help pa when you practically did all his thinking for him. It's your fault I'm different. You took a sight of pains to bring me up so 't I'd do all my thinking for myself." He hesitated. "That was what made all the trouble, ma. I've just got to have my hands free and go my own way or I'm no good. Remember those arguments we used to have about everything? Honestly, ma, every one of 'em took more strength out of me than a hard day's work."

"I didn't mean ——"

"Know you didn't. Look at how you've quit! Guess you didn't realize what a good job you did on this jaw of mine." He chuckled as he cupped a hand about it. "Must have pulled it half an inch forward. Used to be sore all the time, the way you were everlastingly poking at it."

"Now, Dan!"

"It was, ma. Honest. Bound and determined I was going to grow up into a regular Samson and look it too. Just didn't know what a good job you'd made of it."

He sobered. "Pa knew it though. He sized us both up just about right. That must have been why he left things the way he did. Must have seen that the other way wouldn't work—knew I had too much Samson in me to stand being told how to run the place, and guessed that you'd never give me a free hand unless you had to." He nodded. "Yes, he figured it out about right. Knew he could trust me not to dawdle and shilly-shally round like Homer Spinney, and gave you credit for sense enough to quit trying to boss me as soon as I proved I didn't need it."

He struck his thigh. "That reminds me. The next time I see Homer I'm going to get after him about those weeds along the line fence. I'm not going to have that north field seeded down every year to wild carrot and thistles just because Homer's such a shiftless, trifling, no-account ——"

"I don't like to hear you talk that way about Homer." Hannah Spinney interrupted with a touch of her old forthrightness in her tone. "Homer's been pretty kind to us. I don't know what we'd have done, when pa died, if it hadn't been for Homer."

"Oh, I like him, all right. Can't help it. But I wish he'd cut a few weeds now and then before ——"

"He cut those weeds over a week ago."

"What?" Dan stared. "How do you know?"

"Homer told me." She threaded a needle rather more carefully than usual. "And I went up through the orchard afterward and looked, to make sure. His side of that line fence is cleaner than ours."

Dan shook his head. "Of all things! What's struck Homer? Pa kept at him every year since I can remember, and I've tried everything except a shotgun on him, myself."

"I just happened to mention it," said Hannah Spinney. "I must say I've always found Homer a nice, obliging neighbor."

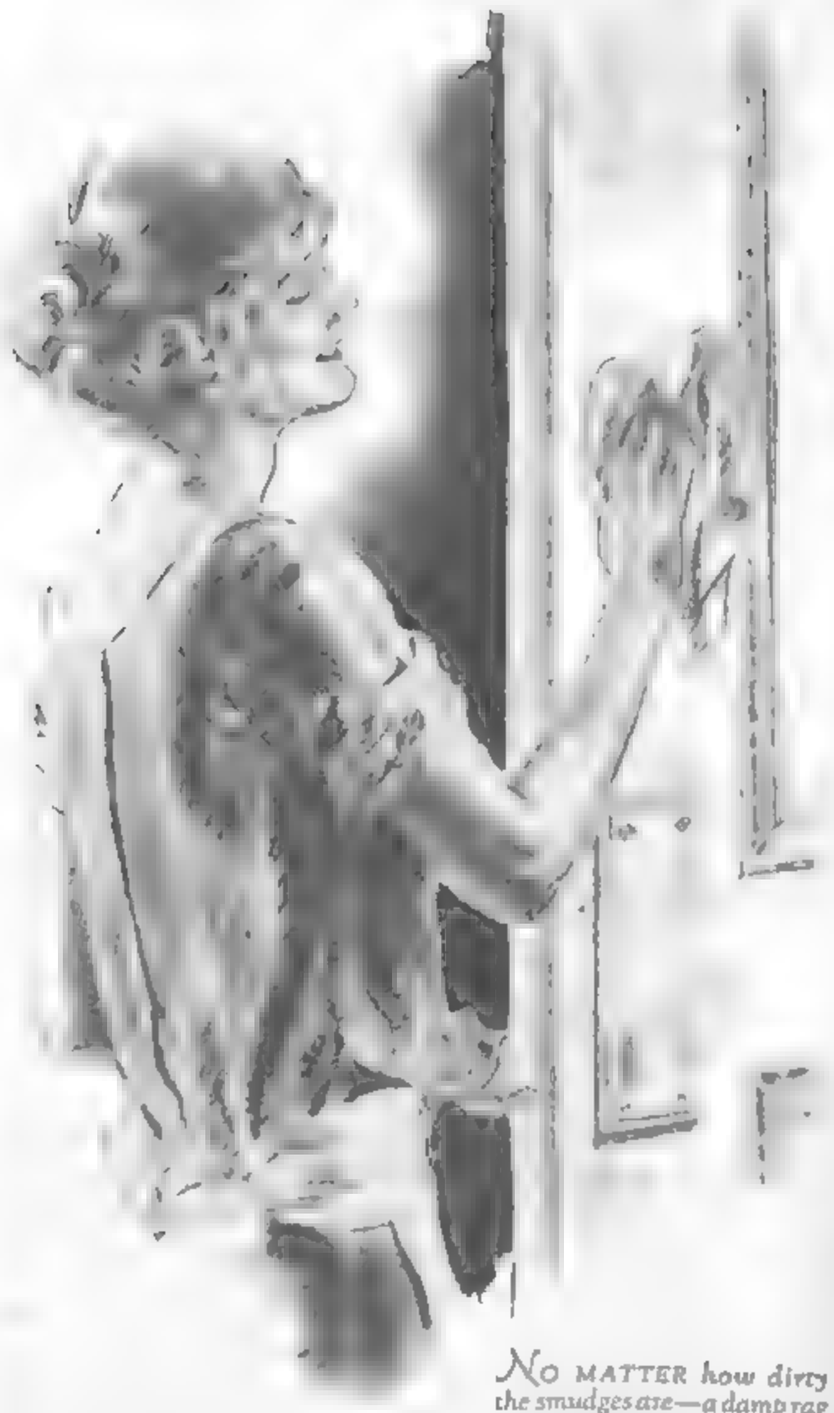
"Well, next time you see him you might happen to mention that his end of the pasture fence wouldn't stop a crippled cow, let alone a sheep. Maybe he might steal enough time from his kitchen billiards to fix it up himself, for once!" He shook his head. "I declare, ma, I never expected to hear you standing up for anybody that kept a billiard table in his kitchen!"

"Well"—Mrs. Spinney paused to inspect a seam with some attention—"Homer doesn't. Not any more. He had a chance to trade the table for a secondhand wheel cultivator and he got rid of it." She paused again. "You see, Homer hasn't had much time to play billiards lately. He's fixing to quit renting out his land next year, and go to working the place himself, so he's pretty busy." She pursed her lips over a stitch and went on. "I must say for Homer that he's always willing to take advice."

Dan's eye strayed to the window that overlooked the drive. At the foot of the lane he saw Homer Spinney come to a halt, a man manifestly a prey to indecision. Even at the distance there was a certain unfamiliar spruceness in Homer's appearance. He took a step or two into the drive, stopped, turned, retreated, turned again and halted; one hand went to his pocket and something glittered in the slant of the low sun. Homer stooped, straightened, took two resolute strides toward home. Then, facing abruptly about, he came up the drive, his shoulders squared, his head up, a man visibly in no mood for knuckling under to a mere penny.

Dan Spinney glanced at his mother. The old clear, high look of command had come back into her face.

Business Man: "Bertha, What Date Is This?"



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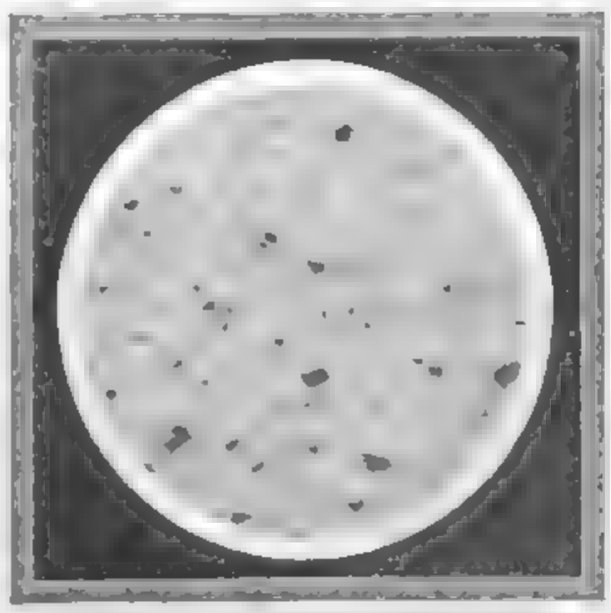

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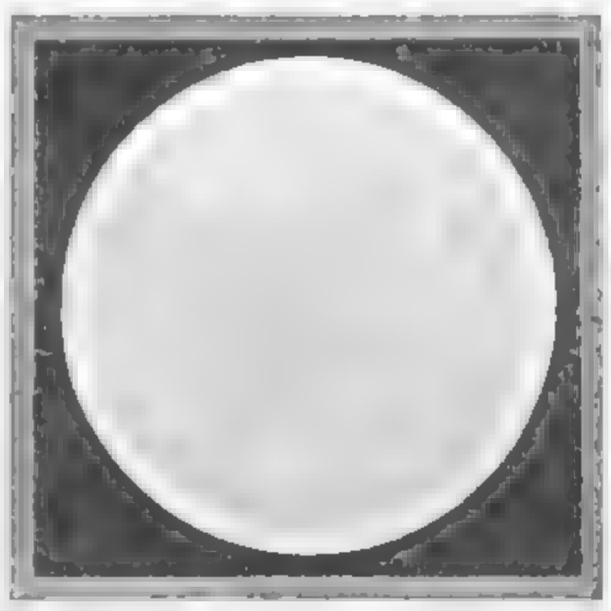

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TAXATION IN FRANCE

(Continued from Page 31)

work because the products of their labor would be taken from them by taxation. At last the end came. The pent-up storm could no longer be held back. It was impossible to prevent the representatives of the people from meeting, and the resulting Assembly, conscious of its power and might, with the desire of revenge for centuries of wrong, in wild fury swept away every vestige of the old régime. The good went with the bad, the innocent were punished with the guilty. The Reign of Terror, while it lasted, indulged in an orgy of executions and no man's life was safe. But this much must be said for the Revolution: It abrogated all privilege, and it attempted to put all citizens on a plane of equality. It severed church and state. It broke up the great estates, and if it failed in carrying out its high-sounding principles, it at least proclaimed them to the world as a model. That the French Revolution was one of the most far-reaching events in all history is generally conceded. Among the most important of the reforms instituted by it was the reform in taxation.

Oppressive taxation was not the only cause of the Revolution. There were many causes, but taxation was a potent one. The Revolution was so marked by cruelty and bloodshed that it has been forgotten that the Assembly which established the first French Republic in 1792 was far in advance of its age, and that many of its principles, then ridiculed, have since been adopted by the great nations of the world. Two propositions, in those days startling in their nature, were presented to it. One was for the establishment of free schools; the other, introduced by Robespierre, leader of the Terror, presented a progressive income tax. Although the Assembly was composed largely of men considered by the rest of the world as, at best, only crazy fanatics, both of these propositions were too radical for it. Much was done for education, comparatively speaking, but the country was to wait many decades for free schools. While taxes somewhat in the nature of income taxes were levied, it was more than a hundred years before a general and progressive income tax in the strict and proper sense was adopted, and then only the dire necessities of the Great War brought this into effect. There was a strong opposition to an income tax among the French people. There never was a popular tax in any country, and never will be one, but the income tax is particularly disliked by the French, and it was adopted only after months of stormy debate in the French Legislature. The reason is not difficult to find.

Sully's Tax Epigram

After the fall of Napoleon and the return of the Bourbon kings, a system largely composed of indirect taxes was put in force. Sully, the great finance minister of Henry IV, once said that the art of taxation consisted in plucking the feathers from the goose without making it squawk. This expression has often been quoted and as often misunderstood. What Sully meant was that when indirect taxes were levied, such as customs duties, sales taxes, licenses and others of the same nature, the taxes were passed on to the ultimate user of the article or services, as the case might be, who paid them in the final outcome, but as it was paid by reason of being added to the price, the taxpayer was not aware of it and hence did not complain. A large portion of the taxes which helped to bring about the Revolution were direct taxes of the worst sort, because they were imposed without any consideration of the ability of the citizen to make the payment. The French people themselves came to have a strong prejudice against direct taxes, which has lasted to the present time. They accepted the indirect taxes, no matter how unfair they were in their application, because they had always been accustomed to them, and the only direct taxes they had known were worse in their effect.

As before stated, some of the taxes levied by the Revolutionary Assembly were somewhat in the nature of income taxes and are often referred to as such. Actually they are a tax on the appraised value of the use of property or the return to be received therefrom, instead of a tax on the income actually received. Certain of these taxes in a modified form are still preserved, for France has attempted to build its system of taxation on old foundations ill adapted to the present day.

The tax system of France is, in fact, a patchwork, and it will not be scientific until revised and molded into one harmonious plan. A French expert would probably retort that the legislators of France understood better what France needed and could use, than any foreigner. He might also add that always in matters of taxation people are much more ready to accept old systems to which they are accustomed than a new one on a different plan, although it may be better from a scientific standpoint. Be this as it may, the number of different taxes applied by the central government of France would be simply bewildering to a citizen of this country or England.

Income-Tax Complexities

Our Federal system of taxation is often spoken of as very complex, but it is simplicity itself compared with that of France. Our revenue law is comprised in one bill which proceeds logically and in order from beginning to end. But the French have had no general revision of their laws, and old statutes have been amended and reamended, and are paralleled by new ones which are not always in accord. The French system has all the complexities of ours, multiplied by a number of taxes, each with its different exemptions and allowances, different methods of computation, and different bases of assessment. This is the result of clinging to old laws instead of creating an entirely new and comprehensive system. Its faults are not only in its complexities, but in other ways, for if strictly enforced it would produce great inequalities.

The general impression in this country is that the French are lightly taxed. This is an error. The French not only have many more taxes than are found in England or America, but the rates are far higher than ours, when comparable, and they have many taxes which we do not have at all. In fact, it is questionable whether the French rates are not in many cases too high to be effective and practical. This raises the question of how these taxes are enforced and collected, which will be discussed farther on. It will be necessary first to consider what these taxes are.

The English and American taxpayers have to consider but one general income tax on personal incomes, and they grumble over its complexities, not without reason. What they would say if they had to look out for seven different kinds of special taxes on incomes and a general income tax probably would not be fit to print. Yet this is what the French citizen must do, and when he has done this he is by no means through with taxes that affect his income. Let us see what these taxes are:

Away back in 1798 the Revolutionary Assembly established a tax on the income from improved real estate, and also on the income from unimproved real estate. With some modifications, these taxes are still preserved. Why they are separated no one can now explain, unless it be that it offers an opportunity for assessment on a somewhat different basis. The rate is the same for each, being 12 per cent, but there are different exemptions and allowances, as well as a somewhat different basis for

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assessment, all of which add to the complexities of these taxes.

The basis of the two taxes above named is the rental value of the property, which is fixed by a survey, and the survey includes the value of the land itself. This is difficult enough, but wonderment increases as we observe how the French apply this system to the tax on improved real estate. The first survey was made under a law passed in 1807. This survey took forty years and was obsolete before it was finished. Other surveys were ordered and found to be insufficient, and finally a provision was made for a revaluation every ten years; but no revaluation has been completed since 1910, although one was authorized for 1924.

The basis of the tax on unimproved real estate is in the same obsolete condition. No proper revision of assessments has been made since 1914. A special revaluation was ordered for 1924, but the machinery for applying the tax is so clumsy that there has been great difficulty in its enforcement and it is far from being a success.

One would suppose that these two taxes disposed of the assessment of all the incomes from real estate, but not so. By the act of July 1, 1917, a tax is imposed on the net profits from agricultural undertakings at the rate of 7.20 per cent on the valuation of the land. If one wishes to know how simple this tax is, he is invited to consider the following description of it, taken from a publication of our own government:

"The tax is annual and is imposed on the net profits derived from agricultural undertakings. The profits are considered for the purpose of assessing the tax, as equal to the rental value of the land cultivated, as ascertained by cadastral survey multiplied by proper coefficient to be fixed by agricultural districts and nature of crops. However, where there is no main crop, but mixed crops, only a single average coefficient may be applied. Coefficients are fixed by a commission and revised yearly."

It is not easy to see how it could be much more complex or difficult to administer. Where a tax is to vary according to a percentage varying with agricultural districts, adjusted by the nature of the crops, and is changed annually, and based upon a general survey, it is obvious that the tax cannot be successfully applied, and it never has been. Such a tax is certain to produce all sorts of inequalities and give opportunity for evasions, and in the end to be more or less arbitrarily applied. The result is just what might be expected. It is generally conceded in France that although farming, as a rule, has been profitable since the war, the farmers do not pay their proportion of taxes and only a comparatively small amount is raised from this tax. The taxes on improved and unimproved real estate are more successful, but to an outsider it would seem that all three of these taxes ought to be combined and in a simplified form applied to the actual income of the taxpayer. A revision of the tax on agricultural profits has recently been made by the new budget act, but that is not all the change that was needed, as there are still difficulties in its application.

Computing Profits Arbitrarily

All of these taxes on income from real estate ought, in the judgment of the writer, to be combined in one, and based either upon the value of the land itself or upon the income actually received from it. If levied upon the value of the land it should be assessed every two years. If on the income, a sworn return should be made every year by the taxpayer. As it is, they have all of the complexities of both methods, and more than all their defects.

A tax on industrial and commercial profits was applied by the law of 1917. This is applicable to corporations as well as to individuals and partnerships. It has what would seem to us a singular provision. In the absence of the financial returns of declarations, the profits are computed by applying the proper coefficients to the volume of business, and a commission determines the coefficients applicable to the different classes of taxable persons. There is a long list of provisions with reference to these coefficients and their applications. There are different provisions depending on the amount of business, all of which add to the complications and would appear to make the tax difficult to assess and still more difficult to collect. There are, of course, the usual allowances for expenses, amortizations, and so forth, and certain organizations are exempted from the tax. The rate is 9.60 per cent.

In addition to the tax above named, there is a special tax on the amount of business exceeding one million francs which is transacted by undertakings having for their principal object the retail sale of provisions and goods. The tax is graduated, and would seem to be aimed at department stores and what are called chain stores in this country where, if used, it would apply also to mail-order houses. It is in the nature of a sales tax and can be justified only by the extreme necessities of the nation for raising funds. The two taxes last named constitute the principal taxes on corporations in France. The amount raised by both of these taxes in 1922 was about 961,000,000 francs. Since then the collections have been increased, but it is quite evident that France is not raising so much from this source as it should. It is another instance of multiplication of taxes without obtaining the revenue which ought to be produced.

General and Special Taxes

There are separate taxes on incomes from wages, salaries, pensions and annuities, 7.20 per cent; professional incomes, 7.20 to 9.60 per cent; income from transferable securities, 12 to 24 per cent; each with its different rate, different exemptions and different allowances and deductions. There is good reason for a different rate on earned and unearned income, but the separation of these taxes merely enables elaborate distinctions to be applied. These distinctions may be proper enough in theory, but in practice they multiply the complications.

These special taxes correspond roughly to the normal tax levied on incomes in the United States and Great Britain, except that they can be deducted from the amount of income in making up the individual income returns for the following year for the general income tax.

The general income tax covers all classes of income. It is levied on a progressive scale. The first 7000 francs of income are not liable to the general income tax; between 7000 francs and 20,000 francs the rate is 4 per cent, and it is then graduated up to 60 per cent on the excess of income above 550,000 francs. It will thus be seen that the nominal rate of the income tax is very much higher than in this country, and it goes higher than the rate in England. The exemption, when measured on a gold basis of approximately 5 cents to the franc, is very much smaller than in this country, but rates do not always determine the real amount of the tax. Much depends upon the manner in which it is enforced, and it seems to be conceded that the income tax in France is not thoroughly enforced.

There is much complaint in this country that the maximum of the surtaxes is too high, although, as has already been observed, it is much lower than in France, but the income taxes are reasonably well enforced in this country. In France such a thing as jailing a man for making a false return apparently has never been heard of. There are penalties enough, but no one seems to have felt their operation. It is true there is a constant increase in the amount collected under the general income tax, but whether this represents any very substantial increase when reduced to a gold basis is also a question.

The heavy rate of taxation has caused French capital to leave the country to a

(Continued on Page 205)

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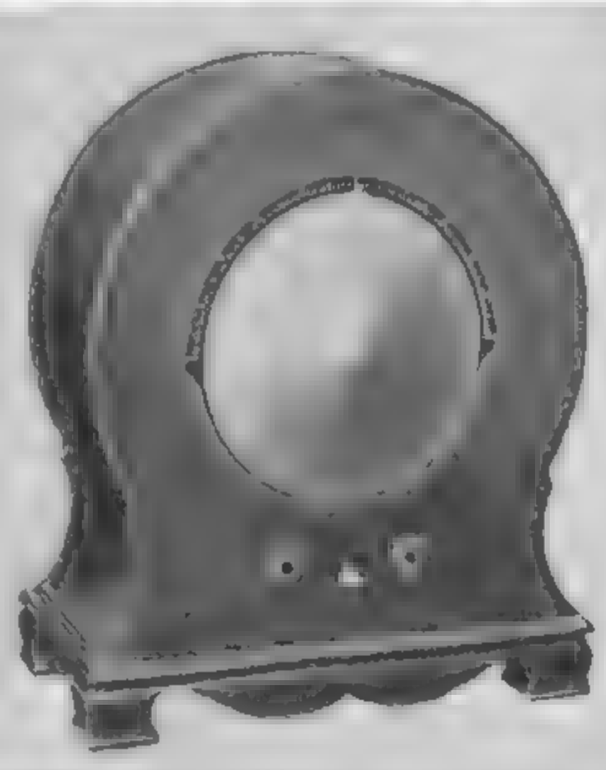

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(Continued from Page 202)

certain extent—how much nobody knows—but this exodus of capital may have something to do with the seeming reluctance of the government to enforce the income tax rigidly. Only 216 persons in 1922 reported an income in excess of 1,000,000 francs. It is obvious that there should have been many more. France, of course, has not the per capita wealth nor anything like the total wealth of our own nation, but the returns would seem to indicate that evasion of the income tax is altogether too common. This does not indicate that the French people are less honest than those of other nations. There is a universal disposition to avoid taxes, and especially direct taxes, and in all countries there is a large class of people that will evade them if they can. Unless strict performance is insisted upon and enforced by the government, the evasions will be common. Each act of evasion has a tendency to create others, for what one has done, others think they may do also.

The limits of this article will not permit setting out in full the taxes upon the estates of decedents and legacies. They are divided into two classes: Taxes on transfers at death—estate duties—and legacy duties. At first glance the rates seem very high, and the maximum rate is much beyond that either in this country or in Great Britain. They are arranged by elaborate gradations according to the amount of the estate or legacy, the number of children of the decedent, the degree of relationship of the heir or legatee, and the maximum rates apply only in a small proportion of cases. For this reason no satisfactory comparison can be made with rates in other countries where they are applied on a different basis. The system seems to have been worked out with great care, and doubtless is adapted to the needs of the nation.

Penalizing the Unmarried

All through the French system of taxation upon incomes and estates of decedents there are found provisions for the encouragement or relief of large families. The decrease of population in France presents a serious problem to the government, and it has endeavored, as far as taxation is concerned, to ease the burden upon the family and correspondingly increase the tax on the unmarried. The French Government does not approve of its citizens living in single blessedness, and it penalizes those who remain unmarried. The general income tax is increased 25 per cent with respect to persons over thirty years, unmarried, divorced or without dependents. Evidently it is cheaper to be married, in France, if one has any income worth mentioning. But merely getting married is not enough. Persons over thirty years of age, who have been married over two years and have no children, will have their income tax increased 10 per cent. Where employers make additional allowances to large families, the allowance is not subject to tax. The special tax on wages and salaries allows a further abatement for wife, children and dependents. To make sure that the allowance is made for children, there is also a general provision for abatement on incomes on account of children or dependents.

There is also a tax on gifts made during the lifetime of the donor. In 1924 there was collected from the estate and legacy duties 1,399,352,000 francs, and from the gift tax 143,839,000 francs. Though no satisfactory comparison can be made of the rates with those of our country, owing to difference in the methods of application, the amount collected shows that the inheritance tax in proportion to national wealth is much heavier in France than in our own country, even when the total of national and state taxes is considered.

The turnover, or sales tax, is second only to the income tax as a source of revenue in France. From this tax and the special taxes on luxuries over 4,000,000,000 francs were collected in 1924. No tax has been more the subject of argument and discussion in England and the United States than a general sales tax, and it has nowhere been in more complete operation than in France, where every sale of an article purchased or manufactured for further sale is taxed; yet there seems to have been little public controversy over it in France. It is an indirect tax, and consumers in France do not seem to be generally aware that they are paying it. Prices are high in France, even on a gold basis, when compared with those which prevailed before the war. That some of this increase in prices is attributable to the sales tax necessarily follows, but no analysis has been made to determine its effect, and the increase is usually attributed by the masses to other causes, among which is the great number of Americans in France who are said to be willing to pay prices regardless of values. The rate of the tax is 1.35 per cent. This is not high, but it may be paid several times on the component parts of an article before it reaches the ultimate consumer.

On food and drink consumed on the premises, and lodgings in second-class establishments, a higher rate is fixed; and on sales of articles of luxury and charges made at first-class establishments, such as hotels, cabarets, and so on, the rate is 12 per cent.

The French Government is making a special effort to collect this tax, and nearly four times as much—in francs—was collected in 1924 as in 1923. Three separate organizations are engaged in its collection, and it is claimed that all efforts to avoid the tax are blocked, but the nature of the tax makes this almost impossible. The collection of the sales tax from manufacturers, jobbers and wholesalers generally is not difficult, but it is easy for the small dealer to evade the tax in part, and it is generally believed that there are many evasions among those who do business on a considerable scale.

The luxury tax produced only 19,485,000 francs in 1924, and though this was four times as much as in 1923, it is not so large as it ought to be. Although luxury taxes are the best of all in theory, they are in practice difficult to enforce, and for that reason are not an unqualified success. In our own country it has frequently been charged that there was much evasion of taxes of this nature, and there has also been complaint that the taxes were discriminatory. The honest and careful dealers report them; the dishonest deliberately plan to evade them; and the careless forget them. A tax which only the honest report and which the dishonest avoid is not a good tax. In the United States all sales taxes have caused a vigorous protest, although they were levied only on luxuries, or what, for want of a better term, might be called semi-luxuries. In France the luxury tax seems to be generally approved, and the French nation can at least have the consolation that quite a large portion of it is paid in the first instance by foreigners, mostly Americans, stopping at French hotels.

Government Monopolies

Besides the sales tax, in 1924, France collected 3,347,420,000 francs from other indirect taxes which are too numerous to detail here. Instead of having a manufacturers' sales tax on tobacco, as we have in the United States, the government monopolizes its manufacture and sale except as it is imported. Matches, gunpowder and stamped paper are also government monopolies. From these monopolies the government realized 2,251,702,000 francs in 1924, but no one seems to have given much attention to the cost of carrying on the government operations in this respect. Experience has shown that of all taxes the tax on tobacco is the most easily and inexpensively collected, and it cannot be evaded. This is because it can be collected through stamps on the packages in which it is sold. A large force is employed in France in conducting the operations of the government monopolies. It is quite evident that through a proper system France would receive more from this source than through the government monopoly, and it is likely that the

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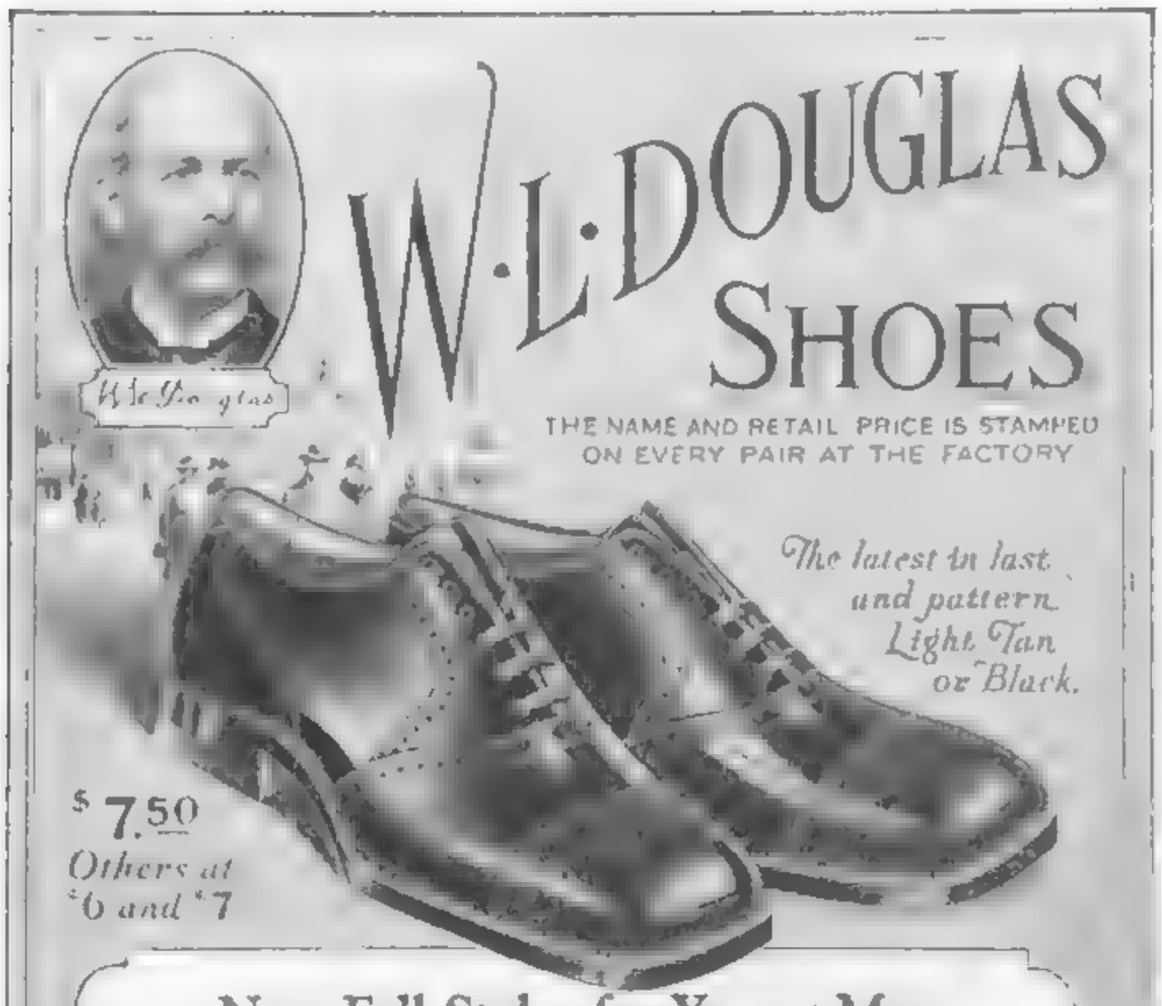
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people would get better tobacco. Certainly the price of tobacco in France is very high, and its quality seems to an American to be poor, but the French would probably say that this was a matter of taste, and that the prices could not be expected to be low when the French Government was realizing more proportionately from its monopoly system than the United States by a tax.

The Budget Bill of 1925 made some changes in the revenue laws as above set forth, but none of them were radical, and M. Caillaux's plans were not adopted in entirety. As before stated, the provisions with reference to incomes from agricultural profits were revised for the purpose of bringing them to a level with incomes from other industries, but it is doubtful whether the desired result can be accomplished in this manner. The exemption on incomes from wages and salaries has been raised to 7000 francs and made uniform throughout the country. The tax on motor cars has been increased, and a tax of 20 per cent is levied on the total revenue of all insurance companies, which heretofore had practically succeeded in evading the income tax. A tax of 68 francs a head was imposed on foreigners—with some exceptions—who reside more than two months in France. Through other changes and new taxes some additional revenue will be realized, but the amount is comparatively small.

The total amount raised in taxes by the French Government for the fiscal year ending December 31, 1924, was 26,165,300,000 francs. This includes the net proceeds of the French industrial monopolies. If the gross proceeds were included the amount would be considerably larger. In addition, the provincial local governments levied 2,426,500,000 francs in direct taxation and raised approximately 700,000,000 francs in *octrois* duties, a form of tax which is practically unknown in either England or America. The National Industrial Conference Board estimates that upon a gold basis this amounts to $29.53 a head, while the total per capita tax in the United States was $45.27 a head, but a fair comparison cannot be made by taking these per capita figures. While France is not by any means a poor nation, its per capita wealth is much less than that of the United States or Great Britain. The same authority estimates that the total taxes in the United States in 1924 were 11.5 per cent of the national income; those of Great Britain 23.2 per cent; and those of France 20.9 per cent. It will thus be seen that in proportion to national income, taxes are much higher in France than in this country, although not quite so high as in Great Britain.

Internal Debt Increase

If the depreciation of the franc is considered it will be found that the amount of taxation in war years in France was only about three-fifths of what it had been in 1913, notwithstanding the fact that the expenditures were so much larger as to be almost beyond comparison. It ought to be said, however, that during that period the portion of France where some of her most important industries were located was overrun by the enemy, and that this seriously interfered with the flow of revenue into the treasury. Even yet the restoration is not such as to restore completely the tax-paying power of the devastated district. Political conditions also interfered.

The almost desperate state to which France was reduced during the war prevented the use of drastic remedies for her financial condition, as their application would have probably increased the opposition to the war. The disorganization of the industrial life of France also may have made the burden of taxation greater than the figures would indicate, and in considering the volume of expenditures it must be remembered that enormous sums were spent in restoring the devastated districts. The dangerous feature in French national finance has been the constant increase of its internal debt, which arose from about 34,200,000,000 francs on August 1, 1914, to 123,800,000,000 francs on January 1, 1919, and to 277,900,000,000 francs on June 30, 1924. This was largely due to loans for reconstruction in devastated areas, but in a considerable degree to deficits in the ordinary budget.

Every year since the war there has been a huge deficit. Instead of reforming its tax system and imposing additional taxes to make up the shortage, loans were obtained from the public or the Bank of France, which made it necessary to issue additional amounts of paper currency, resulting in further depreciation of the franc. These practices and the fact that a large portion of the national debt was soon to become due brought the government finances into a critical condition that threatened the whole commercial structure of the nation. Yet it took the French Legislature more than nine months to pass, in part, the very moderate proposals of M. Caillaux in the budget of 1925.

Further Sacrifices Needed

There has been much talk about balancing the budget, but the real fact is that it is not yet balanced in any proper sense of the term, for it does not provide for contemplated expenditure in the devastated regions and certain expenditures on war pensions. Moreover, M. Caillaux has found it necessary to provide for an issue of 6,000,000,000 francs of additional paper currency to settle in part the national debt falling due. Much credit should be given him for meeting and, at least temporarily, avoiding the crisis which faced the nation. How difficult a task still remains for him will be seen when we consider that if he had succeeded in balancing the budget he would only have accomplished the easiest of his great problems. The French Government needs also to stabilize the franc and to make an adjustment of its foreign debts. The basis of any comprehensive plan for the solution of these problems must be found in greater revenues, which can be obtained only by a better enforcement of the present taxes, additional taxes in some form or a general reform of the whole system. No raise in income-tax rates will be effective for that purpose. There is always a point beyond which rates become ineffective, and when capital commences to leave a country the danger point is reached; but a raise in rates is not necessary in order to increase greatly the yield from taxation.

I am quite aware from experience how much easier it is to criticize than to put forward a workable, constructive program where the old-time methods of the country and the business methods must be taken into consideration in making any changes. Apparently public opinion in France needs to be changed also, for the dangers of the present course are not fully realized. The statesmen of that country—the real statesmen—understand her problems; they know what their country needs, and are better qualified to reach a correct solution. But they are surrounded by difficulties such as we do not have to encounter in the United States. France is plagued with a number of political parties, none of which alone seems to possess sufficient strength to carry through any far-reaching reforms. Strange as it may seem, the forces of socialism and communism on the one hand and of wealth on the other are often found uniting in opposition to sound economic propositions. The restoration of the national finances depends upon the union of those who really seek the welfare of their country. France made great sacrifices during the war. The courage of her people was magnificent, the valor of her soldiers never surpassed. They now need courage and patriotism of a different nature. If France would put her house in order further sacrifices must be made. When the French people, as a whole, from men of wealth down to the working classes, realize this, the leaders of France will find a way out of her present difficulties. So thrifty and industrious a people have the capacity to put their national finances on a sound basis when political differences are cast aside and all join in the effort.

Prepared in collaboration with interior decorators, this book is authoritative and correct. It is generously illustrated in

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Are you giving proper care to planning the one detail that affects it most?

BEAUTY in an interior scheme, like beauty anywhere, is of all qualities the most elusive. The earliest signs of shabbiness in a single detail of decoration may ruin the whole effect.

And nowhere is this danger greater than at the windows. For the slightest defect in your window shades is glaringly exposed by daylight, the brightest light that ever enters your home.

Almost all window shades, of course, are fresh and sightly *when new*. But all too soon the ordinary window shades develop cracks and pinholes. They become streaked and faded.

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You can plan carefully to avoid this danger to the beauty of your rooms by selecting Brenlin, the long-wearing window shade material. Unlike ordinary shade cloth, Brenlin has no brittle filling of chalk or clay to break and fall out, causing unsightly cracks and pinholes to show in harsh relief against the outdoor light.

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We have prepared a new booklet, "Making the Windows Beautify Your Home," which you will find exceedingly interesting and helpful in planning your interior schemes. It is generously illustrated in color and contains many valuable and practical suggestions on window decoration.

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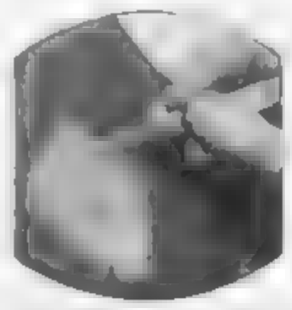

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Why are the eyes of the entire automobile industry upon him?

Why has his independent company shown a phenomenal sales increase this year?

Why is his new car the greatest single achievement of the year?

IT HAS often been said that nothing is so old in America as yesterday's newspaper—unless it be yesterday's type of motor car.

No one knew this better than E. L. Cord when he came to Auburn as General Manager and Vice President.

He brought the fresh viewpoint of the buyer to the factory direct from the firing line of selling cars in a large metropolitan district.

For years he has been a mechanic. He knows cars; all cars. He has learned their secrets in the place where they are revealed—the repair shops. Because he was an expert mechanic, people sought his advice before buying new cars.

Soon they called him the star salesman. Inevitably he became a dealer—then a distributor in one of the larger metropolitan districts. From experience he learned that people of refinement want their motor cars to reflect the same individuality and good taste that they enjoy in the furnishings of their homes and in their clothing.

* * * * * *

He saw the opportunity for some manufacturer to create an advanced, improved, finer car and build it better than any car had ever been built before and sell it for a great deal less commensurate price than quality cars had ever been sold. To do this required courage, faith and ability. Many said it could not be done. But he got his inspiration from the public, not from what other manufacturers were doing.

At no time in automobile history has a car stood out so conspicuously ahead of competition as the new Auburn does.

That is why E. L. Cord has broken all records in his first year as a motor car manufacturer.

He did it by daring to be original and different. By building what he knew people wanted.

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Auburn startled the industry and won nation-wide acclaim for pioneering and perfecting a smart, straight eight for less than many standard sixes.

Auburn established a new vogue by originating new, dashing lines and bicolored finish.

But no one knows better than E. L. Cord how exterior appearances can be a "false face" for a motor car.

It is the inside that counts—the engineering, the structural strength, the quality of materials, the character of workmanship and the ample allowances made in excess of average requirements.

* * * * * *

So he required his engineering and production departments to actually pour quality into every part of the new Auburn. To give it a superabundance of strength, power and durability. To experiment and test far beyond the limits of ordinary practice. To take time and pains in production that ordinarily is impossible.

He required a car so good that it would exceed the past experience of the owner of any car in getaway, fluent power, ease of handling, safety in braking, fleetness on hills, comfort on all roads and freedom from repairs.

He demanded and got the superlative car—freedom from rattles and squeaks, effortless for driver and passengers, ready at all times for transcontinental trips, and capable of sustained high speed without fatigue.

* * * * * *

The result is that everywhere one hears the new Auburn praised. Everywhere it serves as the standard of comparison for other cars, regardless of price.

It is designed so far ahead of competition and is built so much better and renders such finer service under all conditions that it is the most talked about and imitated higher grade car of the day.

It is more than an unusually fine car with an amazing range and ease of performance, built to give a higher unequalled longevity of service. It is pride of ownership! It is satisfaction of having the newest and most advanced! It is freedom from the commonplace! It is transportation de luxe! It is next year's style, today! It is knowledge of wise investment!

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As sensational as the value of the new Auburn cars themselves is the revolutionary new selling method introduced by E. L. Cord.

His past experience taught him that "no salesman could *talk* quality into a car". Therefore, Auburn invites you to *see* the new Auburn. Get an expert mechanic to go over it. Compare it with cars costing more. Put it to any and every test. Then if the car does not sell itself, you will not be asked to buy.

AUBURN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, AUBURN, INDIANA

E. L. CORD SAYS:

You remember the man in jail. His attorney said, "They can't put you in jail". But he was in. Some said that Auburn could not build a better car for less money than the large quantity producers. But here it is.

* * * *

Comparison is the only measure of value. It is not what you pay but what you get—not what the manufacturer says about his car in his advertisements but what the car says for itself in service.

* * * *

It makes no difference if trucks look alike. They are to motor vehicles what overalls are to wearing apparel. Discriminating people want to express their personality and individuality in passenger cars the same as they do in their clothing and homes.

* * * *

For 25 years Auburn has been successful and in all those years Auburn has never failed to discount a single bill.

* * * *

Seventy-seven factories were building cars 24 years ago. Auburn was one of them. Fourteen of them are still in business. Auburn is one of them. Between 500 and 600 makes of cars have started in that period, how many can you name?

* * * *

Size, alone, of a nation or of a motor car factory does not guarantee future supremacy. Only those survive that deserve to. And you only deserve by keeping abreast of the times, by rendering the degree of service required today—not yesterday.

* * * *

Similarity is the danger of standardization of quantity production.

* * * *

The demand for an exclusive custom-built car that only a company of specialists like Auburn can create is greater today than ever.

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We have a new and different way of proving everything we claim in our advertisements. We let the car do it. If it does not sell itself we won't ask you to buy. The right price never stopped the sale of any car, if the car was built right and right up-to-date.

* * * *

It takes more than a car's past reputation to enable it to compete in the present day market.

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The secret of success for a dealer in the automobile business is in having new, advanced and improved merchandise.

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Dealers cannot meet present day competition with old-style factory co-operation and old-style selling methods any more than they can with old-style cars. Auburn dealers are making money. They are not mere "tacks in the sales manager's map," but participating members of our factory organization. Write us.

YOUR FINANCIAL FUTURE

(Continued from Page 17)

I am not arguing that inherited wealth is invariably harmful. Often it is wisely and constructively used. Many a young couple could not begin their married career if it were not for small gifts and bequests from their parents. Otherwise marriage might be wholly impossible or without dignity and decency. The family unit usually requires a little help from the preceding generation, a little start in life.

But as everyone knows, there are many cases where even a small inheritance robs young men and women of incentive and makes them soft, flabby and worthless.

It is a case of nice discrimination. There are individuals with a naturally strong character who use inherited wealth to advantage. These are possibly a minority as compared with the whole number; no one really knows. But great numbers of people attain character only through the training of frugality and enforced industry.

Capitalizing Life Values

Of only one fact are we sure: Parents cannot free their children generally and indiscriminately from their own early habits of thrift and hard work without grave danger to the offspring. If the father built a structure of success on a rock of adversity, and if there is anything at all in heredity, it seems passing strange that the father should be so shortsighted as to place his children, and even their children, in a position where "they will never experience the need he once endured."

But this article deals primarily with financial rather than with moral values. Is it practical or merely fantastic to attempt to capitalize the life earnings of a man through insurance? We must remember that vast numbers of people are not insured even for one year's income. An attainable, certainly a modest, ambition of insurance would be the protection for at least a year of all wage earners.

The function of life insurance must be to soften the blow and bridge the gap. That a family should not share in any way in the financial calamity that comes from the death of its chief wage earner, its chief support, seems to me not only unwholesome doctrine but an attempt to lift oneself by one's bootstraps.

The idea of capitalizing human life values appears to neglect the necessary relation that exists between the protection of one's dependents and current income and production. Capitalizing human life values means the capitalization of future earnings or income. But the premiums have to be paid out of current income.

If the amount of life insurance were to be increased from eight to ten or twelve times the present total, the share of current income required to pay the premiums would form an absolutely crushing burden. One estimate made for the writer by an insurance official shows that the capitalization of human life through insurance would require premiums of from 20 per cent to 25 per cent of the current national income.

Insurance agents, in an effort to prove to prospects that they do not have enough insurance, sometimes try to show how much it would take to replace the prospect's income, or at least that portion of it which his family spends. Now it is true that many individuals have large enough incomes to purchase much greater amounts of insurance than they do.

But among wage earners such a large proportion of the total income is needed to pay for food, shelter, clothing and other necessities of life, that the mere suggestion of paying out a fifth or a quarter for insurance shows the fantastic nature of the whole idea. Yet how can there be any real or equitable capitalization of human life values unless the great masses of the people are included?

One of the chief proponents of the theory tries to answer this objection by saying that "when the economic value of human life is more fully understood and appreciated, general public sentiment will adjust wage and salary scales to a point where the ideal insurance situation will become practical."

I am not sure that public sentiment is the chief adjuster of wage and salary scales. But let that pass. The statement just quoted merely begs the question. Many things, now impossible, can be done when wages and salaries are larger than at present. Inadequate income—poverty—is what everyone is opposed to. The question is what can be accomplished with the present national income, with current individual incomes, not what we can do with the incomes of ten or twenty or fifty years hence.

Many of the arguments used to sell insurance and trust-company services lay great stress on the fact that so many people die without leaving any estates at all. No doubt many of these would have left more if they had been farsighted and economical, or if they had availed themselves more fully of the services of insurance companies, savings banks, fiduciaries and the like.

But on the other hand, many used up their earnings quite properly in preparing their children to earn in their turn. Many could not have left an estate for the simple reason that they never earned enough. I am not trying to minimize in the slightest degree the importance of thrift, forethought and management in one's affairs. But that is no reason why we should overlook other equally important facts—namely, that many people are not sufficiently educated or mentally equipped to earn enough to create a property, and that, probably, the total national income is not large enough in any case for all persons to do so.

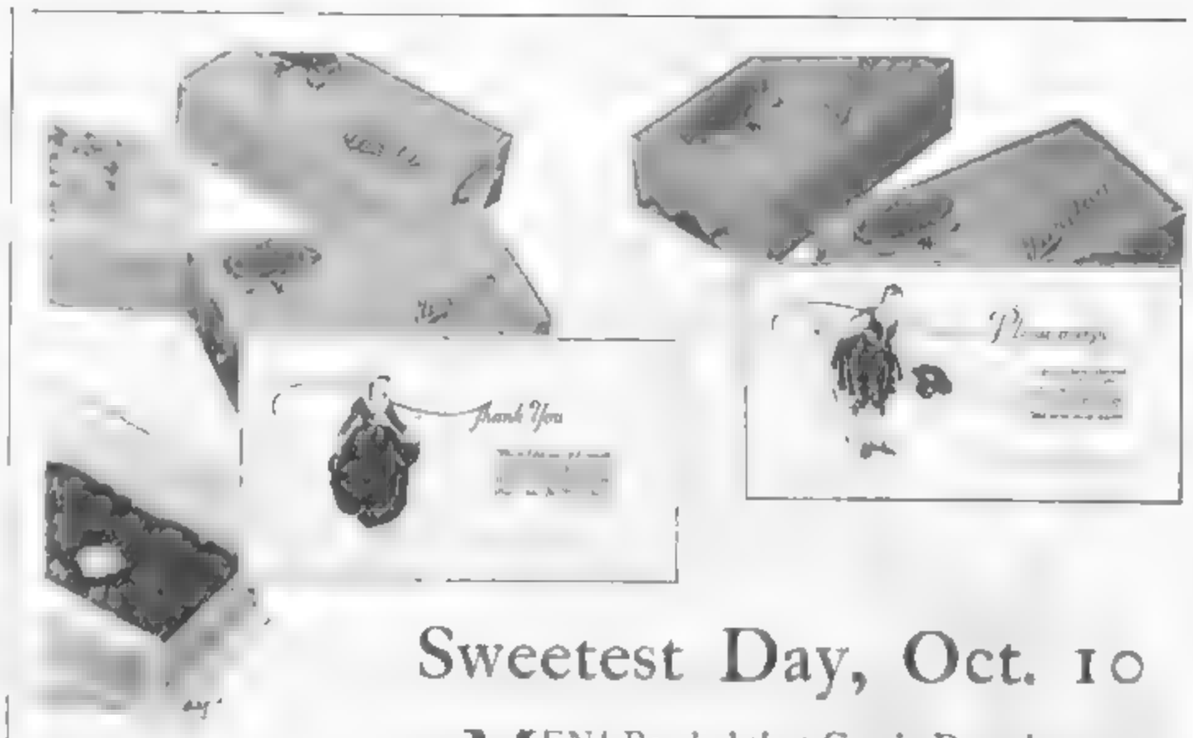
Another objection to placing an exaggerated emphasis upon the estate idea is that freer play is thereby given to one of the most detestable forms of vanity, invariably accompanied by a total lack of the sense of humor, to which human nature is subject. I refer to the desire of so many persons who have a little property to tie up its use rigidly and minutely in the hands of their heirs.

Tying Up Property

Perhaps we should view this foible of human nature more with sorrow than with scorn, because after all it is a pitiful attempt to live after death. The desire to tie up one's property takes a number of well-recognized forms. Perhaps its most common form is a haunting fear on the part of the husband that his widow will wed again, or that she will give his money to her next of kin rather than to his next of kin.

In one case a man willed all his money to his wife. She was extremely competent in a business way, and both he and the trust company through which he arranged his will were well aware of the fact. Even the trust company dared not suggest that he leave it in trust, instead of outright. But he hated his in-laws, and when an official of the company suggested that in case his wife might by any chance outlive her children, she would then in all probability give the money to her relatives, he at once consented to the creation of a trust which gave her the income during life, and specifically made other and more acceptable provision for its use in case she should survive her children.

But why should a man really care what becomes of his money after both his wife and his children are dead? Why not let the wife dispose of it in a way that makes her happy? Judge Grant has remarked that such testamentary plans "show a disparaging lack of confidence in the partner of a lifetime"—in this case, a woman of admitted ability—and he added that they are



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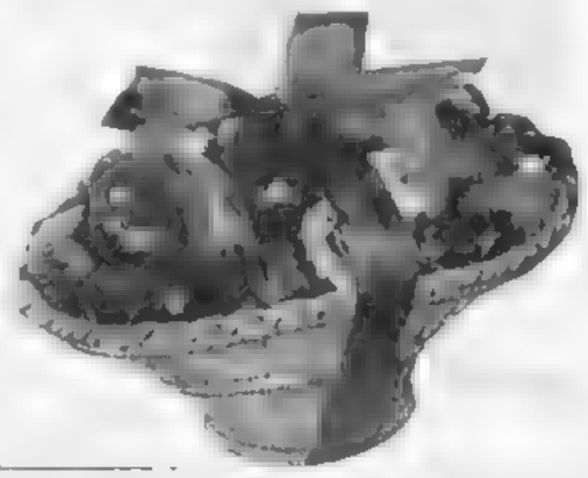

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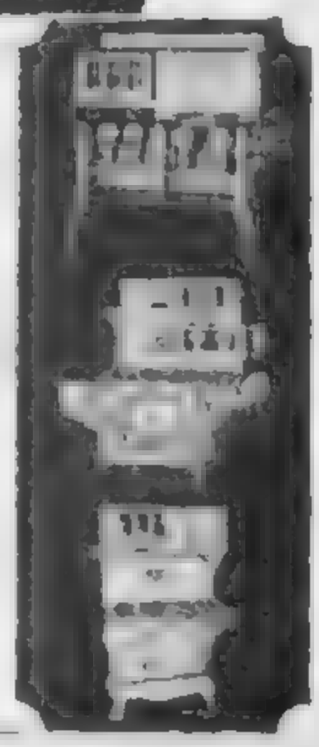

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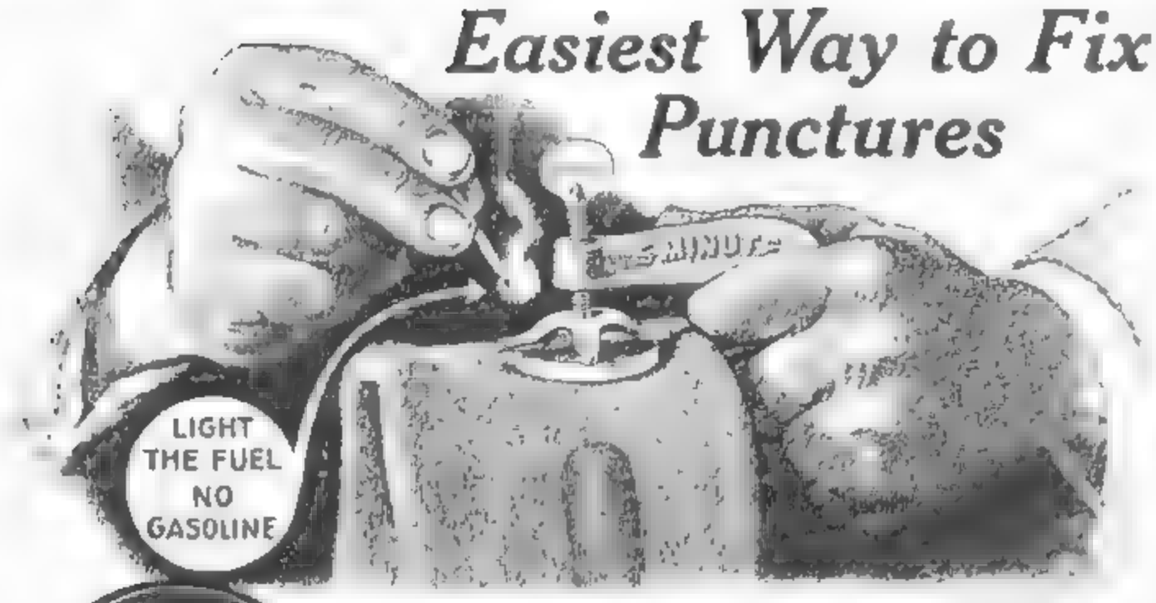

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You can lift off every hard corn, soft corn, corn between the toes, and the "hard-skin" calluses on bottom of feet. Just get a bottle of "Freezone" at any drug store, anywhere.

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based on "implicit distrust in human nature." Rather are they not based on mere selfishness and vanity?

Judge Grant's explanation is, however, an excellent retort to the defense which men who tie up their property would make if pressed for their reasons. They will say, of course, that their wives' relatives are no good, are incompetent. They fear their wives will marry a second time men who will merely run through the first husbands' money. They fear that designing men will seek to marry the widows for their money.

No doubt there are such cases, but on the other hand, the second husband may invest the money to far greater advantage than the first.

Have we any data to prove that men who marry widows are poorer business men than the widows' first husbands? Put in this form the absurdity of the whole proposition shows up.

But even if the second husband is not another John D. Rockefeller, just what affair is it of the first husband's anyway?

I am not writing an essay on marriage or divorce, but am appealing for some sense of proportion in these matters. If the objects of one's bounty, if one's heirs are neither very young nor very old, and if they are not mentally defective, why, in heaven's name, try to tie them up? They have a right to their own life, even if it be unwise.

It seems to me at least a fair presumption that if normal persons of full maturity cannot use money to the best possible advantage, the sooner they get rid of it the better. If widows, sons and daughters of over thirty years lack the character and sense to avoid making fools of themselves, the sooner they get rid of money the better. If they must go to the devil, the sooner they go the more quickly are moral principles vindicated. This at least is a reasonable position to take.

It is very common for men to regard all sons-in-law as villains, and for them to leave money in trust for their daughters, to prevent the husbands from getting at it. There seems to be a general opinion that sons-in-law always use their wives' money to speculate with. Perhaps it is not so much an opinion as an unreasoned and almost unconscious prejudice. Yet it is shared by thousands of otherwise intelligent and successful men.

Post-Mortem Fences

Yet such a prejudice plainly has no real foundation. It has even less foundation than the idea that all brown-eyed or all blue-eyed people are villains. For obviously all married men, provided their wives' parents were living at the time of their marriage, have been at some time in their careers sons-in-law.

The very captains of industry who so carefully tie up trust funds for their daughters, so that the worthless young men who marry these priceless maidens cannot get at it for their business ventures, must in the course of human events have been sons-in-law themselves. Probably they too wanted capital for their ventures when they were young. Speaking seriously, sons-in-law are just as likely to increase their wives' patrimony as to lose it.

Those who attempt, through post-mortem arrangements, to hedge about the next generation with barbed-wire fences forget how fast all such devices become obsolete. We all know that many well-intentioned bequests lose their value through the passage of years. A new movement along philanthropic lines, the community trust, is based on this very fact. As for wills, it is the merest commonplace of legal history that many testamentary provisions are broken in the courts because of the attempt to carry the intentions of the departed too far and too minutely into the future.

What may seem an ideal arrangement for one's family at one stage becomes out of date a little later. It is not given to any man to foresee the needs of even three or four people for many years in advance.

It often appears to men that their financial status is fixed, but it has a way of changing as fast as the body itself. To a young man with a young wife and an infant child or children, there usually comes the conviction that certain financial arrangements are necessary or desirable, which a few years later prove to be out of date. To put one's financial house in order is only half the battle; it must be kept in order.

The reasons against tying up property for long periods of time have long ago crystallized into law. The state does not lightly regard excessive restraints upon property, and there are laws against accumulations and perpetuities.

We must not, however, allow exaggerated emphasis upon the estate idea to blind us to the fact that there is still ample room for improvement in the planning which the average man of moderate means gives to the disposition of his property. In too many cases he dumps it upon his heirs, instead of arranging it to the best of his ability for their maximum benefit. Usually he has only the vaguest notions of testamentary plans.

With careful planning otherwise inadequate sums can be stretched to last over a period of years. Many a man has money which is unconsciously impressed with a trust for his family. It is not actually put in trust, but he does not touch it. He does not want to relinquish absolute direct control. Probably he has never taken the time to think out clearly just what provisions he would put into such a trust agreement, or perhaps the whole matter looks more formidable than it really is.

Funding One's Insurance

Yet if we bear in mind that most of the sixty or seventy billion dollars of life insurance now in force will be paid within the next thirty years, it is obvious that much of it should be protected by actual trust agreements. In the past, the idea of placing money in trust has appealed almost entirely to the wealthy, and few trusts have been created for less than $10,000. But they are created now for as little as $5000, and an insurance policy for even $10,000 is very far indeed from being a sign of affluence.

If a man has several insurance policies in different companies, he does well to bring them all under one roof to be handled as a unit, as it were, by making them payable to a bank or trust company in trust for his heirs. Upon his death, the trust company collects the money, invests it and pays out the income, or principal, if the maker has so directed, to the heirs.

There is some small additional expense as compared with leaving the money with the insurance companies, but on the other hand, trust companies often pay slightly higher interest than do insurance companies, and losses to the beneficiaries of trusts have been negligible.

If there is no property except the proceeds of insurance, the insurance companies themselves are absolutely competent to hold it and pay out income upon it. But they have no discretion to release principal sums when needed. Moreover, the man who has any large amount of insurance in different companies usually has other kinds of property as well, and this, of course, the insurance company does not handle as does the trust company.

The arrangement can be greatly improved by a man who has property for which he has no immediate need, say $10,000 or $20,000 in securities. By turning these over to a bank or trust company to pay his insurance premiums, he has no further worry in regard to premiums. In other words, he funds his insurance. Upon his death the trustee holds in trust for the heirs not only the fund which he deposited but the proceeds of the insurance as well

This is a particularly valuable arrangement for a young man who has been fortunate enough to make profits in excess of his living needs. Being young, the insurance costs him much less than it would an

(Continued on Page 213

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3—Wool Dress
4—Automobile Upholstery
5—Muffler and Overcoat
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If you are not already using Larvex, we should like to tell you all about it. Our engineers and chemists will be glad to offer suggestions as to the most economical application of Larvex and how the process fits into mill sequence. Write for complete information to The Larvex Corporation, 55 Rodney Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. In Canada: The Larvex Corporation of Canada, Toronto.

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Knit Goods *Woolen Draperies*
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Note—*Another Larvex service:* Leading carpet cleaners, dyers and cleaners and laundries are now mothproofing with Larvex. This service is thorough and economical. Have woolen articles mothproofed when you have them cleansed.

(Continued from Page 210)

older man, and by putting aside a portion of his excess profits he assures to his family a very large amount of insurance without further cost to himself.

If inheritance taxes of any size must be met, the insurance trust has a peculiar advantage. Insurance left by a man to his estate merely adds to the amount to be taxed. If the insurance is payable to the widow or other heirs, she or they may not use it for the purpose of paying taxes. But if the insurance is left in trust, with a provision that inheritance taxes be paid out of it before anything is paid to the heirs, it will, of course, be used for the purpose.

The modern forms of life insurance are quite sufficient for the small or very simple estate. Wills bequeathing most forms of property are often broken by litigation, but income-insurance contracts cannot be contested, and are unshrinkable. Creditors cannot attach insurance funds held by the company, and the beneficiary cannot assign them.

But where the property is diversified or the contingencies to be covered are numerous, remote or complicated, the services of a trustee are desirable. An insurance trust is partially exempt from Federal estate taxation, and wholly free from state inheritance taxes. It is a private matter not exposed to the publicity of probate proceedings, it cannot be touched by creditors and is not reduced by administration costs. Income-insurance policies and trust funds both have the advantage of being almost completely fool proof and lawyer proof.

I have referred to the inconsistency of parents in providing comfort for their children's future, although their own character and ability are products of early hardships. Certainly we dare not contemplate a nation in which great numbers of people live largely on trust funds, upon inherited wealth. To remove all initiative from a people would be a sad fate indeed.

But the evils of poverty are even greater. Poverty drives a few men on to success; it drags more down to disease, crime and degradation. Inherited wealth may be harmful, but to squander wealth is no remedy. The successful father gazing upon his thoughtless, irresponsible child may have an impulse to leave his money outright and let the child go to the devil with it. If the son or daughter is full grown, perhaps the father's impulse may be sound, but not if the child is young.

Leaving Money to Children

We must realize that many men have dependents who lack the qualifications to care for money. They are too young, aged or infirm, unsound in mind or body, abnormal or subnormal. There is far too much talk about widows losing and squandering money, and far too little about the lack of wisdom in leaving money outright to children. All authorities agree that it is most unfortunate to leave substantial sums to young people in their early twenties.

Lads in their early twenties who receive large sums very often blow the money, or else "invest" it in schemes which promise them an official position. The small corporation which offers a young man of this age an officership usually needs the young man's money far more than it does his services. Says a trust-company officer:

"When a man dies intestate, the children usually get as much, or almost as much as the widow. In this state a girl is of age at eighteen. Time and again, we are obliged to turn over to these young women substantial sums. They take a trip to Europe, buy a sport-model automobile and a bunch of clothes. It is the commonest thing for girls in the late teens or early twenties to blow in legacies of $10,000, $15,000 and $20,000.

"Talk about widows losing and squandering money. They are not in it with their daughters of eighteen and their sons of twenty-one. When a young man like that gets from $10,000 to $50,000 in a lump sum he almost always blows up. He is not equipped to handle the money, but he is sure to take a flyer. He thinks he is going to be just like a successful business man; and he calls it 'going into business.'"

There is no disagreement whatever among authorities on this point. The great majority of young men and women should not be left large sums, except in trust.

"A great estate left to an heir is as a lure to all the birds of prey round about to seize upon him, if he be not the better established in years and judgment," was the way Lord Bacon expressed the idea a long time ago.

A practice which is coming into more common use, is to give a corporate or other trustee discretion to turn over portions of the principal to the young man or woman as he or she shows a growing sense of responsibility. Or the trustee may not be given any discretion at all, merely the power to turn over specified portions of the principal at age thirty, still more at thirty-five, and so on.

In conclusion there does not seem any doubt that in the future men will put and keep their financial houses in better order than in the past. What I mean is that they will spend more time planning for the disposition and care of what they have, in relation to the time spent in accumulation.

The Pension Idea

Into all such plans must enter, among other factors, the standard of living, the ability to reduce it in case of loss of principal or income, how long the principal will last if eaten up, how the principal is invested, whether the wife needs brakes or can be allowed full headway, whether the children, if any, are young or old, ambitious or lazy, thrifty or spendthrift, trained or untrained. Such a man must plan what shall become of the surplus if one child dies, and what becomes of the money if all are killed in an automobile accident.

Exaggerations often put forth in behalf of the estate idea have been examined rather critically in these articles. But nothing is further from my intentions than to minimize in any way the valuable services of the great corporate investment and protective agencies. The savings bank serves the poor, the middle classes and once in a while the rich. Trust companies serve the rich and middle classes.

On the average, the corporate management of investments is vastly safer than individual management. Definite safety measures and guaranteed results in an indefinite future are inherent in the very method of corporate investment. It is their function, and they, rather than the individual, have the machinery to do it with. Thus most men are foolish or careless or conceited, who find no place in their personal and family financial planning for at least a backlog of corporate investment and protective service. Most lives need some element of the guaranteed in them.

Yet even here critical discrimination is badly needed. I do not believe that the country needs the increased emphasis upon the estate idea, which we have been following through these two articles, to anything like the extent it needs a wholly new and as yet undeveloped emphasis upon the pension idea.

We have proceeded thus far upon the assumption that wives outlive husbands. It is true that the number of widows is almost twice that of widowers, and the widower is naturally in a better position to support himself than the widow. Nevertheless, there were 1,758,308 widowed males in the country in 1920, according to the census of that year. Presumably many of them were elderly and beyond their most productive period. The husband and father who buys life insurance has a duty to protect the old man he will become if he lives, as well as his dependents.

Then there is the equally serious problem of the elderly couple. In many cases the

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husband and wife live to about the same age and far past the earning period of either. They have no children, or their children have long ago become self-supporting. They have worked hard and are entitled to peace and comfort in their old age. Far too often they have not the means to enjoy it.

The national income is not yet large enough to permit all old couples to live in comfort. But I do not think that anything like enough attention has been given to devising pension and annuity plans. The din in favor of men insuring their wives and children is today so tremendous that no one is able to hear the still small voice of the need of caring for old couples and old men.

"The present policy of American industry of helping employes with their personal problems is based upon the assumption that they will ultimately become dependent, and, to meet this condition, we provide old-age pensions and other forms of charitable compensation," said William E. Knox, president of the American Bankers Association, in a recent speech.

"Such provisions are to be commended, of course, in lieu of a practical alternative, but in principle they are wrong and contrary to the purpose of democracy. What we want is an organized plan that will direct working people toward independence, and no system of industry can lay claim to complete success that does not contemplate the financial independence of every employe, according to his ability to earn."

Mr. Knox should not have confined his remarks to the working classes. There is relatively almost as great need among the business, professional and clerical groups for old-age protection.

The voluntary or living trust is one method of providing for the individual's future.

Men engaged in risky lines of business, speculators and the like, or in possession of surplus in the prime of life, should set aside in irrevocable trust for their own personal benefit, sums of money which they do not need at the moment.

For persons fairly advanced in years, life insurance annuities provide, under certain conditions, ideal old-age pensions. But the very word annuity suggests technicalities, and is unattractive. It is not popular enough and the idea behind it needs to be made more popular.

Even ordinary life insurance may be turned into pension forms. The man who survives, who sees his children educated and self-supporting, who outlives his wife or who lives into old age with her, naturally turns his insurance into support for his declining years. He certainly needs insurance no longer.

My feeling is that the old-age pension feature of living trusts, of annuities and of life insurance itself, has not been sufficiently emphasized, or called to the public's attention. Perhaps new pension forms are needed, as Mr. Knox seems to suggest. But first more heed should be given to those already in existence.

Editor's Note—This is the second of two articles by Mr Atwood

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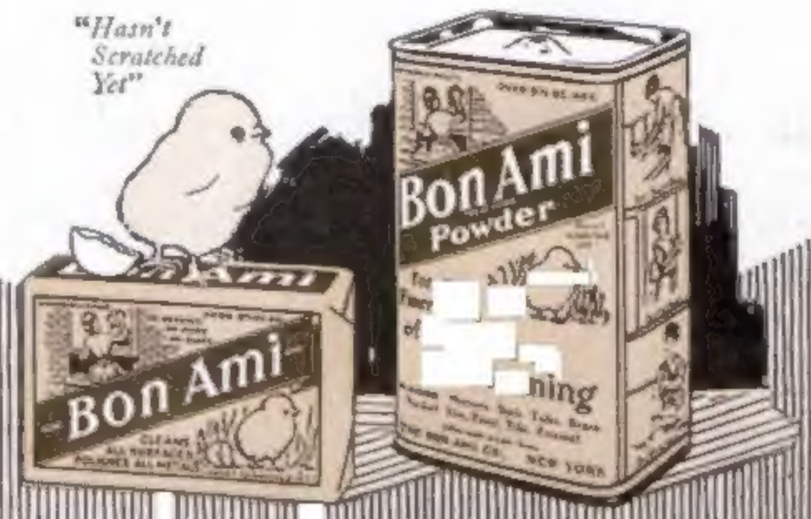

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